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screwing up the terminology. Here, at last, the definitive compendium. For instance: This is Valium, *this* is Librium.

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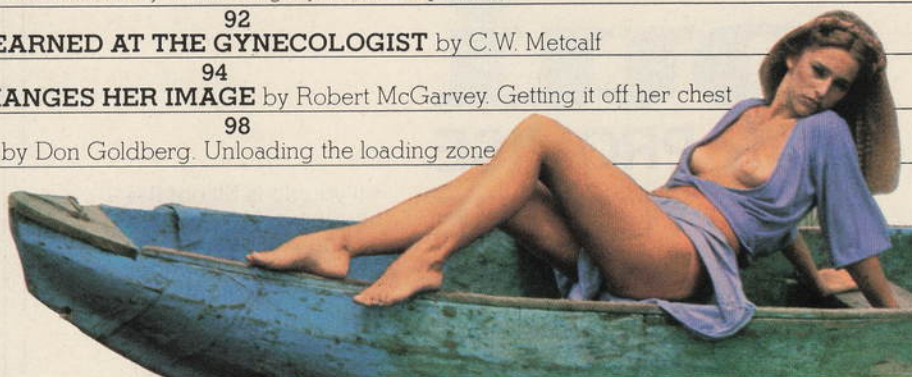
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Somewhere in the jungle, fiendish scientists are cloning all the beautiful young women and parading them before the native Brazilians. And now you.



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TAKEOVER OF FLIGHT 202 Fiction by Laurence Gonzales. Judas is my copilot

DEPARTMENTS

COVER

Twenty-one-year-old Jackie Phillips is a fashion model; so we were a little surprised when she showed up in this torn T-shirt. Punk? "Not at all. Notice how it's cut. Punks couldn't afford clothes like this. In fact, you couldn't cut it so it would look like this." Agreed—but we'd sure like to die trying. Photography by Phillip Dixon.



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A SHOT OF B-19

I enjoyed Paul Bernstein's article, *Robotomy* (April), but was perplexed by his references to my novel *The Terminal Man*. His writing here is rather ambiguous, but I feel obliged to state clearly that the patient on whom *The Terminal Man* was based was not B-19 or any other patient mentioned in the article; that the brief plot summary is misleading; that the novel was not "futuristic" in 1971, and is less so today; and finally, that his statement "those scenarios are merely fictionalized projections" is tautological.

It's conventional in articles of this sort to dismiss the fiction and get on with the hard facts. Bernstein says: "... the fiction writers, in fact, have had a field day with ESB." On the contrary, I think it is the researchers who were seduced by their own technology. As Bernstein's article indicates, *that* isn't a fictional problem at all.

MICHAEL CRICHTON
Beverly Hills, California

THE GOREY DETAILS

I had just returned from seeing the stage production of *Dracula*, and the unanswered question—who is Edward Gorey?—was still on my mind when I picked up the April issue of OUI. Imagine my surprise when I discovered Marilyn Stasio's article (*A Gorey Story*). It changed me from a Gorey ignoramus to a Gorey freak. A great article!

A. SAGER
Chicago, Illinois

So *that's* who Edward Gorey is! How many times have I seen his drawings and picked up one of his little books, just to put them down again, thinking they were for children? His stories are obviously *not* for children only and, on the basis of your article, I'll see *Dracula* just for the sets. The macabre has always fascinated me.

MICHAEL KELLY
Cincinnati, Ohio

PLAYING PASCALE AGAIN

You fellows have great taste in women, but why be selfish? First you give us a peek at *Pascale* on your March *Next* page, but come April, we only get six pages of her. Why don't you be a Good Samaritan and

print her angelic face and heavenly body again, so I can break the Ten Commandments one more time? Just one more time.

CHARLES W. CAMPBELL
Morganton, North Carolina

I was so mesmerized by the beauty of *Pascale* (April) that I misread the story. To me, she said, "I am actually a Basque virgin," instead of "of Basque origin." No matter—she's still gorgeous.

JULIO MUÑOZ
North Miami, Florida

The way to describe *Pascale* is the way Humphrey Bogart described *The Maltese Falcon*: "The things dreams are made of." Only one thing troubles me. There is not one good bust shot of her. How about it? A full-front shot, please.

HOWIE O.
London, Ontario



Sure, Howie. Play Pascale again, Sam.

You certainly know how to get to an oilman's heart. The pictorial of *Pascale* has left more than a few of us up here on the North Slope a little lovesick. If Diana, Venus and Aphrodite could be found in one woman, we think you've found her in

Pascale. She is mortal, isn't she? Any chance of getting her up here to help us through this cold winter?

DRILLING CREW
Camp Inigok—NPR
North Slope, Alaska

Not one of your girls has ever made my heart beat the way *Pascale* did. The sexiest woman I've ever seen!

IN LOVE
Minerva, Ohio

TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

Russell Slocum's exposé on card cheating (*An Honest Man's Guide to Cheating at Cards*, April) is well written and makes good copy, but it must have card cheats across the country chuckling and rubbing their hands together. The honest man still hasn't a shot. He remains a naïf, and no one is as vulnerable as a half-smart poker player who assumes he knows just enough about cheating to save his skin. Slocum entertainingly offers inklings and generalizations, but he's knee-deep in yesterday's news. He hasn't been exposed to the "real work," nor has he jogged any laps with fast company. Slocum's not *all* wet; he's just damp behind the ears.

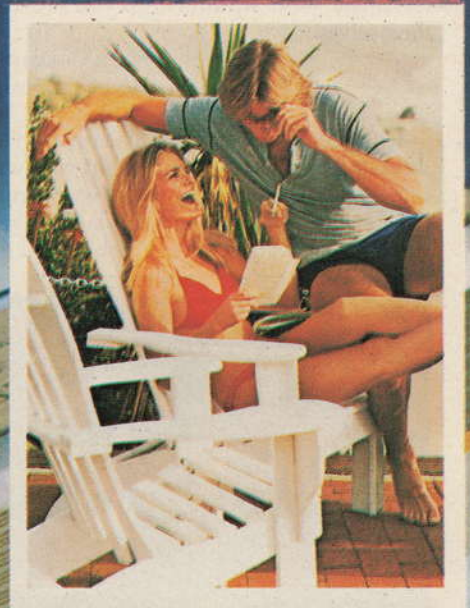
I enjoyed reading Slocum's article, and I'm sure it aptly served the purposes of OUI. Such articles radiate a certain charm. Nobody wants to be a dupe. And an exposé of this kind provides the illusion of being "inside" the sub-rosa world of cheating. It will keep an honest man honest, but you can bet your sweet ass it will not protect him from cheaters. They are always *way ahead* of both the game and those attempting to expose them.

JOHN RACHERBAUMER
Metairie, Louisiana

I have played poker from Newport, Rhode Island, to Seattle, Washington, and in a lot of the little back rooms in between. I have seen two men shot, at least three stabbed and one beaten to death for attempting to pull a fast one in a card game. The ironic part is that those men were playing in so-called "friendly games." The author, Russell Slocum, in his unconcentrated effort to display knowledge of card cheating, has simply opened the door for

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many villains in the poker-playing public, who are sure to try some of his listed tactics of cheating. I do not envy those poor fools.

In the author's biography at the end of the article it states that "Mr. Slocum plays solitaire." I can see why. I, for one, hope he continues to play solitaire. His article, although somewhat in perspective, will induce massive paranoia amongst many honest players toward their fellow competitors, whether close friends or not. It is quite apparent that his article was constructed by means of secondhand information. Perhaps Mr. Slocum could do a piece on cheating at solitaire; at least then he would have firsthand information.

I check to you, OUI.

TIM L. MEAKER
Jackson, Michigan

COZZA SHE'S A BEAUTY

Your April cover girl, Nelia Cozza, represents the height of creation, surpassing even the lilies of the field and the gems of the ocean. I may speak in metaphors, but let those with wandering eyes see for themselves.

NICK COSMIDIS
Houston, Texas

I attended a local beauty contest last week, where I saw a stunning girl who was one of eight winners of the Miss Marina del Rey title. I couldn't get this lady off my mind. As I walked out of the club and

down to a local liquor store, I saw the April issue of OUI and did a double take. There she was! Miss Marina del Rey, right on your cover! At least I *think* it was her. Am I wrong?

M. McCULLEM
Venice, California



You're right. Nelia did win a beauty contest, held recently at Tiffany's, a private club in Marina del Rey, California. And here's your prize for being our Eagle-eyed Reader of the Month . . . a one-and-only candid photo of Nelia and her winning strut, captured by our photographer, Ajay Berry.

OPENING NIGHT

Your April issue was my first contact with OUI magazine but it won't be my last. I especially enjoyed the article by Larry DiTillio, *Scripted Sex*. When a person is committed to a monogamous sexual relationship, whatever the benefits may be, sexual boredom has a way of setting in very quickly. The whole subject of sexual fantasy as a way to mitigate such boredom has been delightfully handled by Mr. DiTillio.

ANNE JENNINGS
Riverside, California

Larry DiTillio's *Scripted Sex* can be described with one word: fantastic! Kong is now leaping from island to island, searching for his lost human lover, and when he finds her, he'll set the Empire State Building a-hummin'. But why stop there? Have DiTillio direct another script for OUI; but let's have it in pictures.

RALPH BRANNEN
Los Angeles, California

MORK FREAK

A devoted OUI reader happened to incoherently stumble past me one day and hand me the March issue of your magazine. As I fumbled my way through the pages of beautiful foxes, I happened upon that delightfully humorous *Conversation* with Robin Williams.

My many journeys through life have put

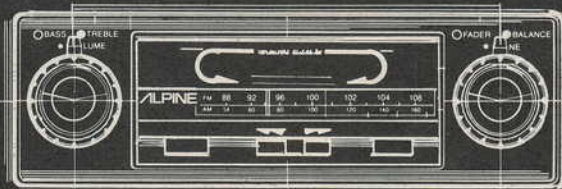
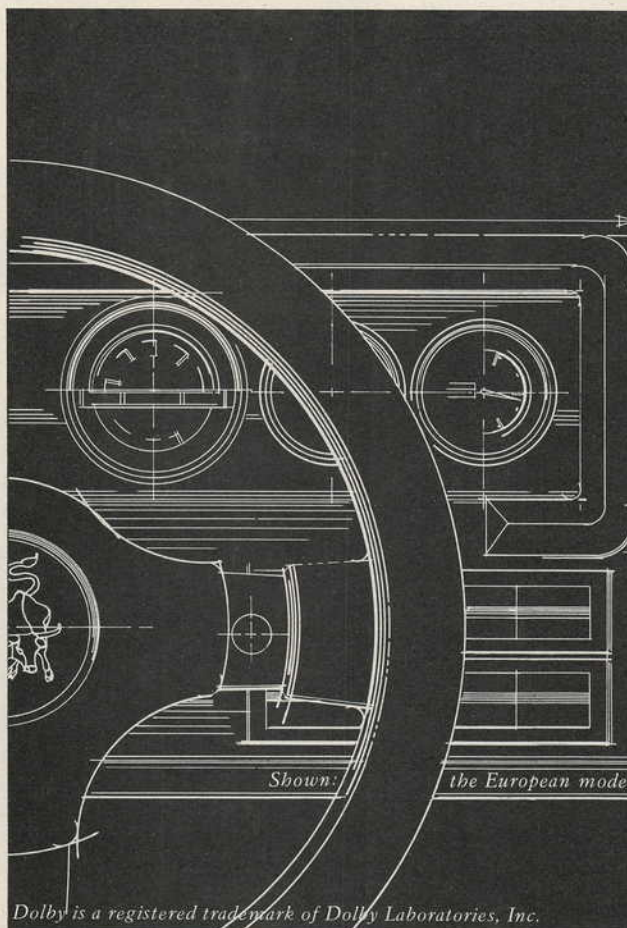
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me in contact with many hideously funny people, but Robin Williams has to be the zaniest person that ever sat on his head.

RON MULLINIX
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

MOONRAKING

Hot stuff, Beatrice Libert (*Moonraker*, April). Can't wait to see the movie. Man, that James Bond sure has it good with women like Beatrice around. I'm really surprised she bared it all for OUI. I was under the impression that actresses don't like to do that, for fear of repercussions in their careers. But with Beatrice, her exposure can only help. Great scoop, OUI.

THOMAS ADAMS
Hartford, Connecticut

I really love those French women. That's why I buy your magazine. You give us guys a taste of honey from across the ocean. Seems the movies are picking up on foreign women, too. Take Beatrice, for example. What a doll baby!

She said being an actress was the craziest thing she could do. I'd like to know if posing for a men's mag was the second craziest thing. Do you think she'll answer that question?

BILL ELLIS
Seattle, Washington



Of course, she will. Beatrice? "No, Bill. Posing was an interesting experience, but not at all crazy—not in comparison to my first audition. See, there was this producer who had these two Great Danes and a love chair in his office . . ."

ZAPPING ZAPPA

Thanks for the article on Frank Zappa (*Conversation with Frank Zappa*, April). There are not many publications that would tackle an interview with Zap and then feature it.

A BUSY DAY IN FLORIDA



TITTY



RUMP



TITTY



RUMP



TITTY



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Just for your information, some of OUI's 365 calendar girls (January) demonstrate the first couple of bars of the Lone Ranger's theme song . . . in the flesh.

E.K. STEINKOPFF, North Port, Florida

I, for one, do not believe Zappa's stuck in the Sixties. The Sixties are stuck on Zappa, and everyone who realizes what was good about those days still listens to those old Mothers of Invention albums, as well as 1979 Zappa.

GRAND WAZOO
Toronto, Canada

who really knows the low-down on how the establishment has been slipping it to us mere mortals. Sorry, Frank, but some of us would rather hear Bruce Springsteen clear his throat than listen to you expound on the true road to enlightenment.

RON DUNNE
Platteville, Wisconsin

Frank Zappa is undoubtedly the most misunderstood and underestimated guitarist today. He seems to be able to play anything. And here's a note to all those Ted Nugent fans: "Ram it, ram it, ram it up your poop chute." FZ has more chord progressions in his middle finger than Nugent could possibly comprehend. FZ has a mind and he uses it.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Frank Zappa, although one of my favorite composer-guitarists, said in your interview that "the people who read OUI don't give a fuck about music." Come on now, Frank. That's like saying that people who read *Rolling Stone* don't give a fuck about good-looking women, good stories or interesting interviews like yours.

JAMES DEPALMA
Lubbock, Texas

I do agree with Zappa about discos. Going to one of those places is analogous to visiting a human supermarket, and disco "music" has about as much creativity as A & P Muzak. But after that comment, Zappa's interview went downhill. Old philosopher Frank has been telling writers for 12 years what a hip, insightful person he is. Frank, according to Frank, is the only guy

Frank Zappa's ideas on social issues should be heard around the world, 'cause he's right . . . people are shitty. Next time you go to an FZ concert, don't get high. Pay attention to Zappa, because he's a good teacher. I just can't help wondering how he keeps going after 25 albums (give or take six or seven) and not be on the very top. Great interview!

DAVE JOHNSON
Broomall, Pennsylvania

PANTY RAID

For almost all the years you have been publishing, I have purchased your magazine every month from the newsstand, but when are you guys going to wake up to the fact that some of us would like to see the ladies in their underwear?

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to get in step with the movers and shakers. No place

like the Playboy Club to play. It's an entertainment mecca under one roof...with

super food and drink, great name entertainment in our great showroom and now the Disco.

Get in step with the Good Life Playboy-style tonight. Come to the Playboy Club.

Not a keyholder?

Make your move today. The Customer Service Representative can issue you a Key on the spot. It's just \$25 for the first year, and the Playboy Club accepts American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, Master Charge and VISA/BankAmericard.

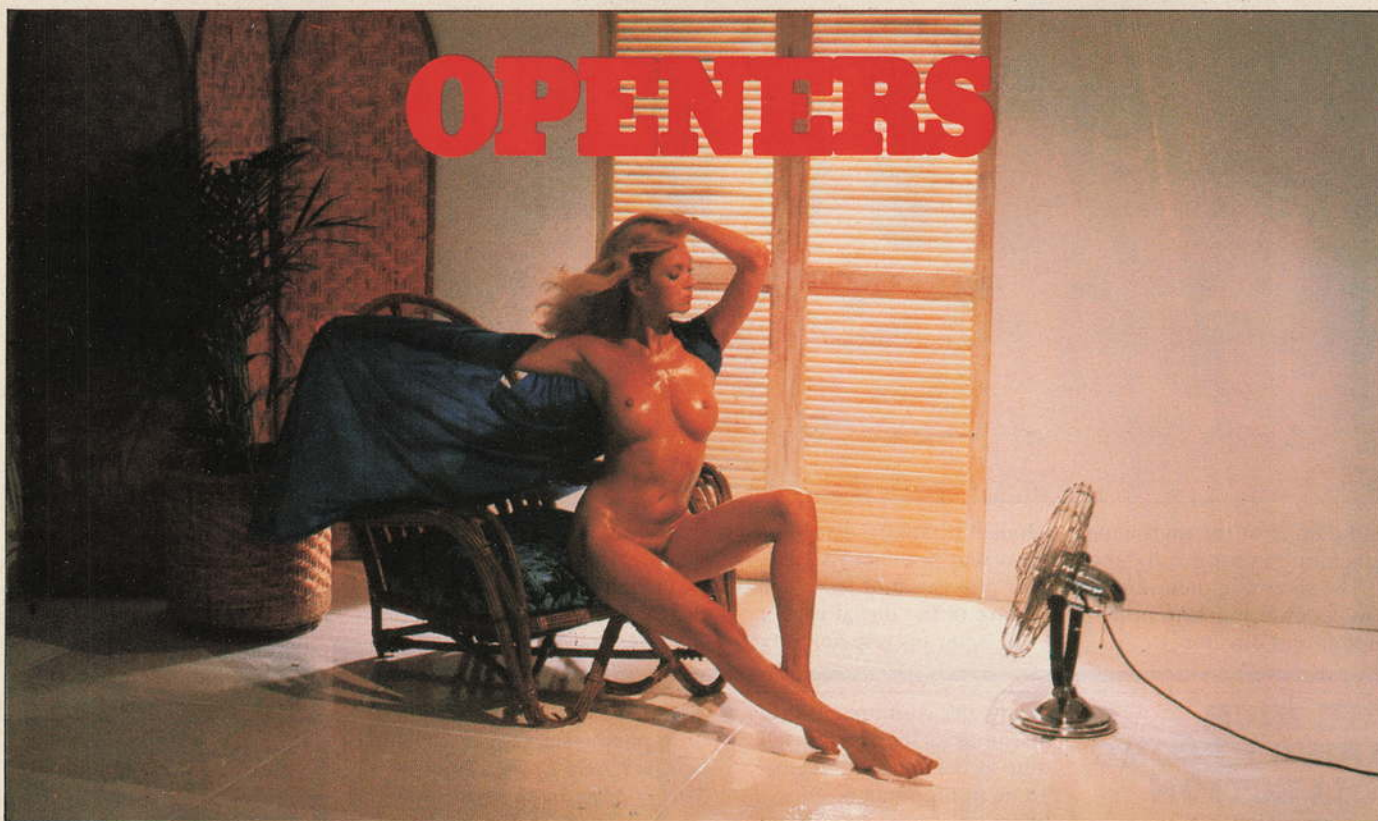


**The Playboy Club
of Los Angeles**

At Century City • ABC ENTERTAINMENT CENTER
2020 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles
For reservations, call (213) 277-2777.



OPENERS



INSIDE DIRT ON QUEEN VICTORIA

The British pound sterling may take a daily drubbing on the market, but Her Majesty's underwear is stronger than ever. So to speak. A pair of Queen Victoria's bloomers, described in a London newspaper as "linen pin-tucked drawers with 'voluminous' leg and Royal monogram," recently fetched a record £ 210 at London's prestigious Bonham's auction. This was well beyond the £ 25-40 gloomily anticipated by the auctioneers, who had

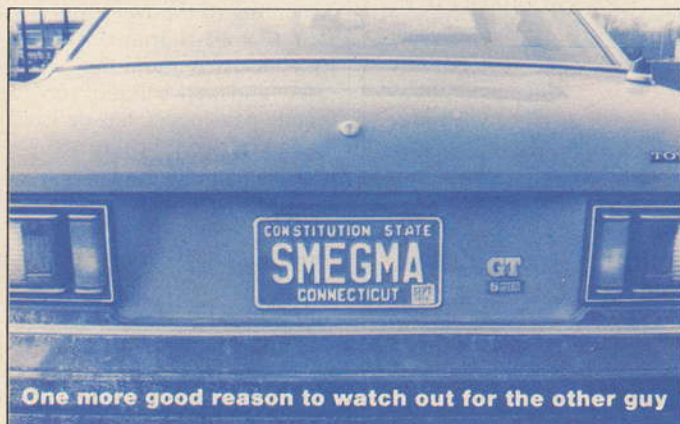
predicted that "the bottom has dropped out of the knicker market." It was reported that the highest price paid until now for a pair of the monarch's underwear was £ 140 and that previous bidders included actor Marty Feldman. According to Miriam Kramer of Bonham's, the bloomers come from private sources and not from a bizarre soiled-panty ring: "Queen Victoria used to give them to her ladies in service, who in turn passed them down through their families." Well, *no wonder* they went to London to see the Queen. —JOHN WILCOCK

THE BONG SHOW

This item from our dope & drama desk: Broadway will soon be buzzing to the roar of the greasepaint and the smell of Colombian gold. *Mary Jane*, a musical revue of pot culture now in pre-production, is taking its success to the big boards. "We're going all the way," said producer Glenn Strickman. "It's just a matter of the best route to get there."

America's first stage celebration of dope doesn't officially open until September, but rave reviews and word of mouth among New York's tokers have produced packed houses at the Park Royal Theater on New York's Upper

West Side. What's more, a loyal following has developed around the reefer revue, with the audience getting stoned openly during intermissions and singing along with the production numbers. *Mary Jane* is a series of musical sketches tracing the dope culture from ancient heads to the new stone age. However, the action centers on the exploits of two suburban hicks, Doc and Hotdog, who try to make a fortune dealing fume while matching wits with street-smart rips, the ubiquitous Man and some irate old ladies. Feds chase heads, pot freighters sail across the stage, dealers and smugglers battle for the elusive dope dollar—all the romance



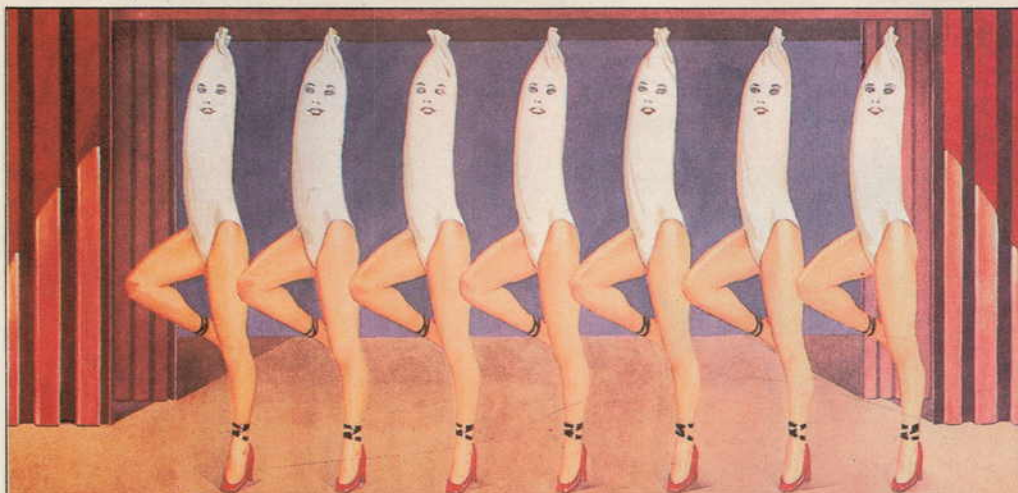
One more good reason to watch out for the other guy

A BIRD IN THE MOUTH

Here's a tip for good oral sex: Practice on your parakeet. Says she, "While trying to avoid possible beak wounds, you'll develop great mouth and tongue muscles. You may get some feathers caught in your teeth, but the results are worth it."



OPENERS



and danger of the marijuana subculture in song and dance.

The show's smoldering success owes much to principal author and director

Jonathan Stuart, who served a two-year sentence in 1964 for possession of less than an ounce of the illegal vegetable. After his release, Stuart

worked as an assistant director on the San Francisco production of *Hair*. The script for *Mary Jane* began to take shape four years ago; and with

the assistance of another writer, Zolton Solgeroff, a bankroll from former Wall Street whiz Strickman and the American Conservatory Theatre, who chose to produce the revue this year, Stuart's hallucinations became box-office reality. Recently, the producers nixed a summer opening in San Francisco, where the pothead population promised almost certain success. The heady response in New York and the beckoning lights of Broadway have convinced them that an off-Broadway opening was the wisest course. Explained Strickman, "It's all a question of where we can get the most money, the best stage and the best publicity." And, we might add, the best dope.

—M. CHANCE

THE RICH MAN'S RECORD COLLECTION

Openers understands the summertime blues. No job, no money, no dope—but don't lose hope, because we've gone and researched the rare-record market and come back with a hit list of dusty discs that might bring you enough spare change for a fat care package from Bogotá. Presented herewith are the flea-marketers' faves of practically extinct—and therefore worth big bucks—records that are the collector's items.

1. Here's an entry from off the wall. *Stormy Weather*, Jubilee #5104, by the Five Sharps, on 78 rpm only. Valued at a hefty \$4500 in mint condition. A very good copy changed hands recently at an auction in California and scoundrels commanded \$2500 for fair-to-good copies. Grind up anything less to use as plastic explosive.

2. *TV Guide Presents Elvis Presley*, RCA G8-MW-8705. An enterprising W. Annenberg pulled off this publicity stunt at the onset of Elvis' career. A *TV Guide* writer interviewed the Pelvis on record and then sent his responses around to different radio stations. The record was cleverly paced so that the

announcer could read the questions as if Elvis himself were in the studio. Imagine! To be in the same room with Elvis—or at least sound that way to your audience.

The talking Elvis record can be had for \$3500. There's a hitch: The record must include the original cover and two cardboard inserts.

3. There's no accounting for this one at all. Presenting the sound track to *The Caine Mutiny*, on RCA Victor (LOC1013). It's appraised at \$3000 because the company killed it in distribution. Seems it was good enough to get pressed but too lousy to release.

4. If not for the Beat Brothers, *My Bonnie* would have faded long ago. Tony Sheridan and the Beat Brothers, a.k.a. The Beatles, cut three versions, and each is ranked in the Top 10. Polydor (24 673 A) released it in Germany with the inscription "Mein herz ist bei dir nur—Rock"

under the title. Price: \$1500 with picture sleeve.

5. *Can't Help Loving That Girl of Mine* by the Hideaways, on Phil Spector's Ronnie label (1000), introduced the wall of sound to rhythm and blues. A boffo \$1300 and very much in demand.

6. *Janis and Elvis*, RCA T-31-077. A real conversation piece. It's a hot 10" LP with Elvis on one side and four songs by Janis Martin on the other. Who cares? Well, it was released from South Africa. Yours for \$1200.

If you should trip over some gold in them thar wax pizzas, either write or hitchhike to the moldy goldy experts at Jellyroll, Box 3017, Scottsdale, AZ 85257.

They'll give you an estimate. Now, doesn't that beat some dumb old summer job?

—MICHAEL FOLDES



X-RAY OF THE MONTH



Our experts inform us that this is not a double exposure, but the result of tissue density and/or exactly where the radiologist had the machine focused. Anyway, now we know why they stand back when they take 'em.

SEX IN THE SUBWAY

According to the *New York Post*, that city's Transit Authority, concerned about the safety and well-being of its female passengers, has enlisted the aid of two psychiatrists to investigate an epidemic of surreptitious pinching and pawing in the subway system. From a total of 600 subway sex offenders arrested last year, the shrinks interviewed nine repeat offenders in an effort to put their fingers on the problem before somebody gets seriously rubbed the

OPENERS



NAKED LAUNCH

What you see here are pictures of an illegal sky dive over Southern California by Patrick Moorehead and his crack parachute team, the Buff Divers. Under California law, nude parachuting is strictly forbidden—unless the diver

lands in a nudist camp, a sun colony or some such place where the sight of naked men and women falling from the air in leather harnesses, straps and helmets will not cause a public uproar. Expert diver Pat—that's him with the big white helmet—told *Openers* he likes to suit up the girls himself "... just to make sure all the equipment's packed safely." —SAL MANNA





ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

*Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS),
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004*

**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING
A BAD NAME.**

OPENERS

TEN MINUTES WITH THE TALKING HEADS

Who says there's nothing intellectual about *Openers*? In an apparent attempt to kill their reputation as a thinking man's New Wave band, the Talking Heads agreed to the following interview with reporter Scott Cohen. We switch you now to the group's loft in Long Island City:

OUI: Who was the first pop star you wanted to fuck?

TINA: Not Elvis. I was too young then to be boy crazy. When I started to get boy crazy The Beatles came out, but I thought they were prickless. I guess Mick Jagger was the first, but I would want to fuck Marianne Faithful just as much.

OUI: Which Talking Head has the biggest microphone?

JERRY: My microphone is about eight inches long and



Chris Frantz

two inches wide. Everyone in the band is about the same size.

OUI: What kind of girls do the Talking Heads attract?

CHRIS: Nice girls. Most of the girls who seem to get next to us are not the kind of girls that chase bands—not that we have anything against girls who do.

OUI: What kind of men do you attract?

TINA: If a guy's a big tit man, I'm not going to attract him at all. But if he's a leg

man, yes. If it's a girl who looks like an eleven-year-old boy, then that's the kind I'm going to attract. Guys who are into girls who are tom-boys grown up.

OUI: Do you wish your tits were bigger?

TINA: No, I think my tits are perfect, by themselves. I don't wish they were bigger:



Tina Weymouth

I wish one was exactly the same size as the other. They usually aren't. I wish they both were the same size as my big one.

OUI: Were you ever afraid they wouldn't get bigger?

TINA: When I was eighteen, I thought I was finished. At first they were so firm that they stayed hard and they were very high. Now that I'm older, they have weight and they're not so hard. Now that I have a sag, they look wonderful because they still turn up. Now they're more like champagne glasses. They're not like candy kisses, which I like, but mine are much rounder. But when I put my face in it, it ruins it all. I think I look like a female Iggy Pop.

OUI: Which part of your body do you know the least?

TINA: I never knew how my genitals were attached to my uterus. I guess that's the part I know the least.

OUI: While you're performing, do you feel guys in the audience are undressing you?

TINA: I'm sure some men do. It's the same as in everyday life. Last night I wore plastic pants to a party. They

are not the kind of pants that you can wear out. They are vinyl jeans, cut like French jeans, and see-through. So I wore very beautiful lace-satin bikini underwear underneath. I tried several different ways. What I settled on was the most attractive thing you could wear underneath normal clothes. So you could see the money through the pockets.

OUI: Does your period ever affect your performance?

TINA: Everybody has good days and bad days and sometimes I have good days when I'm having my period and sometimes I have bad days when I'm not.

OUI: Can a Talking Head get laid on any given night?

CHRIS: Believe it or not, there are some nights when we can't, but more often we can. There are some towns where the local female population isn't tuned into how hip and groovy the Talking Heads really are.

TINA: I could, more than anybody else, except for Jerry. But I don't know how well laid I'd get. A lot of the boys who like me are very, very young. Maybe I'd get really well laid.

OUI: As the Talking Heads get better, do you get laid more?

DAVID: About 25 percent more.

OUI: Which Talking Head is the biggest head?

CHRIS: I guess I am, on a regular basis.

OUI: As the Talking Heads



Jerry Harrison

got better, did you get higher?

CHRIS: Yes, but basically there seems to be something inadequate about drugs in that they're so temporary. I wish they were better, longer lasting and more beneficial in a permanent way.

OUI: Do the Talking Heads pay more or less for their drugs?

CHRIS: Some people will give you a deal and some people will take advantage of you. They don't exactly burn you, they cut you.

OUI: What is the price of fame?

TINA: It's wrapped up in the amount of sex you get. As you get more famous, you have to be more discreet.

OUI: What do you call a penis on the first date?

TINA: In our family we



David Byrne

called it the chin-chin. That's why we always giggled when they said, "... by the hair of your chinny-chin-chin." The first time I saw an erect penis, I thought it looked like a rocket ship. I thought *penis* was the proper word because it was medical, but I always felt funny about saying it.

OUI: What do you call it now?

TINA: *Cock*. I like *cock*. I don't like *prick* or *dick*. I think *cock* sounds very proud. For a girl, I like *pussy*. That's very sweet! I also like *fur pie*. I don't really like *crack* or *gash*, which are more derogatory than *cunt*. It doesn't sound like sex, it sounds like violence.

wrong way.

One grope artist recalled an incident when he started feeling up a lady straphanger and suddenly found himself joined by several other men. Although they were observed by other passengers, nobody reported it, not even the gropee. In terms of prevention, the report suggested a harsh word and a cold look. For this study, the National Institute of Mental Health paid \$600,000. Now, how does *that* grab ya?



BUMP 'N' GRIME

For those who are really into dirt, the Zoo, a Detroit bar, offers the unique feature of "topless mud entertainment" from 4 P.M. to 2 A.M. Watch two women dancers plunge into a 12-inch-deep mud pit, each wearing only a top, G-string and boots. They muddle, waddle, wallow and bump to disco music, finally emerging some four or five dances later, sans tops, covered in enough mud to plant your dope seeds. But the show doesn't stop there. The girls slide their way over to a strategically positioned shower, tempting all those who dare to touch. As they wash away the rings around their, uh, collars, a second group of dancers drop into the pit and proceed with their dirty doings. "Pit boss" Tom T. told *Monthly Detroit*: "The sign says the Zoo and that's exactly what it's like. They're all animals—the dancers and the customers—but they have a ball." Intrigued? Hey, here's mud in your eye.



JUST IN! IF YOU LIKE BIG TITS THEY PROBABLY LIKE YOU TOO!

Science speaks to us again. This time about tits and asses and legs, and males who prefer one of these parts over the others. Talk about anatomy as destiny. If you like giant knockers on a lady, you'll be pleased to learn that ladies with giant knockers probably like you. That's the good news. The bad news, reports a scholarly study conducted at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, is that if you like big tits so much, you're probably also an asshole.

The ten-year (ten-year!) study pitted 100 men against the nude silhouettes of 15

women, who possessed varying sizes of breasts, hips and legs. The men were asked to pick the silhouette they would most like to take home for the night. This was to learn what kind of men were attracted to what sort of female physical characteristics. What the study exposed was, well, revealing.

It turned out that men who dug zeppelin-sized tits were highly sexed, independent and outgoing, but also "not helpful to others, show-offy and drank a lot." The nicest guys were those who liked leggy woman; they were "socially dependent, had a

strong need for social participation, liked to help others and were sports oriented." The real losers were men who yearned for women possessed of overly generous butts—they were "guilty, self-blaming, self-abasing, socially dependent and had a high need for order."

On a hot roll, the researchers decided to turn the investigation around and study women with big tits and the other aforementioned physical characteristics. They found 144 women, measured their parts and discovered what we knew all along: Fantasy is reality.

"The women who had large breasts were undependable, impulsive, lacking in control, flexible and adventuresome. Women with large hips were introverted, guilty, self-abasing. Women with leggy legs were socially outgoing and participative, feminine, and concerned with making a good impression." Concluded the study: "The women had the same personality characteristics as did the men who liked them."

Openers is not exactly qualified to offer academic interpretation, but it seems clear from all this valuable data that a foxy lady with big tits likes being foxy and having big tits and that she likes you for liking her foxiness and big tits. Or something like that. —DICK PIETSMANN



Once again OUI presents life in the raw. Here's the kind of pink no other men's magazine would dare to print. Send in your caption for this live, on-the-spot uncensored coverage of shrimps in an unguarded moment of passion to "Captain Caption" at *Openers*. Note: Entries written in cocktail sauce will not be accepted.

BEST LITTLE FRANCHISE IN TEXAS

What hot-blooded American male hasn't dreamed of running his very own whorehouse? Well, now—in New York, at least, and soon in Atlantic City, Seattle and Los Angeles—any John Doe with the get-up-and-go can do just that, courtesy of the Body Business, an ambitious little firm that earns its net by fulfilling people's fantasies.

For a mere five grand, says Body Business franchise rep Samuel Rosen, the firm will find you a location, furnish it, turn on the phone and utilities, stock the establishment

Alive with pleasure!
Newport



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

OPENERS

with lusty ladies and see to the appropriate advertising campaign—with the first month's operating expenses covered in the fee. The day the doors open, you get the keys, and what you make, you keep. For inexperienced clients, the Body Business folks also offer complete support

services in the areas of employment, advertising, management training and consultation.

Says Rosen, "We're independents and we're going overground with this thing. It's clean, it's discreet and people want it." Sorry, no free samples. —STEVE BECKER

PULL OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP

The L.A.P.D. didn't actually drag anybody down to the slammer when they "raided" the new Plato's Retreat/West in Hollywood, but they did take names—of 17 folks they found frolicking in what is demurely known as the "orgy room." Seventeen? In a mattress-floored area reserved for "couples only"?

At any rate, one of the participants threatened a class-action suit against the L.A.P.D., complaining, "I was just about to come—for the first time in six years!—and the goddamned cops had to break up the whole trip, and now the trauma they caused may set our cure back indefinitely . . . so I'm gonna sue!" Now, we knew that *coitus interruptus* was a bummer, but we didn't know it was a felony. —M. PRICE

WRITING OFF DISCO



Before you change the laces on your favorite dancing shoes or powder your nose with some disco dust, you ought to know that all is not mellow in musicland. Monolithic disco is under attack from—of all things—the rock-'n'-roll left. A grass-roots movement dubbing itself "Death to Disco" reports that it is picking up increasing support from musicians, d.j.s, journalists and thousands of dissatisfied rockers who consider disco not only lame—but dangerous.

The command post for all "organized" anti-disco

activity is a YIPPIE-operated smoke-easy dance hall at the ass end of Greenwich Village's Bleecker Street. The Studio Ten Anti-Disco features dollar Heinekens, free pot, basic rock 'n' roll and no dress code. When the club opened its doors last year as a haven for studio musicians, night people and heads fed up with the disco scene, it was an instant smash. Studio Ten also gained an extra measure of infamy as the war room of Aaron Kay, the notorious pie assassin who, in an act of anti-disco anarchy, traveled uptown to the very mecca of discodumb and pied Studio 54 owner Steve Rubell. "The fucker thinks he's God," explained Kay. According to Studio Ten, Kay was inundated with thousands of congratulatory telegrams and letters. Several days later, the Groucho Marx Brigade in Vancouver pied a disco d.j. on Canadian national TV.

"Death to Disco" activists wave the flag as well as fling the pie. One former disco drummer, who goes by the handle, "The Passaic Pistol," provided *Openers* with this patriotic though disturbing summation of his hatred of disco: "It's un-American. The really offensive disco shit is turned out in German recording studios by computers, and it encourages an absence of consciousness. Disco music is the cultural Volkswagen of the Eighties. It would have been great for the Nazis." —CHARLIE FRICK

UNNATURAL LAW DEP'T.

There may not be any justice in the halls of justice, but it certainly smells better. In medieval times, *animals* got on the court calendar. Not human animals—like killers, pimps and crooked narcs—but animal animals, the kind that woof and oink.

Murderous pigs were burned at the stake. People crucified toads. In Normandy in 1386, a pig which had torn the face and arm off a small child was dressed up in



BUSH LEAGUE

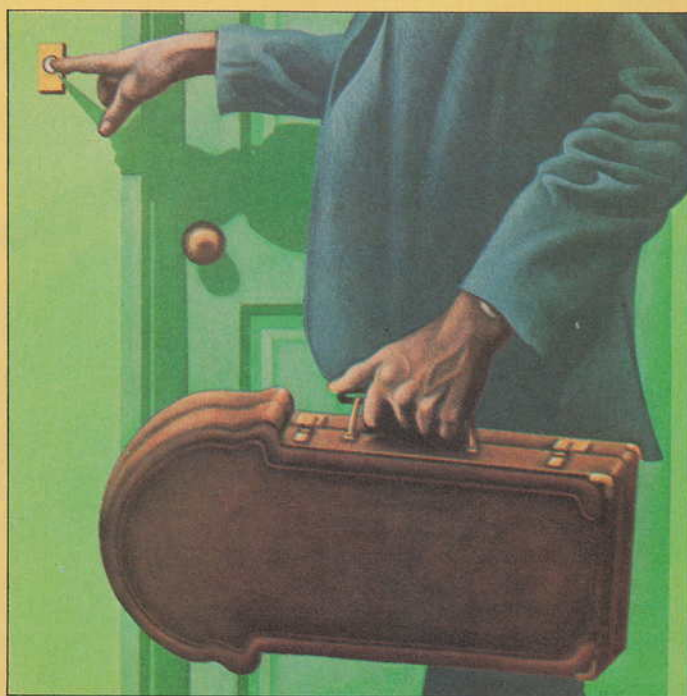
This picture was taken in Hanford, California. They have a Bush Street in San Francisco, too, but it runs east and west . . .

MERCHANTS OF PENIS

Lazy New Yorkers who find their libidos yearning for new thrills can now take advantage of a unique shop-at-home service offered by Urban Desire, an erotic boutique situated at 24 Watts Street in the up-and-coming neighborhood of SoHo.

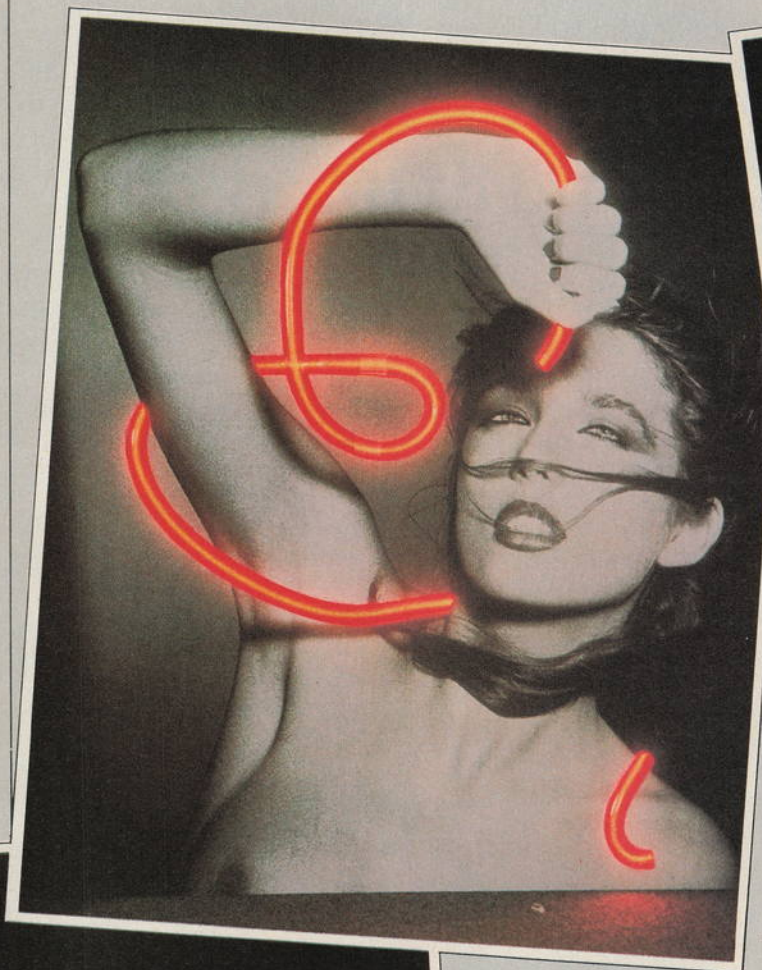
A phone call to the downtown sex shop brings their neatly dressed Fill'er Bush Man to your door, his suitcase packed with the latest in naughty novelties, hard-core films, magazines and videotapes. The cost—\$10, deductible from any purchase. Outside of the city, they'll deliver for a fee.

For more information, call 212-226-7454. Ask for the Fill'er Bush Man.



OPENERS

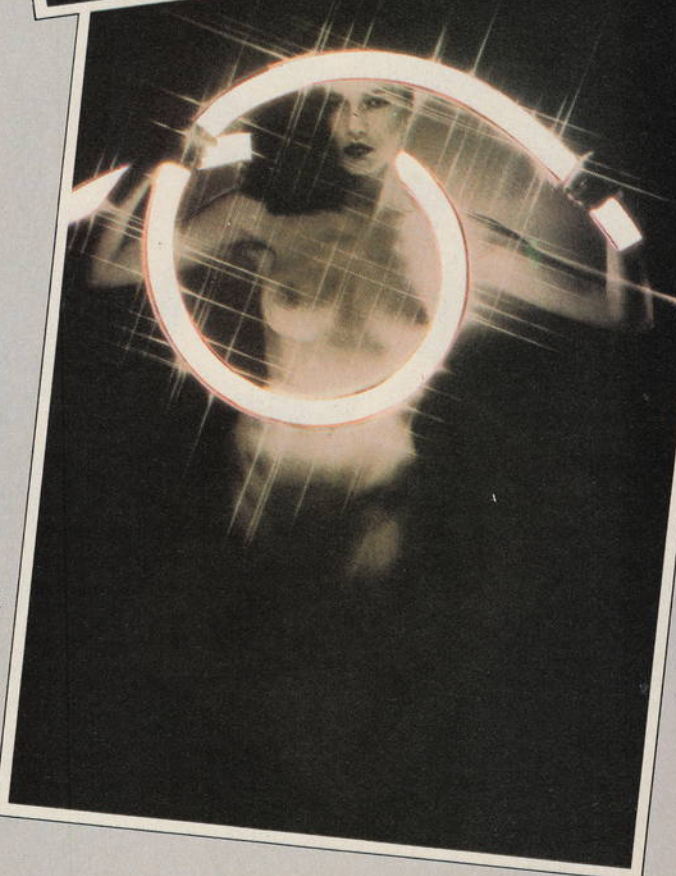
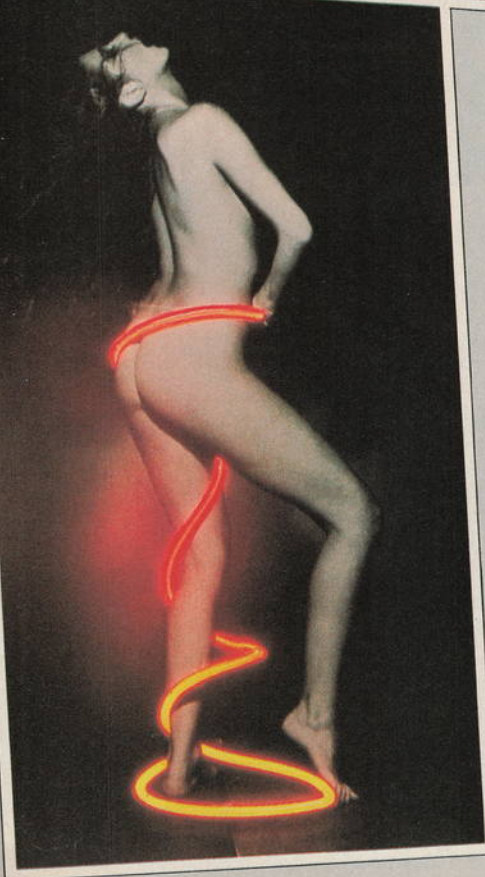
YOU LIGHT UP MY LABES



Paris-based artist and photographer Uwe Omer tells *Openers* that he never has a problem getting girls to come to his apartment and fondle his tubes: "No sooner do they see my neon creations than—poof!—they are rubbing them here and there in the most delightful ways."

Omer, whose neon artistry has appeared in New York at the Let There Be Neon gallery, continued his illuminating remarks on the powers of the inert element: "My photos show how neon can flatter and entice women to do the most wanton things. Add a little odorless gas, a spark of electricity and a woman, and there's no telling what outrageous excitement may happen." Aw, go on, Uwe—we've got an old Budweiser sign back at home and *nothing* like this ever happened . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY UWE OMER



PLAYBOY... The Name of the Game in Nassau!

Now there's one more reason to visit this island paradise.
The new Playboy Casino in the Ambassador Beach Hotel on
Cable Beach.

Come for fun, for action, for blackjack, roulette, craps,
baccarat, Wheel of Fortune or simply to try your hand at
the slots.

You'll find them all at the newest Casino in the Bahamas...
Playboy. And you'll find the lavish accommodations, the
superb scenery, shopping, dining and sun fun for which Nassau
has always been famous.
It's better in the Bahamas. Especially now that Playboy is there!



The Playboy Casino
in the Ambassador Beach Hotel
Nassau, Bahamas.

It's your best bet.

For Ambassador Beach Hotel reservations, call toll-free from anywhere
in the U.S. In Florida, call 800-432-5594; elsewhere 800-327-0787.

OPENERS

human clothes, tried, convicted and sentenced to be mutilated in the same way it had chewed the child. In 1685, a wolf was decked out in knee britches, wig and false beard for its multiple-murder



trial. But the beard didn't look quite right; so the accusers lopped off its snout and tied a human mask over it instead. The wolf was convicted and hanged.

Not that all this went on without benefit of counsel. Animals—and even insects—were allowed to have lawyers. (God only knows where they got their retainers.) Offending insects, like fleas, lice, bees or locusts, had to be given three days' notice before the beginning of the trial to prepare their cases. A representative bug was brought to court, informed of the charges and then set free to

confer with his buddies. The big issue at these trials was usually whether the insects were simply malicious or acting on the instructions of the Big Plaguemaker in the Sky.

In those days, persons caught with puppy-pud in hand were harshly dealt with. Burned, in fact. But so were their paramours. A man and a sow were burned together in Paris in 1466. Cotton Mather describes the death of a New Haven man who, in 1662, was hanged along with his entire barnyard—a cow, two heifers, three sheep and two sows. The animals went first, and by the time he stepped to the scaffold the man was reduced to tears.

Later courts naturally became more lenient. In 1750, a Frenchman named Jacques Ferron was arrested for screwing his she-ass. The court agreed to hear character witnesses, and although nobody came forward for Ferron, the she-ass was fortunate enough to have the local convent's prior testify for her. According to the prior, the she-ass "had always been virtuous and well behaved and had never given occasion for scandal. This is clearly a case of rape." Ferron hanged alone. —DALLAS MAYR

NUMBER ONE WITH A BONER

If you thought *Push, Push in the Bush* was funny and *Do Ya Think I'm Sexy* was sexy . . . just wait until you hear a potential #1 best-selling single, *Everybody's Fucking but Me*. Some suggestively seductive lyrics are:

" . . . *Everybody's fucking but me,
I'm dying of terminal lust,
Christ, it's so depressing to see,
My plumbing covered with rust . . .*"

Composer and lyricist Dick Shreve (the small one in the center) wrote this little ditty while spending five celibate days on the road with his band. None of the band members seemed to care because, as Dick says, "They were all 'too fucking busy.'" (And too busy fucking.) You too can have ex-

cerpts from the diary of the celibate musician. Just send \$4.95 (plus 35 cents shipping and handling—California residents add 30 cents tax) with name and address to: Aching Loins Publishing Co., P.O. Box 8395, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

And if *Everybody's Fucking but Me* doesn't do anything for you, Dick suggests you simply put the 7" disc on your turntable . . . and rotate.



BOUDOIR REPERTOIRE

Then there's London's Izabella Piestrzynska, who decided to put on a dramatic show—Beckett's monolog, *Happy Days*—right in her very own bedroom, to raise money so she could afford to

go to drama school. Putting on an act in a bedroom for profit ain't exactly a hot news item, but it's where a lot of your boring British thespians make their audiences wish they were. Meanwhile, Izabella emotes between the sheets, and the pillowcase plays a paper sack? —MIKE PRICE



Aaaahh! Now, before getting totally blown away, we send a good stiff breeze between the knees—plus some cool summertime cash—to the following *Openers* fans. Editorial: bump 'n' grime, David Thompson; prawnography, Michael Price; merchants of penis, Steve Becker; number one, Cathy Glassner. Art: bong show, Bryce Lee; rich records, Johnny Lee; big tits, Cathy Bellinger; merchants of penis, Mary Sherman; writing off disco, Dennis Mukai; unnatural law, Tim Clark. Photo: smegma, Walter Karling; bird in mouth, Kimberly Mason; bump 'n' grime, Randy Rauf, *Detroit Monthly*; prawnography, Barry Peake; bush league, Arlen Stone; number one, Wendy Shreve; openers and merci, Jack Lorenz.

Can you find your model in our new magazine?

A Spin in the Car

by Edith Rudy

OSURGNORCIU
RUCSREGATOSRENN
PITLAESNDCCOORUN
OTNNCOYWINILHMADRD
OELOIRNECEGMIACSETSA
REBAREKERBIRENROLRAARF
OROLNTIFICENUETHDORGDOMCTSI
AVMOMDCLOCNDRCOBMTDNULEANTNTERERAL
GEVINOBATNEEPARGNAANARODIHEITMYAPO
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ONOLCO LAPORYTERAMIVAZONARTS ROLER
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MONTE CARLO
MONTEREY
MUSTANG

NEW YORKER

NOVA
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OMNI
PACER
PINTO
POLARA
RABBIT
REGAL
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J80CQ

SEX TAPES

OLDER WOMEN

People always smile knowingly whenever an aged satyr walks by with a sweet young girl clinging to his arm. It's assumed the girl is drawn to his maturity or wisdom or money. Nothing wrong there. But until recently, older women with similar desires for young flesh have gotten bad press—they're depicted as manipulative Mrs. Robinsons, pathetic at best.

The idea that older women are not or should not be sexual is one of our cruelest cultural clichés. Kinsey, Masters and Johnson all found that, while men peter out after a sexual peak at about 18, women don't achieve full responsiveness until the late 30s or early 40s—about the same time society begins pressing them to forget orgasms and concentrate on grandchildren and church bazaars.

There have been notable exceptions to the traditional age match-ups. Gloria Swanson, Audrey Hepburn and Lucille Ball all are wed to men at least ten years younger than themselves. Other connoisseurs include Dyan Cannon, 40, and Armand Assante, 29; Raquel Welch, 38, and Andre Weinfeld, 32; Louise Fletcher, 44, and Morgan Mason, 22. But the older woman/younger man trend isn't limited to the rich and famous. Our female respondents say they have learned to appreciate the younger male's liberated attitude and ability to keep up between the sheets. Likewise, the younger males are drawn by the older woman's sexual responsiveness and emotional maturity. As one 22-year-old male



put it: "What good's a firm ass if the mind's like Jell-O?"

Tyler R., 28, male nurse: Oddly enough, what I've discovered about older women is that it's easy to shock them. A few years ago I had an affair with a 38-year-old divorcee who had the sexual sophistication of a junior high school student. Really. The first time I went down on her, she loved it—you've never seen anybody twist and writhe around like she did. But she thought it was dirty; no one had ever done it to her before. Shock became a major feature of our relationship. While we made love, she'd let herself go, getting into whatever I suggested. But afterward, it was always the same old broken record: "Oh my God, did I do that?" It got to be theater, es-

pecially when it came to fellatio. I'd rub my cock up over her breasts and close to her face, encouraging her to suck me, of course. But we both pretended my genitals were getting closer to her mouth by accident. It took weeks before she'd do more than sneak a kiss or two on my penis. Finally, when she got the guts to take me inside her mouth, she sucked and sucked and wouldn't stop. No one had ever done it to me for that long before. My penis tingled for a day afterward. Quite a few times I'd ram my tongue up her anus while I was eating her. She thought that was the dirtiest thing of all, but it excited her terribly. There was also a little thing between us about body odor. I really liked the way her pussy smelled, musky and rich. Her

armpits were nice, too, and I liked kissing them. She stopped wearing deodorant on the nights we were going to have sex; I've never liked the taste of antiperspirants. But there was one hang-up that she never got over. Once I had gone down on her or had kissed her underarms, she wouldn't let me kiss her on the mouth, and that was really a hassle.

Laura N., 30, sculptress: The younger man/older woman combination makes a lot of sense to me. I didn't even have my first orgasm until a few months ago, so I know I'm getting sexier. Yes, I've had younger lovers. In fact, I have two of them now. I like their attitude about women. Younger men have been exposed to women's rights in practice and are at ease with thinking of women as equals. Their liberation affects them sexually as well as emotionally. The younger man believes women have a right to satisfaction, too, and is eager to please. Fortunately, I don't mind teaching them how to satisfy me. I've found that they appreciate my experience.

Recently, one of my young lovers—he's 21—paused in the middle of our lovemaking. I asked him what was wrong, but it was difficult for him to tell me. Finally, he blurted out "that he wanted it from the back." We had a little discussion right there and then about communication. I told him I wasn't a mind reader, and that he ought to feel free to ask for what he wanted. At first he was shocked. Most younger men are used to



little-girl coyness and euphemisms. From a purely physical standpoint, I've found that a man in his early 20s can keep up with me better. They don't ever fall asleep after their first orgasm. Not too long ago, I told my mother that sex was getting a lot more enjoyable for me. She said, "If you think sex is great now, just wait until you're forty."

Stuart R., 26, poet: Before my first affair with an older woman, I was leery about the changes age might bring upon the female body. I wondered if I could even get turned on. I'll never forget the first time it happened. I was 22; she was 36, a divorced undergraduate who went to parties with the younger students. One night after a party, she came back to my place, supposedly to borrow a book. I got her a glass of wine while she looked around my library, which was in the bedroom. I had a number of books on sex and I noticed that she was taking them out, reading the back covers and smiling. "You have interesting reading habits," she told me. When she

bumped against the bedroom door, shutting it, I realized there was something going on.

I was a little frightened. She came over and sat on the bed beside me. She said she wished her husband had been more like me. Then she drained her glass, put her hand on my knee and asked if I thought she were still pretty. She was, actually. There were a few gray streaks in her hair and her hips were broad, but her face was extremely pleasant. I said I thought she was very pretty. She leaned her head on my shoulder and I kissed her on the forehead. That was all it took. She began kissing me, unbuttoning my shirt and playing with the hair on my chest.

I was afraid that when she undressed there'd be girdles and garter belts and extra-support bras—all those contraptions. There was nothing like that. She was wearing a thin, silky little bra and bikini panties. She turned off the lights and almost immediately tried to pull me into her, but I held back, massaging her all over. Finally, she begged me to go into her. Almost immediately

she had an orgasm. Physically, she was looser and juicier than most of the women I'd known, but part of it might have been the old notion that if a woman has had a lot of lovers, her vagina is stretched out of shape.

She told me I was the best lover she'd ever had, which I doubted until I found out more about her marriage. I finally stopped seeing her, because as much as I liked making love to her, she was still looking for that big fellow who was going to sweep her off her feet and marry her—and I was still just a kid. I've been with quite a few older women since that first time, and physically, there's only one thing that really bothers me. I love to look at breasts, kiss them and play with them, but with age, a lot of women's breasts begin to hang and sag. For that reason, I've had to make love to some of my older women in the dark.

Bill N., 33, lawyer: I can't imagine getting involved with an older woman, mainly because I like to take my women out—to discos, to nice restaurants or for weekends in Vail or Acapulco.

You know, I don't want to sound superficial, but it would just look like hell to be seen at those places with a matronly type. I can imagine all kinds of disasters—like her having a heart attack after dancing until two A.M., or maybe the anti-wrinkle cream losing its effect at midnight and my princess turning into a frog. No way.

Jodie F., 29, graduate student: I think having a younger man for a lover would be a real yawn. As a graduate student, I have to teach freshman composition classes, and I've had plenty of opportunities to get it on with those big boys. They come into my office for conferences, and some of them practically sit on my lap. But you see, I know them too well to be interested. They don't know about the war in Vietnam. They don't know about *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. They don't know that the Jefferson Starship was once called the Jefferson Airplane and that the star of the group was Grace Slick. I could go on and on about Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Simon and Garfunkel—about love-ins, sit-ins

She thought it was dirty — no one had ever done it to her before. Shock became a major feature of our relationship.

and moratoriums. My 18-year-old jocks don't know anything about the things that made me what I am. I feel sorry for today's youth. They never had a movement, never had pop idols with ideals. I wonder what I would be now if it hadn't been for Bob Dylan and Joan Baez. Would I be unimaginative and conservative—young-looking old folks—like the kids in my classes? It's probably not their fault, but they just don't turn me on.

Jane B., 55, ad executive: My greatest increase in sexual appetite came after menopause. It was one of those ironies of life. Just as I began enjoying sex for the first time, my husband got apathetic toward me. There were a lot of painful scenes. I can remember sobbing in bed when he'd come up with another excuse for not making love. I accused him of feeling I was unattractive. At the same time this was going on, my 27-year-old daughter was breaking

up with her husband, Ralph. Ralph and I had always been close; so it was natural for him to turn to me for advice. My husband warned me to stay out of the kids' marital difficulties, but I couldn't. Ralph was handsome, tall and muscular, with the most sensitive eyes and mouth I'd ever seen—and he was kind and intelligent. We began meeting secretly, at coffee shops and bars, discussing how his marriage might be patched up. One night he confessed the basis of his and Susan's problems. It seemed she didn't like sex, or at least didn't like anything beyond the most rudimentary positions. I think I began laughing when he told me that. Ironies within ironies. "You think that's funny," he said. There was a hurt expression on his face. I explained that I was laughing to keep from crying and I told him all about my sexually dead marriage.

We left the bar soon after that. Ralph had an odd ex-

pression on his face, and I wondered if I'd made a mistake in telling him about myself. After all, I was his mother-in-law. When we got in the car, he started driving out of town, toward the mountains. Then, without warning me, he reached for me and pulled me close. "You're still a very sexy woman," he said. I felt hot all over. It was as if a ball of fire was crawling up my spine. He caressed my neck with his hand. I was thinking I ought to stop him, but I couldn't. I didn't want him to stop.

We checked into a motel room that night in Cripple Creek, Colorado. Making love to him was like going back to my own young adulthood. I remembered having lovers like him. His skin was so soft and supple over firm muscles. I loved him as a work of art; that's the only way I can think of putting it. I went down on him before doing anything else, because I knew that was what he wanted. It was so exquisite

feeling his cock get firm, then huge, in my mouth. I didn't even care if I came. I just wanted to give him pleasure. But Ralph cared. He let me eat him for about two minutes before diving into my pussy. The clitoris was no secret to him, and he licked it very lightly at first, then harder and harder, until I couldn't help coming. It was only then that he slid his cock inside me. I hadn't felt a really stiff penis in years. I was so excited, it took only about 20 more strokes before I came again. I could go on and on about the joys of a young lover forever, but I won't. I suppose an older man can be just as good, but if my husband's an example, they just give up. Ralph and I have been lovers for about seven months now. We really do love each other, and for now, age doesn't seem to be a problem. He wants me to marry him, but I don't know. When I'm 70, he'll only be 43. Of course, if it doesn't matter now, maybe it won't later. ■

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We just want to know how you feel about the sexual mix of older women and younger men.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital Status: _____
5. Older woman/younger man relationships are...
 - a. OK in the bedroom but embarrassing in public.
 - b. not so great—most older women are not as sexy as they think they are.
 - c. wonderful—the best possible combination.
 - d. not something I think about much.
 - e. Other: _____

6. When it comes to sex with the older woman...
 - a. I'm immediately turned off.
 - b. it depends on how *much* older.
 - c. my only criterion is her attractiveness.
 - d. if she's still warm, she's good for a tumble.
7. (For women) As for the younger man...
 - a. he's overrated. Staying power is not as important as technique.
 - b. he's primarily good for the ego.
 - c. he generally has fewer hang-ups than older guys.
 - d. I like a man who takes control in bed.
8. When I had sex with an older woman...
 - a. she was my first love affair.
 - b. she was the best I ever had.
 - c. it was OK, but nothing to write home about.
 - d. she taught me something new, namely _____.
9. My most interesting experience with an older woman was as follows (use separate page to explain);

LETTERS



Of the men who answered our April questionnaire on "Sex and Hair," 60 percent said they prefer women with long, silky hair on their heads and thick, bushy pubic patches. Another 10 percent would like their women to shave off all pubic hair, and the remainder had a variety of preferences, ranging from an obsession with blondes to a passion for nipple hair.

It would seem that a man's fondness for hairy women increases with age: Virtually all of our respondents over 30 wrote glowing reports on the erotic properties of female body hair.

As for the women in our survey... well, the subject of body hair does not exactly thrill them. Some 40 percent found the presence of chest hair to be very "masculine," but almost an equal number complained about beards and other hair "messing up the sink."

A HAIRY STORY

The most erotic experience of my life began with a glimpse of pubic hair. I was riding the bus home one night, and as I turned the page of my newspaper, I glanced across the aisle and noticed a woman sitting with her legs apart. Staring me right in the face was the biggest pubic bush I'd ever seen. The woman kept closing and opening her legs, and I just got hornier and hornier. When I got up to leave, I had a bulge in my pants you wouldn't believe.

The woman got off at the same bus stop, and she invited me up to her apartment. It wasn't too long before she had all her clothes off and was lying

on a huge round bed. And right in the middle was this mass of hair that went all the way up to her belly button.

She begged me to go down on her, saying that she had heard a lot about oral sex but had never experienced it. I had some difficulty getting past all the hair, but when my tongue

after that, but even among girls my own age, it seemed that it was always redheads who went for me. I made it with a few of them, and they all had these orange pussies.

I joined the navy a couple of years ago and got to travel around the world. I discovered that thick, black pubic hair is

And right in the middle was this mass of hair that went all the way up to her belly button

touched the pink lips of her pussy, she began to have orgasm after orgasm.

In the morning, she told me she had never been more satisfied in her entire life. Anyway, it's been three months now, and we're still going strong.

HARRY P.
Chicago, Illinois

When I was 15, my sister's girlfriend seduced me—she was 21 and a beautiful redhead. We got it on the first few times in the dark. When we finally made it in the light, I couldn't help but notice that her pussy was bright orange. I made like I didn't mind, and we went together all summer. Eating her pussy was essential to her every time we fucked and, frankly, after a couple of months it was really getting old to me. I thought I'd give up redheads

what I like the most. Back in the States, who should I meet first time off the ship but another cute red-haired waitress. She gave me the eye, and I said to myself, "Well, here we go again." She invited me to her place, and when we got there she played no games—she turned off the lights, stripped and jumped right in. Still, all the time my tongue was working on the old clit, I kept thinking about that orange pussy staring me straight in the face.

Imagine my surprise when I awoke in the morning to discover she had a beautiful black pussy: the hair on her head was dyed! A beautiful combination I'll never get tired of.

KEVIN S.
Norfolk, Virginia

I used to have a thing for Jewish guys who, as a group,

must be the hairiest men on the planet. I used to think it was very sexy—I liked to snuggle into that fuzzy stuff all over their bodies—but after living with Stewart for three years, I've changed my mind. Stewart had a five-o'clock shadow that made Nixon look like a mime in whiteface. And it hurt! Kissing him was like trying to get friendly with a porcupine. And when he kissed those other lips... well, if I wanted to have my cunt massaged by sandpaper, I could have taken up with the carpenter down the street.

ROSEMARY S.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Your *Sex Tapes* on hair in the April issue proved to be of great interest to me. The following is a true story:

The first time I saw Amy, I knew that I had to get my hands into all that long, thick, silky, shiny hair. Our first date was the most exciting evening of my life. We had dinner in the V.I.P. Room of the New York Playboy Club. As we ate and talked, I couldn't keep my eyes off her hair. She wore it swept up in soft, shimmering piles. Its beauty was overwhelming. After an extremely pleasant evening, we went back to her apartment for a nightcap. She asked if I would mind if she got comfortable, and of course I told her that I wouldn't. She reached up and pulled a few pins from her hair, shook her head and let those beautiful tresses cascade down her back to her waist. I almost had an orgasm on the

(Continued on page 132)

Two questions to ask yourself when choosing a low tar:

#1. Just how low in tar is it?

							
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MAN IN THE STREET

MANOTHEISM: IF I RULED THE VOILD

By D. Keith Mano

So, nu, if I was God, this is how I'd rewire the whole gestalt. (God, I figure, should speak Babu-Yiddish. Look, those serabim and cheraphim in the Bible weren't a flock of flying Methodists.) What I'd do, I'd yentz you all but good: When I was through, you wouldn't know your elbow from your exhaust pipe, which is fine. Already you're too much a wisenheimer crew.

Manotheism. **Commandment #1:** Every three years you get a miraculous change of name. Poof, like that: Same invertebrate chin, same rat-race job, same diplodocus for a wife—but all those little idiot cards in your wallet, now they're made out to some sudden alias of yours. And—here comes the \$64 kreplach—no one can remember what he was called yesterday. The name is the ego, and ego, you schmendrick, is the problem. Listen, before I was D. Keith Mano I couldn't write dreck. Now I can. (You think I'm telling what the D. stands for, you belong in a rubber suit with no armholes. But Dolores is close.) Watch—suppose I open the phone book at random and, garp!, I'm Rodriguez Storage. No, too random. Rodriguez, Santos. My walk will *salsa*. I'll lose weight. Chili won't give my stomach a rash.

Don't smirk; this is God talking. You wanna get the big acne I sicked on Job? And that was

for nothing. Give attention: Imagine the benefit to mankind. Could Idi Amin have been a schwartz calamity if, shazam!, he got renamed—oh—Stewart Weiner? Answer me: What kind of black tyrant would a Stewart Weiner make? They'd have nose-thumbed him from Uganda (which also would be in a name switch—to Denmark maybe. Nationalism is group-therapy ego). There would have been no World War Number Two if Hitler had got poofed to Clarence Dewlap in

Przybylski? Even *People* magazine would be *Partisan Review* for a three-year stand, then *Maintenance Engineering* and so on. Also, commercial products receive a zetz. Do you please don't squeeze the Marcal? Suck down Chivas Regal if I, God, relabel it Fleischmann's? Drive a Caddy that has Toyota stamped on it? Maybe yes, maybe no—but quality all of one sudden is the big hooker.

Commandment #2: TV and radio are, blip!, uninvited. So what if for one month

elevator with just the 1978 want-ad section and himself. For 72 hours. At least 10, 12 times per life. A moment to think what you are, not who.

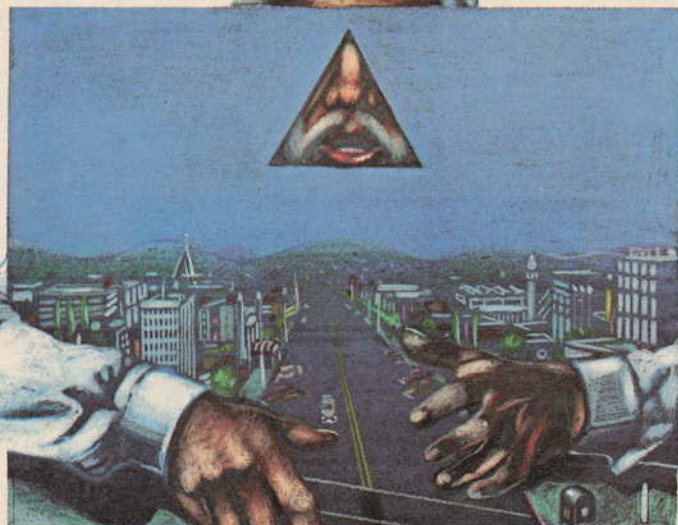
Commandment #5: At age 35–37 you receive, with My best regards, a mild coronary thrombosis. Not enough to call in Christiaan Barnard from the Goodwill used-organ drop box, but enough so you should realize your carcass is staging a job action against black coffee and overtime. Twelve weeks flat out, afraid to sneeze. You get to know the palm of your hand like the palm of your hand.

Commandment #6: At age 25–27, mother lets on you were really adopted. Shalom to genetic pride—or shame. Worse, you've pishered away an entire Oedipus complex on her. Plus, you don't know when you were born; so no one can ask, "What's your sign?" at the next cocktail party. A very large improvement, take My word.

Commandment #7: Once a lifetime, everybody is arrested for some serious crime he didn't commit. Outrage, terror, embarrassment—then vindication. This will cancel out all those putzy little guilts you lug around.

Commandments #8–9–10: You will read *Gulag*. Solzhenitsyn: nameless, just a number, isolated, starved, beaten, full of cancer, in prison for no crime at all—and still he can write. "That is when you become the most dangerous character . . . because what hold do they have on you? . . . I nourished my soul there, and I say without hesitation: 'Bless you, prison, for having been in my life.'"

You need a little Gulag, my landsman. Instead of that weekend on Fire Island. Whatever your name is.



1939. *Heil Dewlap!* Even those momser Nazis would've plotzed in their goose-stepping from laughter.

The best is still to come: All schlockmeisters would vanish like roast beef on a cheap buffet table. "*Carport*, the new blockbuster novel by Arthur Hailley . . ." So, who'd be buying if his name was Guiseppi D. Canolli? Prime-cut fiction and art will survive on their chutzpah, but the celebrities of nothing would win just a bar bouncer's goodbye. You think Bianca Jagger could get into Pier 54, let alone Studio 54, as Sophie

people lie on the street, pupils dilating and sphinctering from withdrawal? It's a mitzvah. Healthful, like chicken-fat suppositories.

Commandment #3: No more news. Not until one year later. Today you pick up the *New York Post* from September 1978. It's thin as a car-wash flyer. About one hot item in 3008 will last through 12 months. By 1980, for example, who would give a knish whether Rocky Marshacked up with anyone or not?

Commandment #4: Everyone should get trapped in an

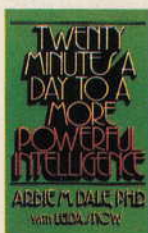
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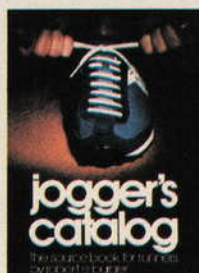
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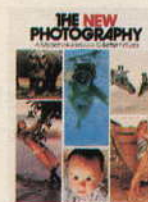
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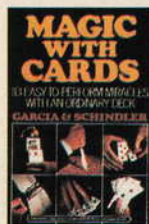
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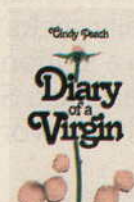
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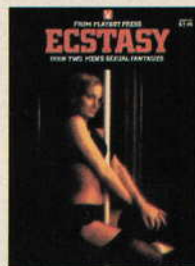
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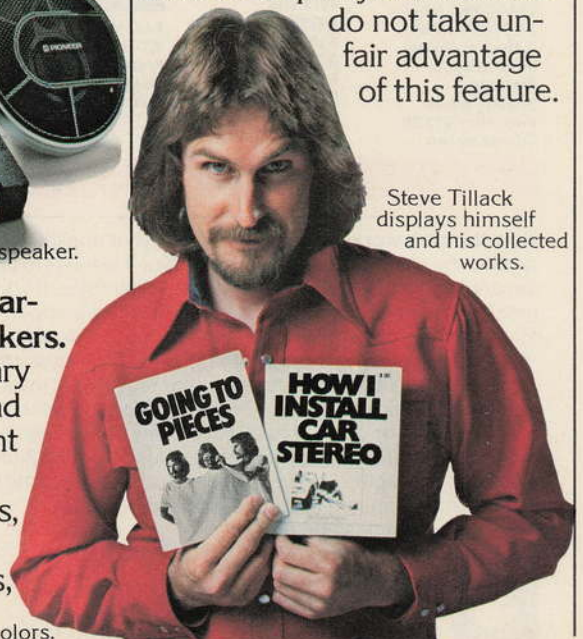
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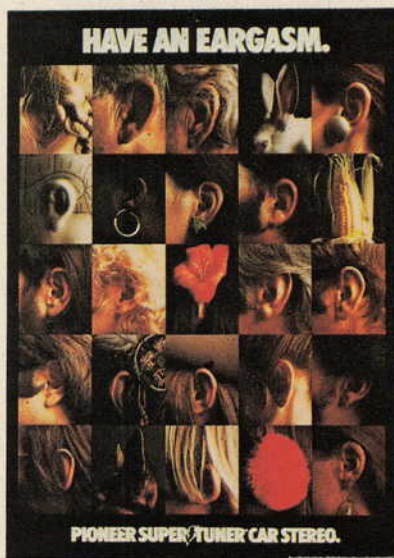


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MUSIC

BIG MAC ATTACK: THE DISC STEVIE SAT ON

By Jan Golab

All night long I can't get no sleep/ Don't know what to do without the taste of meat/ It's the smell that gets me high/ I love the feel of your upper thighs/ So sit on my faace, aawn my faayce, sit aawn my faaaiyce, Stevie Nicks!

Meet the Rotters. What we have here are four tongue-wagging, horny L.A. punks singing scumbag lyrics to a pelvic-rocking



beat. The song is powered by some brutal guitar work that could pass for a sloppy Keith Richard outtake from 1967, and the message is jammed into everybody's face with a cockney-styled vocal that is not just arrogant but, well, *sit on my face*. Yes, it has finally arrived. Everything our parents warned us

about.

Sit on My Face, Stevie Nicks is one of the hottest underground discs to emerge since Devo stopped making their own records. It's selling out at West Coast record stores as fast as the Rotters can press it. And, while it would be nice to dismiss it as a novelty record, it is much more than that. It's a punk classic. It's angry. It's a gutsy, crude (but humorous), balls-out attack on the music-industry establishment. The fans of this record aren't just punks, but anybody at all who is pissed off at assembly-line music and homogenized radio.

But why are the Rotters picking on sweet Stevie?

"We got tired of seeing so many pretty women pretending to be singers," explains Rotters'

able to say about that record."

The Rotters are currently negotiating for national distribution, but not everybody is anxious to see them turn into a success story. The monolith of fast-music franchises, Fleetwood Mac, has already tried to stomp on their faces.

The battle of the bands began when Rodney Bingenheimer played *Stevie Nicks* on his free-form KROQ radio show in Los Angeles. The response was immediate. "They nearly drove us crazy with phone requests," says one of KROQ's daytime d.j.s, Mike Raphone. KALX, KSAN and KSOJ in Northern California, which later aired the single, all experienced the same reaction: It became an immediate top request.

Shortly after KROQ began playing *SOMFSN*, program director Darryl Wayne received a call from Mick Fleetwood. According to Wayne, Mick complained that the record was an embarrassment to Stevie and to Fleetwood Mac and requested that he stop playing it. After giving it some consideration, Wayne banned the record at KROQ. Wayne claims he wasn't pressured by KROQ brass or by Warner Bros., Fleetwood's label, but admits that record-industry politics were behind his decision: Ken Roberts, chief financier of KROQ, is also manager of Sly Stone, who recently signed a multimillion-dollar deal with Warner Bros.

When OUI asked Sharon Weisz, she denied that Mick Fleetwood ever called KROQ. Steven Steinberg, a Fleetwood Mac attorney, also denied that Mick ever made the call. "Somebody might have called and said he was Mick Fleetwood," Steinberg says.

Darryl Wayne responded to

this by stating that he had previously spoken to Mick Fleetwood on the phone and that he was rather certain the phone call in question came from Mick.

Bob Delanoy, manager of Tower Records on the Sunset Strip in L.A., planet earth's number-one record store, also received a call from a Mick Fleetwood. According to Delanoy, Mick was really pissed. "He wanted the records taken out of the store. He said he was going to get in touch with his attorneys at Warner Bros. What could I do? I have a good relationship with Warner Bros. It's a lot stronger than my relationship with the Rotters."

Delanoy pulled the record.

Weisz and Steinberg both denied that Mick Fleetwood ever called Tower Records.

"It sounded like an honest call to me," counters Delanoy. "I don't care what he says—as far as I'm concerned it was Mick Fleetwood."

Whether or not Fleetwood or Warner Bros. were responsible, the end result was that the Rotters were virtually banned in L.A.—a task that is not easy to accomplish. "I couldn't believe it," says Rodney Bingenheimer. "I can't think of another record that I can't play."

So far, the Rotters' spirits haven't been dampened by Big Mac's tactics. But then, their heroes, the Sex Pistols, had numerous smash singles in the U.K., even though (or because?) they were *all* banned by either radio or retail stores. "I feel so misunderstood," complains Phester Swollen. "That song is a desperate plea to Stevie. It's actually a love song."

"I don't know why they're so upset," cracks Nigel. "Jeez, wait'll we put out the extended-play picture disc."

Whatever became



of what's-his-name?

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SEX

TOO MUCH SEX: ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

By Howard Rheingold

Have you ever wondered about those most strangely afflicted victims—the ones who get too much sex? Some skeptics might not even believe it is possible. Obviously they never heard of Attila the Hun, Catherine the Great or my college buddy Gerald.

Aside from the dangers of gonorrhea, syphilis, herpes, venereal warts, jealous husbands, urethritis, friction blisters and possible hernia, there is no medical reason why a man can't dip his wick all day long. I have this straight from my urologist, Dr. X, who has threatened to cut off my Vibramycin if I reveal his name.

Lest any unwary readers take his statement as license to substitute marathon fucking for other forms of exercise, Dr. X warned me that you have to keep your heartbeat above 120 for 30 minutes at a stretch to exercise your heart. A half-hour orgasm would fit the cardiovascular bill, but a brain circuit or two would probably short out before that happened. It probably isn't bad for the waistline, but nobody seems to know how many pelvic thrusts are equivalent to 100 sit-ups.

From the historical viewpoint, it does appear that too much sex can be unhealthy in high places. Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, as every sufficiently dirty-minded schoolboy knows, met her untimely climax underneath a

freaked-out stallion, but few connoisseurs of kinky history are aware that Attila the Hun died of a nosebleed on his wedding night. Gilles de Retz, the original Bluebeard, was done in by an outraged populace after he had ravished several fiefdoms full of children—over 2000, by some accounts. On the other side of the debauch, Howard Hughes was rumored to have deflowered over a thousand virgins during his Hollywood days, but it was codeine and constipation, not pussy overdose, that finally put him under.

It is impossible to form any kind of generality about oversexed men, judging from the

who might have been overfucked in the past, little has been left to history. The reason we know so little about satiated males is that they don't usually go to the doctor to complain.

Seven out of the eight sex therapists who responded to my weird question on their answering devices said that they rarely, if ever, counseled clients who specifically complained of too much sex. Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D., author of *Male Sexuality* and a counselor at the University of California's Human Sexuality Program in San Francisco, thinks the main problem with having too much sex is that a person may be subconsciously substituting it

ated by something other than their desires."

After Bernie Zilbergeld rang off, a fellow named George returned my call. He is a theatrical booking agent from Southern California, and some of his clients are porno actors and actresses. His response was the only direct answer I got, after talking to all those urologists, sexologists and sociologists.

"Did you say too much sex? Funny you should ask. I had too much sex last night."

"When did you know it was too much?"

"When I woke up totally wiped out. If you screw all night, who does your sleeping for you?"



variety of men throughout history who might have been able to answer our questions. Mr. Johann Sebastian Bach had 23 children; King Farouk had two fresh women every day of his adult life; and certain Roman emperors raised the art of debauchery to magnificent heights. Neal Cassady once wrote that his sexual appetite during his legendary cross-country jaunt was so demanding that if he didn't score a waitress or a wife every few hours, he had to masturbate in roadside filling-station bathrooms. As for the common folk

for something else he needs.

"If the sex you experience isn't good, then almost any amount is too much," asserts Dr. Zilbergeld. "Problems arise when people don't like how they are performing sexually or have difficulty relating personally to their sexual partners. They might say at first that too much sex is a problem, but admit later that the real point is that they are not doing what they want to be doing. For a lot of people, sex is the only way to release tension. In many cases, the tension which drives people to compulsive sex may be cre-

The only person who came up with a sound medical reason for *not* having too much sex was my wife's gynecologist. Dr. Bernard Gore (yes, that is his real name) pointed out that you will be defeating your own purpose if you try to make babies that way. It takes 70 to 80 days for sperm to mature; so a couple of days of overly frequent ejaculation could lower the fertility factor considerably. If conception is what you want, the proper strategy is to give your best shot at the right time, rather than poking away constantly until it happens. ■

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??? FUTURE ???

1980S MOVIES: A FEW PLOTS WORTH THICKENING

By Jesse Kornbluth

Hollywood's incredible profitability is the first thing to consider when you start fantasizing about film plots for the Eighties. In a business increasingly described as a "cash-flow machine," the fact that you score *big* is much more important than *how* you score. Did *Saturday Night Fever* make \$100 million with teen gangs dancing disco? Then bring on a spate of gang pictures. Did *Close Encounters* clean up with special effects, Dolby and 70mm visuals? Then serve up a buffet of films that are nothing but special effects. In Hollywood, you see, everybody's happy to be number two.

Your fearless columnist, a sometime screenwriter himself, is shooting for the *numero uno* spot, so you'll get no tired sermon about corporate shortsightedness here. Our purpose is far more high minded: I'm going to lay out some new directions for the Hollywood product of the Eighties.

Assumption one, then: *Whatever is, is over*. The film you're raving about this month was probably conceived three years ago. Only rarely does a movie such as *The Music Never Ends*, starring Olivia Newton-John and the Village People, get thrown together overnight. So the writer must think deep future: 1981, 1982, for openers.

Assumption two: *Small is beautiful*. Small means you-and-me films, the successors of



Annie Hall. Consider, for example, the genuinely inspiring story of Griffin Dunne, Mark Metcalf and Amy Robinson. Here they were, three New York actors with no production experience, but with a craving to film Ann Beattie's highly praised novel, *Chilly Scenes of Winter*. The studios had passed on the book—they thought its tale of obsessive love was too downbeat although, as anyone who's ever experienced it knows, obsessive love's about

the headiest way to fly—and so the young producers (average age: 28) were able to get an option for cheap. The obligatory notice in *Variety* attracted writer-director Joan Micklin Silver. With Silver involved, United Artists got interested.

If *Chilly Scenes* and a few other "smallish" films go over, I confidently predict we'll next see a slew of movies on the order of *The Graduate*—1980. This time around, though, the Dustin Hoffman character will be a 23-year-old woman just starting out in the business world. Her father will introduce her to a friend, a man in his 40s, who offers her a job. An affair develops. Her parents find out and freak out. Many complications. Some bittersweet laughs. And big profits.

Another surefire setting is the suburban shopping mall. Even an energy crunch won't slow the cancerous growth of these mini-cities. Most people shop in areas that are no more than ten minutes away from their homes; in fact, they practically live in malls, now that shopping has started to replace TV as an entertainment for the masses. A comedy about malls, à la *Nashville*, is almost inevitable, but a plot I find even more exciting concerns a mall set on sacred Indian land in New Mexico. Unknown to the builders, the department store sits above a burial ground. The retailers are made aware of this fact the hard way: The disco department, located in the store basement, sends pounding bass vibrations deep into the earth, rousing the Indian spirits and initiating a wave of horrible deaths. Sorta like *Custer's Last Disco*.

While we're on the subject of disco, let's consider the "smallish" disco film. Like its prede-

cessors, it will have to appeal to a broad audience—disco, baseball and computer chips will, if trends continue, be the big American exports in the early Eighties—and it'll have to be different from the flood of exploitation films that will start making the rounds this winter. I've got two plots cooking—*The Manchurian Candidate Goes Disco*, in which a Rubellian club owner is hypnotized by his light show and starts killing the beautiful people he allegedly adores; and *The Discofather*, a gritty exposé of Mafia involvement in the back rooms of our most fashionable dance halls.

Of course, by the time the small-is-beautiful bandwagon becomes the main event, spoilsports like me will want to kill it off and bring on the next thing. The best way to do that isn't to innovate—Hollywood, remember, goes with proven formulas until it absolutely has to change—but to try for that hotly contested number-two slot. My vehicle is the small horror movie. A vampire starts terrorizing a city—let's call it Los Angeles, just to scare the industry heavies—and nobody can find him, much less stop him. A dentist becomes suspicious of one of his patients, whose incisors are sharp enough to chop cocaine. But he has an ethical problem: Would he be violating his oath if he called the heat? I know the answer, but you won't get the secret of *Dracula's Toothbrush* out of me for the price of this magazine. Nothing's stopping you from finishing it yourself and selling it to the studios, though. Nothing, that is, but the prospect of this broken-down futurist gglomming a job as a major film critic and labeling you as the most dangerous animal of them all: the "now" film maker. ■

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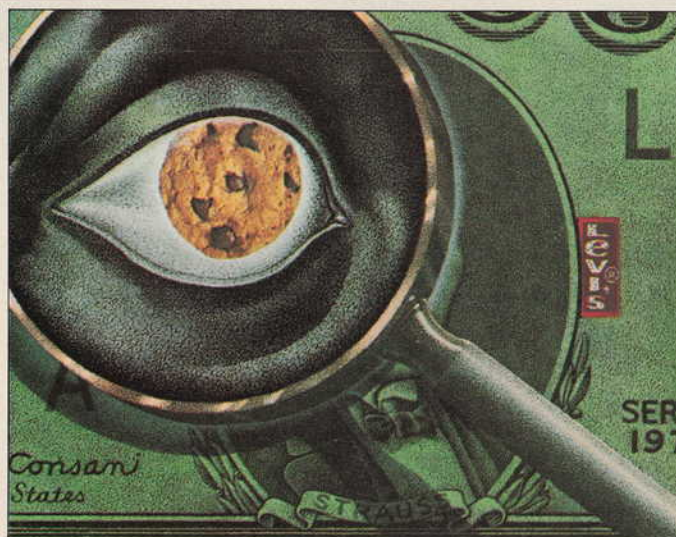
ON YOUR OWN: HOW TO START A BUSINESS

By Chris Barnett

Neal Flaster, at the age of 29, doesn't want to make a fortune; he just wants to survive. After 15 months of struggling and scrambling, he's finally taking home a paycheck and works only 12 hours a day, six days a week. Flaster is president of an unusual company called Cookies & Milk, based in Berkeley, California. He bakes and sells "gourmet," 100 percent natural chocolate-chip cookies, which are packed in what looks like a quart-sized milk carton. Clever idea, right? Well, the company damn near went broke. And though it's still \$100,000 in the hole, Flaster's starting to pay off some debts and expand into East Coast supermarkets.

First-year sales were \$1 million. He expects to double that the second year. Those may sound like big numbers, but Flaster is the first to admit that being in the chips—chocolate and carob—doesn't mean he's rolling in dough. Still, the satisfaction is there. So is the potential for big bucks. Besides, it sure beats his last job, which involved peddling sweaters and T-shirts for Levi Strauss & Co., and his first job, hustling textiles for his old man.

How has he pulled it off? Flaster's saga began in New York. Born into a well-to-do Jewish family, bored stiff at 16 and almost flunking out of high school ("I got straight D's"), he says his life had been preordained—the country club, a



Pontiac GTO, going into the family business. "That's what life was going to be like for the same fourteen guys I grew up with. We were living out our parents' values, just as they lived out their parents' values. No individual growth. It was suffocating."

When Neal was 16, the family moved to California, and Flaster swears he was born again. "Freedom. You can feel it here. I can't describe it." He started pulling A's and B's, became radicalized politically at L.A.'s University High in the late Sixties ("We were the first high school to have a demonstration"), did a few years at the University of California at Santa Barbara and finally graduated from U.C. Berkeley with a degree in journalism. He grudgingly sold textiles for a while, mainly to finance six months in Paris as a freelance writer. When he ran out of money, he came home and got involved in a short-lived T-shirt venture called Flash Unlimited.

When Flash folded, Flaster bailed out of Los Angeles and drove north to San Francisco. "I came with nothing. No money

in the bank, no job, no place to go, but I had a friend who worked at Levi Strauss." After eight phone calls, he got a job in women's-wear junior tops. "I had no business experience, couldn't do a financial forecast, had no sense of accounting or even of basic bookkeeping," he admits. But he learned fast. "We had to make yearly, quarterly, monthly and weekly sales projections. You can't learn this stuff in school, you have to do it on the job."

At Levi Strauss, he learned something else—that merchandising by committee is impossible. "You get seven people together and the decisions get watered down. The strongest opinion comes from the person who's least familiar with the problem," says Flaster.

He says he also learned that talented people who refuse to waste their time justifying all their decisions are vulnerable in a huge corporation. His boss ("a fabulous man, adored by all"), who told him to simply watch and soak up the Levi Strauss way of doing business, was blown out one day. Three months later Flaster was axed

by the division's general manager. "They didn't feel I had the background for the job or was displaying enough initiative. I went screaming into the division president's office. I didn't give a shit. I told him, 'Look, if you're going to fire me, fire me for doing a lousy job, not for doing what I was told to do—watch and learn.'"

Flaster says he made enough noise to be rehired and promoted to product manager for junior tops (blouses, sweaters, T-shirts). "I had never done sweaters or blouses before, but I didn't tell them that." He says the first two lines he introduced sold out. His boss arbitrarily doubled sales projections on the third line and, sure enough, he only sold half—precisely his original forecast.

Flaster's career at Levi Strauss came to an abrupt end shortly thereafter. His boss, anxious to introduce a line of athletic suits, promoted terry-cloth running wear, says Neal. "But our production department couldn't figure out how to sew the stuff. My boss said to me, 'Flaster, get it made.' But I had no experience in manufacturing." So when the sewing company he contracted with in South Dakota hit a production snag, Flaster was dispatched as a manufacturing troubleshooter.

"I packed my bags," he recalls, "and then I'm driving along and thinking it's thirty degrees below zero up there, and I'm going to get on three different planes and travel all day to get there and work my ass off. So as I'm getting off the Bay Bridge, I said to myself, 'Fuck it.' Instead of going to the airport, I went back to the office and said to my boss, 'You've got my resignation.'"

(Continued on page 108)

Enlisted Times

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ASTRID



She takes you 'round the world

Photography by Ed Alexander





When we first met Astrid, she was lying by the pool in her borrowed Mediterranean villa. Working. You see, Astrid house sits for a living. Her brother runs a travel agency back in her hometown of Salzburg, Austria, and it often happens that a particularly wealthy client is in the market for someone to look after one or another of his vacation homes. Enter Astrid. She speaks five languages. She waters the plants, collects the mail and feeds the cat. But she doesn't do windows. It seems like a lonely life, we say. Astrid disagrees. "I've lived all over the world. And I always travel first class. How else could I do that on so little money? Yes, I know—there's always the rich older gentleman who's looking for a traveling companion to provide sexual favors, but that's not my style." So, what do you *do* all day? "I read, I swim, I practice gymnastics. I'm very body conscious, unlike most Austrians." What about Arnold Schwarzenegger? He was born in Austria. "Yes, but he's the





exception that proves the rule. And notice he didn't stay here very long. Arnold doesn't know this, but he and I have a lot in common. He took up body building as a way to get out of Austria. He wanted to see the world. I took up gymnastics for the same reason, but it didn't quite work out the way I wanted it to. Those East German girls were just too good. So now Arnold's a big, famous movie star in America and I'm traveling around, sitting houses. And you know what? I think I have the better deal." Really? "Sure. My hobby, you see, is people watching. I'm really intrigued by what people in different cultures think is important. I haven't told this to anybody before, but I'm secretly collecting research on the sexual habits of the European male. It will make a great best-seller, don't you think?" Sure, but didn't you just say that you don't go in for that sort of sexual dalliance? "No, no. I was talking about the old ones who want to own you —forget that. But you





can find out many things about a country from the lovemaking styles of its young men." Like what, for instance? "Well, the English are brutal. You wouldn't think so to look at their dress and manners—they seem so polite. But there is much, much S/M there. They always want to tie you up and spank your bottom. I would never let an Englishman tie me up, not after the last one. Spanish men, on the other hand, are so amazed that you will make love to them without the benefit of marriage that they tend to rush everything—as if any moment you might change your mind." So you think it's true that Latin lovers are overrated? "Well, yes and no. As a group, they are more talk than action; that's for sure. Of course, there are the exceptions. The really terrific lovers. But I'm saving those stories for my book." Aw, come on. Which country has the best? "The truth? My best lover was a nineteen-year-old American exchange student. But he might have been a flash in the pan."



**Senator Edward Kennedy
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Kennedy: "You've proba
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THE SCANDAL AT IBT:

Over the last decade, Industrial Bio-Test Labs conducted thousands of safety tests on chemicals we absorb every day. Almost all of those tests are now suspect.

Article by T.A. Vonder Haar, Mark Miller, Chris Szechenyi and Chris Weygandt

Two years ago, deep within the labyrinthine corridors of the United States Government office buildings, the Senate Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research—chaired by Senator Edward Kennedy—met with officials of the Food and Drug Administration. The meeting was held to examine, in part, a disturbing substance in your bathroom: your soap. In particular, the intimate relationship between your soap, your testicles and Industrial Bio-Test Laboratories.

Curious bedfellows—united by a chemical bond. Take a look at the ingredients listed on the wrapper of your favorite brand of deodorant soap. Triclocarban (TCC) is one of them, if you use any of the major brands, such as Zest, Dial, Irish

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Spring, Safeguard or Coast.

Technically, triclocarban is the antimicrobial agent that fights those odor-causing bacteria. TCC was approved as an ingredient of deodorant soaps in 1963 by the FDA and widely used after the banning of hexachlorophene.

The most remarkable aspect of TCC, however, is its potential to atrophy your testicles, as revealed by test data later submitted to the FDA.

So why is a chemical as suspect as TCC allowed to remain on the market, without a little warning about its being potentially hazardous to your health? And how did this chemical get approval in the first place? These things aren't *supposed* to happen; they're violations of the unselfish human-

itarian concerns of government. And the FDA—champion of America's health, formidable enemy of all that breeds ill in the body, and destroyer of those who would manufacture nasty stuff—was established to protect us from injury.

So why are our balls, among other organs, in jeopardy?

Because one independent testing lab, Industrial Bio-Test Laboratories, screwed up. And as a result, a complex, nearly untraceable network of IBT-tested chemical offspring encircles the world. Today, many of those chemicals are on the FDA "suspect" list, including triclocarban, paraquat (a headache shared also by the U. S. State Department and the Drug Enforcement Agency), food

additives like brominated vegetable oil and potassium bromate, drugs like Naprosyn, and a multitude of pesticides like Phosvel. Senator Kennedy and his subcommittee met with such FDA officials as Dr. J. Richard Crout (then Director of the Bureau of Drugs) to, as Kennedy put it, "look at widely used products which were approved as safe before marketing" and, in a broader sense, to investigate the whole process of how chemicals are tested. Admitted Kennedy, "... proof of safety is gone. But the products remain."

Let's begin at the beginning: 1952. Governmental regulation of chemicals and drugs was just a baby then, and there was a brand-new law that said a chemical could not be sold to humans until it was proven safe for animals. Drug companies were suddenly faced with the prospect of conducting studies for the Food and Drug Administration—studies that were expensive and time-consuming, and for which most of the companies had no facilities or technicians. What do you do when you can't do the work yourself? You farm it out. That's where Industrial Bio-Test (IBT) came in, as a scientific laboratory that would do safety testing for drug companies.

It proved to be a massive business. Of all the safety tests performed on American chemicals in the last decade, about one-third went through the Industrial Bio-Test labs—approximately 22,500 different tests on a wide variety of prescription and over-the-counter drugs, food additives, pesticides, herbicides, dyes, plastics and cosmetics. In 1976, that work earned IBT \$7 million, making it probably the largest contract-testing laboratory in the country.

In theory it was simple: Company X has a new wonder drug that has not yet been approved by the Food and Drug Administration. The company hires IBT or a similar outfit to conduct tests on the new drug. IBT then feeds the stuff to its test animals. As the animals choke, break out in rashes, learn to play Beethoven or whatever, IBT's technicians and pathologists—all qualified and conscientious, of course—make careful notes of all data on a daily basis. When it's over, they write up a comprehensive report on how toxic, carcinogenic or safe the particular substance is, based on their controlled tests. Company X then turns over *all* the results—not just the good ones—to the FDA and applies for approval. FDA committees look over the report (they do not perform any tests themselves) and make a recommendation. Based on their presumably sage advice and IBT's findings about the wonder drug's cancer-causing and toxic potential, the FDA decides whether or not our bodies should be exposed to the drug.

So far, so good—in theory.

You know about poison. Poison is the stuff you slip into coffee when people are not looking that makes them keel over like sandbags. It goes by various exotic

names, and there are a few mentioned in Agatha Christie novels that actually work.

Well, to a chemist, *everything* is potentially poisonous. Two grains of Superwonderol makes your hamburger taste great, but three grains might kill you. It's all a matter of dosage. In toxicological terms, the highest dose that is still safe is called the *tolerance level*; the lowest dose that is poisonous is called the *effect level*.

It was IBT's job to find out precisely what those toxic levels were. It was also their job to determine the carcinogenic effects induced by a chemical. Since cancer is not clinically visible at the time of exposure, it could take years of careful observation to determine whether or not the chemical is carcinogenic.

Up until April 1976, IBT seemed to be doing just fine. Its client list read like a corporate *Who's Who*: Monsanto, Dow Chemical, 3M, Uniroyal, Upjohn, Gulf Oil, Phillips Petroleum and Ciba-Geigy, to mention a few. The U. S. Government was also on the list from time to time, through the Department of Defense, the Environmental Protection Agency, the Department of Agriculture, the National Cancer Institute and even the Food and Drug Administration itself.

Then the EPA and FDA started noticing discrepancies in the IBT test reports they were receiving. Take Phosvel, for example. Phosvel was a pesticide marketed by the Velsicol Chemical Corporation. IBT tested Phosvel, and Velsicol submitted the results to the Environmental Protection Agency. Partly on the basis of the IBT safety tests, the EPA approved Phosvel for conditional use and established tolerance levels of Phosvel in 1974—this despite evidence, revealed as early as 1971 by the World Health Organization, that Phosvel's active agent was extremely toxic to the central nervous system.

It may not have been toxic to the EPA, but it did eventually cause them headaches that lasted two years. Responding to criticism from the scientific community, the EPA re-examined IBT's report on Phosvel, and the second time around the agency noticed a few things that it had missed the first time. Indications, for instance, that there actually was a toxic effect—a delayed one. There were references to test animals that had "no control of legs" and others that noted "extreme staggering." And when the EPA went to examine the nerve-tissue slides submitted by IBT, the slides turned out to be unreadable.

The EPA decided in April of 1976 that it had been duped by the test report from IBT. Senator Kennedy's subcommittee on pesticide controls had already raked the EPA over the coals. So, reports that Phosvel plant employees were getting sick only added to the agency's frustration. The EPA embarked upon a struggle to revoke Phosvel's indicated tolerance levels after making IBT turn over its raw data.

At the same time, the FDA had been investigating

THE MARK OF IBT

Warning:
These products
contain chemicals which
may be hazardous
to your health



DEODORANT SOAPS

These deodorant soaps all contain the antibacterial agent triclocarban (TCC). When a 1972 FDA review panel banned hexachlorophene, TCC became the main active ingredient of antibacterial soaps; the use of TCC was allowed, provided further research would be conducted. The FDA says potential hazards and cumulative effects of TCC include lesions of the testicles, liver damage in babies, brain damage and injury to the spleen. Test data reveal that the toxic dose of TCC ranges from 50 to 200 parts per million, but the FDA is still uncertain. The FDA assumes that at least .1 ppm of TCC is absorbed into your bloodstream with every bath. If the effect of TCC is cumulative, then 1000 baths in deodorant soap could give your balls quite a shock.



CITRUS DRINKS

According to the National Soft Drink Association, the average American consumes 356 12-oz. cans of soft drink a year. Consider that 16 percent of those soft drinks are orange and lemon-lime flavored and - take note, America. Most citrus-flavored drinks contain brominated vegetable oil. Bromine (a highly volatile and corrosive liquid) is blended with citrus oil so that the oil will emulsify more readily in soft drinks, collins mixes and ice creams. Approval of brominated vegetable oil by the FDA was based solely on IBT studies of the chemical, which are now all suspect. The toxic effect of brominated vegetable oil, according to the Consumer Dictionary of Food Additives, is damage to the central nervous system and kidneys. Name your poison.



COMMERCIAL BREAD

Before you bite that sandwich, check out the ingredients of the bread. It may contain potassium bromate, which is classified by the FDA as GRAS ("generally recognized as safe") because no human deaths have been directly attributed to its use in baked goods. The FDA in 1974 contracted IBT to evaluate its toxicity. At the completion of IBT's testing, the FDA complained of "inadequate controls" in the testing process. The FDA apparently considered the results satisfactory since the chemical remained GRAS, despite reports mentioned in the Consumer Dictionary of Food Additives (1978) that potassium bromate causes damage to the central nervous system and death due to kidney failure in man and animals. Just how appetizing is that BIT on toast?

SCANDAL AT IBT The FDA tried to ban Naprosyn. Syntex lost \$20 million in sales and, in turn, sued IBT. At IBT management, heads rolled.

testing labs and pharmaceutical companies for chemicals under their jurisdiction; IBT was on their list, too. They sent an inspection team to IBT's main lab in Northbrook, Illinois, to look over the facilities and to audit their records on drugs up for government approval at the time. It was like opening Pandora's box.

One of the monsters to jump out of that box was Naprosyn, an antiarthritic drug manufactured by the Syntex Corporation of Palo Alto, California. Naprosyn was supposed to be as good as aspirin for pain, swollen joints and arthritic morning stiffness, but with fewer side effects. And it was supposedly less likely than aspirin or steroids to cause bleeding ulcers. In fact, said the manufacturer: "There seems to be a relatively wide safety range."

The only long-term tests that were performed on Naprosyn were the ones done by IBT. And we now know that even Naprosyn's manufacturer, Syntex, had doubts about the quality of IBT's test. "I am very disturbed at the unsatisfactory nature of this report," wrote Dr. Robert Hill, then Director of Toxicology at Syntex, in a letter to IBT in November 1971. "It contains a large number of errors, discrepancies and omissions of data. . . . From past experience I am convinced that the report would be rejected by regulatory agencies in the United States, United Kingdom, Canada and Germany."

He shouldn't have bothered concerning himself. Syntex went ahead despite its own doubts and submitted the faulty data to the FDA—and, sure enough, by March 1976, the FDA approved it. Great Britain and other countries had already approved it, and within three months worldwide sales hit \$11.2 million, and American doctors scribbled 98,000 Naprosyn prescriptions during the month of May, compared to 3000 in March.

Syntex board members were no doubt pleased with the response to their new drug, but to their chagrin the matter of the faulty test data refused to disappear. After he had finished an intensive review of the Industrial Bio-Test file in July 1976, then FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt went before Senator Kennedy's subcommittee to talk about IBT and IBT's Naprosyn tests:

"This investigation has disclosed a number of serious deficiencies," he said, "including . . . an inability to come up with the basic records of observations of the study. Cage cards, for example, on which data would have been recorded were not available, and could not be found. . . . Such an impermanent method of data recording is highly subject to error, and is hardly acceptable. . . . In one study only a small number of tumors noted during the

gross postmortem examination . . . were subjected to microscopic examination or reported to the FDA. This would, of course, result in substantial underreporting of tumors. In addition, in computing tumor incidence—for example, the fraction of total animals that had tumors—the denominator of the fraction was misleadingly inflated by counting animals that were not fully examined. This, too, would reduce the reported rate of tumor induction. A followup inspection of this firm was recently made to determine the extent to which these findings are typical of its operations . . ."

A letter to Syntex from the FDA's Bureau of Drugs proposing to withdraw Naprosyn's recent approval reveals that the IBT tests violated nearly every basic principle of scientific investigation.

- Records lacked documentation that animals received the proper dosages of medication.

- Between 55 and 60 percent of the animals were too badly decomposed for microscopic examination to be performed.

- Different versions of the same records show discrepancies and, in the case of some animals, the date of death was changed.

- Other animals died more than once, according to the records, each time with different lesions.

- Records were confused as to identification of animals and the treatment groups to which they belonged.

- Missing from the records were blood-analysis data and some urinalysis data, and some records lacked information on location, size, appearance and growth of tumors.

"I would be moved to say that if they [IBT] merely put down their current practices and prefixed a 'don't' in front of that, that will probably be the best guidelines that could exist," said Dr. Adrian Gross, then an investigator for the FDA.

Unfortunately for Syntex, Naprosyn is its chief product. A 1975 *Wall Street Journal* analysis of Syntex' financial picture called Naprosyn's success a key to the company's future. It continued to be a hot product, leading the parent firm to record sales and earnings through 1978.

So Syntex was naturally incensed at the FDA's findings. And, of course, so was IBT. Both stood by their tests, even though the FDA provided them with detailed explanations of the indisputable problems. Both submitted rebuttals, but the FDA went ahead and announced late in 1976 that it intended to withdraw Naprosyn from the market.

That news triggered a chain reaction. The FDA tried to ban Naprosyn, so doctors hesitated prescribing it. That hesita-

tion cost Syntex \$20 million in sales. And after the company lost \$20 million in sales, the stockholders revolted, taking their company to court in two class-action suits. Syntex, in turn, sued IBT. And at IBT management, heads rolled.

To recoup their losses, Syntex wheeled out the big PR guns. They plugged the drug heavily in the medical journals and even went so far as to send letters directly to doctors: "Dear Doctor: We thought it would be helpful for you to have a copy of the news release issued by Syntex . . . that clarifies the status of Naprosyn. The company issued the release as a response to an FDA press release on the same day in which the future status of Naprosyn was questioned. Subsequent reports in the news media have resulted in some confusion in the minds of physicians and patients. . . . The important thing to remember is that Naprosyn continues to be available to your patients. Sincerely, James Strand, M.D., Director, Medical Department, Syntex."

The tactic worked. The nose dive stopped and Naprosyn began to climb back up the drug-sales charts. Syntex' finances started to look healthy again. Meanwhile, Syntex had learned a lesson about testing: If you want something done right, do it yourself. That there was a possible conflict of interest in the idea of running their own safety test on a product that would make money for them if found safe did not seem to bother them. Nor has it bothered the other corporations who are following Syntex' example and redoing their tests themselves, since the IBT scandal broke.

But the FDA insisted that IBT had not learned a lesson at all. "Nowhere do they [IBT] indicate that the Naprosyn test was in any way an exception, a set of particular or unique circumstances converging into an unfortunate coincidence," wrote FDA investigator Gross in a memo to his director, "On the contrary, IBT keeps stating and implying *ad nauseam* that this was a properly executed and acceptable piece of work, from which valid conclusions can be drawn [and] that the problems that we signal to them are 'minor' and not 'material.'"

Syntex submitted its own refurbished study to the FDA last October. As we go to press, the proposal to withdraw Naprosyn from the market, announced two years ago, is still pending analysis of that study.

IBT finished up its Naprosyn test late in 1971 and then turned to the heavy load of other work it had taken on. It was a bad year for IBT to determine the safety of anything, but when the Monsanto Com-

(Continued on page 122)



**Eleven indestructible green things
that even you can't kill**

There was a time when any man who admitted he knew the difference between a philodendron and a dieffenbachia invariably found himself the butt of jokes. Asked to use the word *horticulture* in a sentence, Dorothy Parker—the wickedly witty Thirties humorist—replied: “You can lead a horticulture, but you can’t make her think.”

Until the late Sixties, houseplants generally inspired vague images of hospitals and sickbeds. Then came flower children and ecology, and brave new syngoniums replaced psy-

POWER *Plants*

Article by Richard Warren Lewis

chedelic posters. The flower children grew up and became plant adults. While they still grew pot on the windowsill, they also potted palms in the entryway.

During the past several years, thickets of specialized plant purveyors ranging from tiny storefronts to lavish greenhouse productions have sprouted like crabgrass in every major American city. Vast numbers of supermarkets, drugstores and discount houses offer not only the familiar grape ivy and rubber plant, but also such accouterments as atomizers, watering

cans, vitamins, enriched soil, insecticides, moisture meters and—for those who are into leather—cowhide pot holders.

While no match for inflatable rubber dolls, plants do make excellent companions for those who live alone. They're fun to coddle, easy to talk to and they never talk back. They also enhance one's physical well-being, purifying the air by utilizing carbon dioxide from our lungs and sending forth life- and head-sustaining oxygen in its place.

Still, many of us are reluctant to assume the minimal responsibility involved in keeping houseplants—especially those brown-thumbers who have had traumatic experiences. A 1976 survey conducted in California by the Field Research Corporation found that the owner's sex, age and yearly income were major factors in whether a houseplant survives. Youth, women and big incomes may be more dangerous than aphids or mealybugs. Seventy-four percent of those with incomes over \$20,000 reported plant losses. Californians between the ages of 18 and 29 had the highest plant-mortality rate.

It could be their taste in music. According to studies published by a Stanford University research group, certain kinds of music actually inhibit plant growth. Pink Floyd led the charts as Plant Enemy Number One, while classical music and light jazz were found to encourage plant longevity.

Then there is the matter of parties. It takes a hardy plant to resist cigarette fumes and butts in the topsoil, not to mention molestation by cats, kids and stumbling boozers. Hope is at hand, however. New research shows that some plants actually like a swig or two of booze. Jerry Baker, author of *Plants Are Like People*, suggests that plants will thrive if soaked with a mixture of two ounces of stale beer and a quart of water several times a year.

So for those of you well-meaning-but-brown-thumbed apartment dwellers, here is a selection of 11 lush but tolerant roommates which, unlike the fair sex, can be neglected and won't complain.

A. The feathery **kentia palm** is a Victorian relic born again almost a century later. It can take an amazing amount of abuse—heat, drafts, dust and drought—and still add about seven inches of growth each year. Unsurpassed for their bold silhouettes, kentias withstand darkness, although they appreciate as much light as possible, short of full, direct sunlight. They seldom need repotting, tending to thrive with their roots cramped in ridiculously small containers. Their price (around \$100) may seem high when compared to other houseplants, but when you consider their grandeur, durability and lifespan—



sometimes 15 or 20 years—they make an outstanding investment.

B. The **aloe** plant dates back to the decadent Roman Empire and is therefore a wonderful plant for a party simply by association. Pictured here is the *Aloe cameronii*, a rather spectacular-looking plant that is easy to grow—just make sure its pot drains well—and is cheap, besides. This very plant cost a mere eight bucks at Fernwood Plants in Topanga, California. The *Aloe vera* contains a crystal gel that functions as a natural muscle relaxant far superior to baby oil for impromptu, at-home massages. Hawaiian lifeguards use this ointment to soothe sunburn and stings from sea creatures; clearly, it must also be

effective on telltale hickeys.

C. **Echeveria** is not a former Mexican president or something you cure with Cruex. It's a member of the vast, 65-species *Echeveria* succulent genus, a group so hardy that you'd have to stomp them to kill them. Succulents are inexpensive and require little more care than a Pet Rock. The ability of their fulsome leaves to store water for weeks at a time permits owners extended vacations without angst. One cannot overlook the sensual qualities of these unique, sculptured formations, whose name comes from the Latin *succulentus*, meaning juicy or fleshy. Their curly-edged, cabbagey rosettes resemble labial layers, suggesting subliminal invita-

Lewis, who wrote a profile of "The Gong Show" last year for OUI, admits to stroking his aspidistra in private.



tions, such as: "Why don't you come up and see my Echeveria some time?"

D. The fiddle-leaf fig (*Ficus lyrata*) is a relative of the rubber tree plant, but unlike that boring supermarket standby, the fiddle-leaf has stiff, shiny, violin-shaped, ruffly leaves that are much more dramatic than its commoner cousin's. It towers 6–15 feet in height and will survive in darker areas where other plants fail. Dusty leaves respond to sponging with soapy water. A fiddle-leaf needs thorough watering and then to be left alone until almost dry.

E. The cactus is so hardy that even after it's dead you can wait a year before throwing it out. There are 2000 species of cacti; one of them, *Cereus peruvianus*, sounds as

if it should be owned by a South American who is seriously into ass-fucking. More appropriately, this large, erect candelabra cactus is commonly utilized as a background exclamation point in living-room decor. Because of its built-in protective devices—the thorny deterrents that enable relatives to repel desert enemies—it's also immune to rampaging house pets. Cats never nibble on this or other cacti. They know better.

F. The corn plant (*Dracaena massangeana*) is just about as close as you can get to a plastic plant that grows. Along with its sister, the **dragon tree** (*Dracaena marginata*) (G.), it suffers little from our typical brown-thumber's apartment environment

of low light, reduced humidity and irregular feeding. *Dracaena* come in all sizes, from pint-sized candidates for a terrarium to hefty-leaved, eight-foot-tall monsters reaching for the track lights. A good soaking every four or five days, plus fertilizer once a month, is all the attention they ask. Direct sunlight is harmful; ordinary office or apartment light is fine. They can be grown farther away from the window than most plants.

H. Anyone can grow the Queen Victoria agave (*Agave victoriae reginae*), a menacing little dreadnought that matures so slowly it can use the windowsill for ten years before needing new accommodations. Thrusting out of a trunkless center like an exploding artichoke, its thick, sword-shaped leaves are edged with sharp teeth and tipped with needlelike points that can easily draw blood. A macho plant if ever there was one. Be sure to give the queen four or more hours of direct sunlight each day.

I. The tiger aloe (*Aloe variegata*) is a most attractive houseplant. Its leaves, which eventually form a mound nearly 12 inches tall and 6 inches across, are accented by bands of white, which may become tinged with bronze if kept in bright light. Among the least fussy of plants, it needs water once a week and prefers tap to Perrier.

J. Long before Washington and Peking resumed diplomatic relations, the venerable Chinese evergreen (*Aglaonema modestum*)—which originated in Kwantung province—had established itself as an ideal choice for dark places. Its fresh good looks and ability to get along on little water, if necessary, make it so desirable that after bringing one home from the plant shop, you'll probably want to buy another an hour later.

K. "We believe that within ten years bromeliads—along with cacti—will be the two most popular houseplants," predict Tony Driskell and Court Stockton, the 21-year-old proprietors of Nature's Way in Atlanta. "They're easy to care for. They offer a wide variety of forms to choose from. They're great investments. What more could you ask from a plant?" Most bromeliads are characterized by long, thick, stiff and pointed ornamental leaves shaped like a scoop. Water should be poured into this orifice as well as on the soil on a weekly basis.

If some of these plants are not available at your local plant store, there are a number of others that are equally hardy: grape ivy, philodendron, the asparagus fern. And, if all else fails, you might consider the carnivorous Venus flytrap—it's rather fragile, but it's great at consuming any leftover Big Macs you may have from your last gastronomic splurge. Unless you're into S/M, however, Big Mac rations should be supplied with great restraint—lest the poor plant choke to death overnight. ■



DADA

What would M.O.M.A. think?
FICTION BY T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

June 19, 1978

We were organizing the Second International Dada Fair. The first had been held 57 years ago in Berlin. The second, we felt, was overdue. Friedrich had asked Jean Arp's grandson, Guillaume, to exhibit his *Static Hobbyhorse #2*, and Marcel Duchamp's daughter, Lise, had agreed to show her *Nude Descending Escalator*. All very well and fine. But we were stuck for a main attraction, a drawing card, the *pièce de résistance*. Then Werther came up with a suggestion that slapped us all with its brilliance—waves beat on the rocks, lights flashed in dark rooms. I remember it clearly.

We were drinking imported beer in Klaus's loft, laying plans for the Fair. Werther slouched against a molded polyethylene reproduction of Tristan Tzara's *Upended Bicycle*, a silver paper knife

beating a tattoo in his palm. Beside him, on the coffee table, lay a stack of magazines. Suddenly he sprang up, jerked the knife to his lips, shouted, "Dada Redivivus!" and thrust the blade into the slick cellulose heart of the stack. Then he stepped back. The knife had impaled a magazine in the center of the stack: We began to understand.

Werther extracted his prize and flipped back the page. It was a news magazine. Glossy cover. We gathered round. There, staring back at us, between the braided, drum major's cap and the gold epaulets, were the dark, pinguin features of Dada made flesh: His Excellency Al Haji Field Marshal and President for Life of Uganda: Idi Amin Dada.

"Crazeel!" said Friedrich, all but dancing.

"Epatant!" sang Klaus.

My name is Zöe. I grinned. We had our *pièce de résistance*.

Two days later I flew into Entebbe via Pan African Airways. Big Daddy met me at the airport. I was wearing my striped culottes and thigh-high boots. His head looked like a medicine ball. He embraced me, burying his nose in my hair. "I love Americans!" he said. Then he gave me a medal.

At the house in Kampala he stood among his 22 children like a sleepy brontosaurus among the first tiny, quick-blooded mammals. One of the children wore a white tutu and pink ribbons. "This one," he said, his hand on the child's head, "a girl." Then he held out his broad, pink palm and panned across the yard where the rest of the brood rolled and leaped, pinched, climbed and burrowed like dark little insects. He grinned and asked me to marry him. I was cagey. "After the Fair," I said.

"The Fair," he repeated. His eyes were sliced melons.

"Dada," I said.

The plane was part of a convoy of three Ugandan 747s. All across Zaire, Cameroon and Mali, across Mauritania and the Atlantic, my ears sang with the keen of infants, the cluck of chickens, the stringy flatulence of goats and pigs. I looked out the window: The wing was streaked with rust. To the right and left, fore and aft, Big Daddy's bodyguards were stretched out in their reclining seats, limp as cooked spaghetti. High-heeled boots, shades, wristwatches and guns. Each held a transistor radio to his ear. Big Daddy sat beside me, sweating, caressing my fingers in a hand like a boxing glove. I was wearing 200 necklaces and a turban. I am 26; my hair is white, shag cut. He was wearing a

This was written before Amin fled Uganda and moved in with author Boyle.



jumbo jumpsuit, khaki and camouflage, a stiff chest full of medals. I began to laugh. "Why you laugh?" he said.

I was thinking of Bergson. I explained to him that the comical consists of something mechanical encrusted on the living. He stared at me, his face misshapen as a decaying jack-o'-lantern.

"Dada," I said, by way of shorthand explication.

He grinned and lit a cigarette. "They do me honor," he said finally, "to name such a movement for me."

The Fair was already under way when we landed at Kennedy. Big Daddy's wives, cattle and attendants boarded five rented buses and headed for Harlem, where he had reserved the fourth floor of the Hotel Teresa. His Excellency himself made a 45-minute impromptu speech at Gate 19E, touching on solutions to the energy crisis, inflation and overcrowded zoos, after which I hustled him into a cab and made for Klaus's loft on Elizabeth Street.

We rattled up Park Avenue, dipping and jolting, lights raining past the windows. Big Daddy told me of his athletic and military prowess, nuzzled my ear, pinned a medal to my breast. "Two hundred cattle," he said. "A thousand acre." I looked straight ahead. He patted my hand. "Twenty bondmaids, a mountain of emeralds, fresh fish three days a week."

I turned to look into the shifting depths of his eyes, the lights filming his face—yellow, green, red, bright, dark. "After the Fair," I said.

The street outside Klaus's house was thronged, the hallway choked. The *haut monde* emerged from taxis and limousines in black tie and jacket, Halston, Saint Laurent, mink. "Fantastic!" I said. Big D. looked baleful. "What your people need in this country is savannah and hippo," he said. "But your palace is very fine."

I knotted a gold brocade DADA sign around his neck and led him up the stairs. There was a burst of applause from the spectators. Friedrich met us at the door. He'd arranged everything. Duchamp's *Urinal* stood in the corner; DeGroat's soiled diapers decorated the walls; Werther's own *Soir de l'Uganda* dominated the second floor. Big Daddy squeezed my hand, beamed like a tame Kong. There was champagne, canapés, espresso, women with bare backs. A man was strapped to a bicycle suspended from the ceiling.

Friedrich pumped Big Daddy's hand and then showed him to the seat that had been prepared for him as part of the *Soir de l'Uganda* exhibit. It was magnificent. A thousand and one copper tulips against a backdrop of severed heads and crocodiles. Big D. affixed a medal to Friedrich's sweat-

shirt and settled into his seat with a glass of champagne. Then he began his "People Must Love Their Leaders" speech.

A reporter took me by the arm and asked me to explain the controlling concept of the Fair and of our principal exhibit. It was a textbook question. I gave him a textbook answer. "Any object is a work of art if the artist proclaims it one," I said. "There is static, cerebral art, and there is living art, monuments of absurdity—acts of art. And actors." Then he asked me if it were true that I had agreed to become Big Daddy's fifth wife. The question surprised me. I looked over at the *Soir de l'Uganda* exhibit. Two of the bodyguards were shooting craps against the bank of papier-mâché heads. Big Daddy slouched in his chair, elephantine and black, beleaguered by lords and ladies, photographers, reporters, envious artists. I could hear his voice over the natter of the crowd—a basso profundo that crept into the blood and punched at the kidneys. "I am a pure son of Africa," he was saying as the bicycle wheels whirled overhead. I turned back to the reporter, an idea forming in my mind—an idea so outré that it shot out to scrape at the black heart of the universe. The ultimate act of art. Dada sacrifice! The reporter stood there, pen poised over the paper.

"Da," I said. "Da."



SUNDAY MORNING'S CHILD
NICOLETTE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS



Some girls remind you of Saturday night. Not Nicolette.

Let the rest of her contemporaries have the floor for the first part of the weekend—rejecting and being rejected by all the handsome faces of Paris. Nicolette doesn't play the game. For her, the entire week is made up of Saturday nights. She spends the real one resting up for Sunday morning.

Dimanche. An early dawn. The motorcars have stopped squeaking and screaming on the streets. The television has gone off. Only distant church bells break the peaceful silence.

Nicolette first runs the water for a bath. Not the *petite toilette* she must take the rest of the week. (Saving water has become patriotic in some circles, though Nicolette is at a loss to understand exactly why.) She tries very hot

water at first, then lukewarm, then very hot again—at this hour, she can luxuriate in how little competition there is for the water heater. As she sinks slowly into the tub, each inch of her flesh goose-pimples, and as soon as her body is submerged she becomes instantly and totally relaxed.

The oils she has stocked along the tub's shelves offer a wide variety of fragrances—last week it was honeydew, a scent that “may sound horrid but smells wonderful.” Today Nicolette reaches for strawberry, and soon she is immersed in a liquid strawberry patch. This is the part Nicolette likes the best.

She begins to massage her legs, making tiny circles near the thighs, moving up to her navel and running her fingers between her breasts.



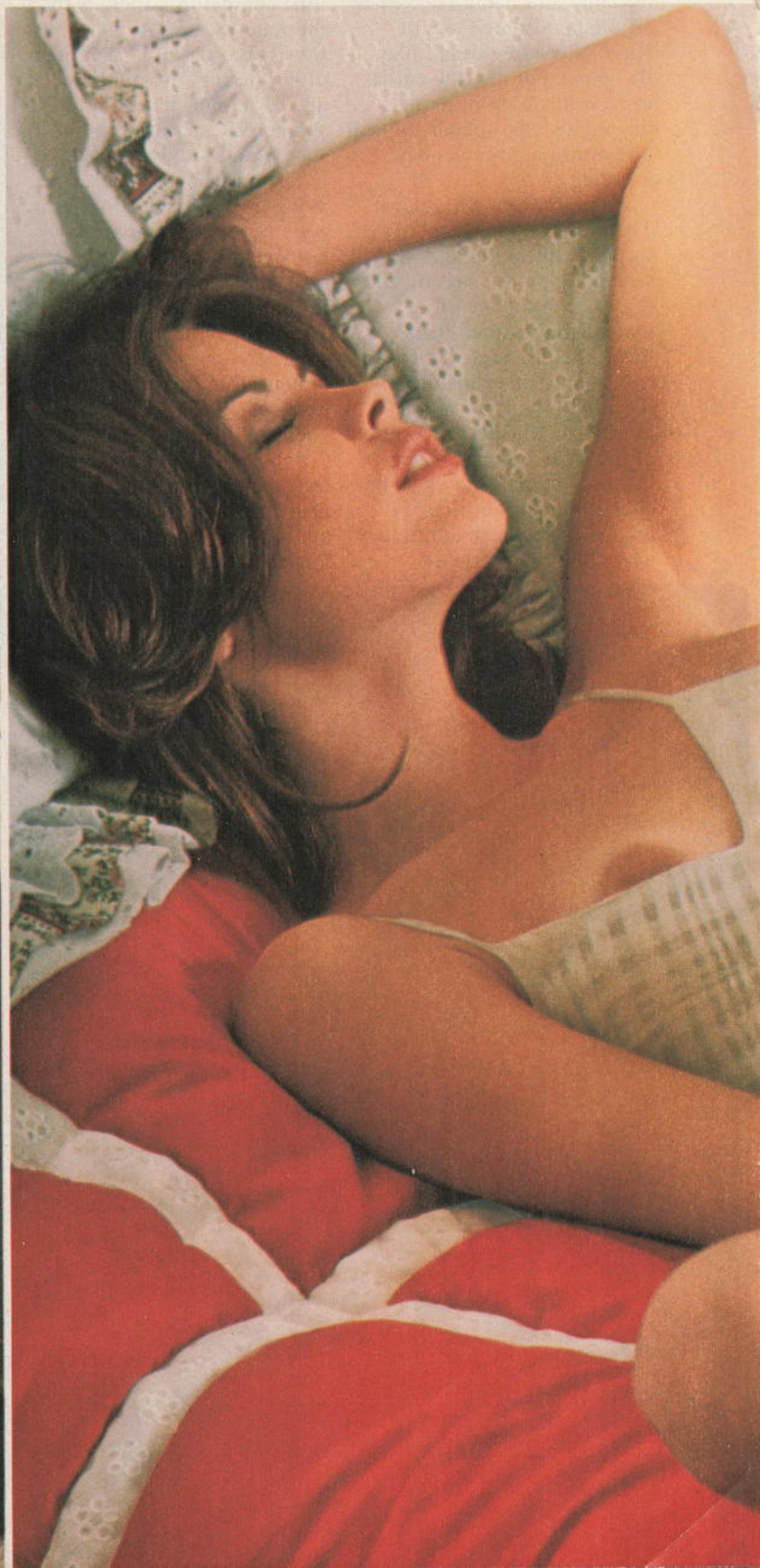
"The best thing
about Sunday mornings is that
everybody leaves me alone.
Finally."

Slowly she grips herself, then
harder, plying herself more
firmly. "Quite relaxing. . . ."

Nicolette reads Wednesday's
edition of the newspaper *Le
Monde* in the tub. She saves it
for Sunday morning. Why
only Wednesday's? Her reason-
ing is wisely simple: "If it's
in the paper on Wednesday,

it's because it happened on
Monday and will be important
enough to be around on
Friday." The rape of East
Africa. The separatism move-
ment in Quebec. The land
boom in Martinique. All quite
French and quite serious. . . .

Nicolette will not stay in the
tub all morning reading the



newspaper. Stepping from her bath, she dabs herself with a blue terrycloth towel, splashes on some oils and starts to shave her legs. "Would you mind leaving me a little privacy for *that*?" she says.

Before she moved into this apartment, for which her

"companion" spends quite a few francs month in and month out, Nicolette lived in her own house. It was small and cramped and it wasn't in as nice a suburb—but it *was* her own place. On Sundays, then, she could play Wagnerian crowd scenes on the stereo as loud as she wanted.

She could listen to Mick Jagger scream about spiders and flies. Always loud.

The first time she tried that in her new apartment, she met one of her neighbors halfway into the march of the apprentices from *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. Gunnar, from the front apart-

ment, forgot what made him so mad as soon as Nicolette opened the door. He was a professional man, on assignment for a Swedish automaker—something about marketing research on how the style-conscious French would respond to a boxy-looking car that runs "like a





Nicolette
plays
only
Eighteenth-
Century
concertos
on her
stereo,
now.
At least
until noon.

top." Gunnar yelled at Nicolette, at first. "Loud music on Sunday mornings! No more! I'll call the concierge! I'll call the police!" It took Nicolette an hour to calm him down. "Swedes are such slow lovmakers. . . ."

Since that day, Nicolette plays only music from the 18th Century on her stereo on Sundays. At least until noon. "By then, everybody should be awake. Some people could sleep their whole lives away, I think. What a waste." As she brews her thick, bitter coffee ("You Americans are so afraid of your own taste buds"), she listens to soft Vivaldi concertos with their stirring violoncello continuos.

Nicolette has a unique ability to hear every note of the music. She often wishes she were living in the time when there was no harmony, when every instrument played its own line, and somehow it all *seemed* harmonic. "The only kind of music I find that's like that now is . . . American Dixieland. Imagine Gunnar's face if he heard *that* on Sunday mornings!"

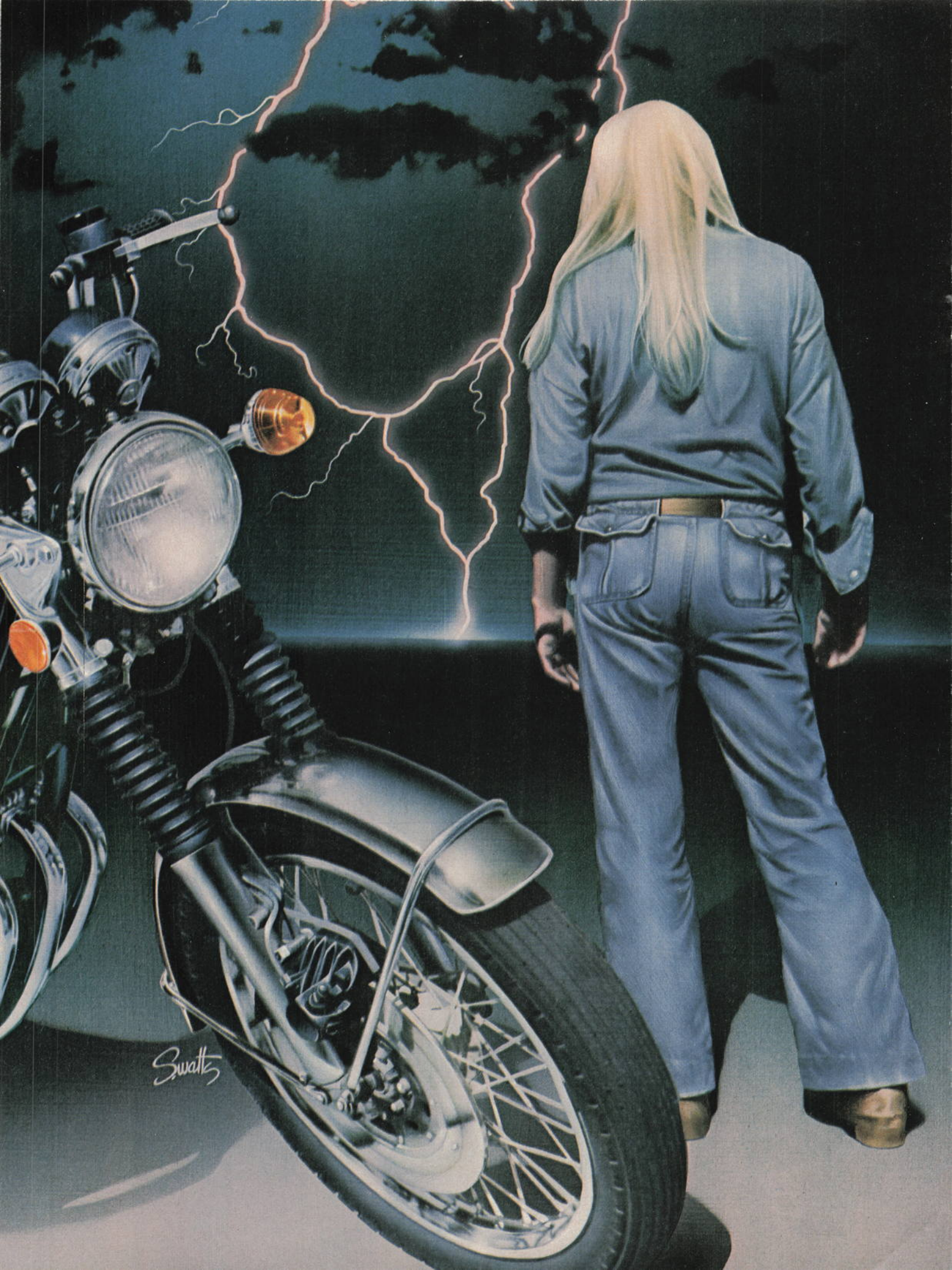
Her coffee is ready as soon as the water boils. She drinks it black. Dragging off a freshly lit Gauloises, drinking her coffee, totally relaxed, Nicolette daydreams. Thank God It's Sunday.





oui





GREGG ALLMAN

The enlightened rogue with the whiskey voice tells everything he can remember about his brother, his drugs, his marriage to Cher and the differences between L.A. and Macon

The Allman Brothers Band was one of the first rock groups to prove that it didn't take a Top-40 single to make an album go platinum. Back in 1971, after recording two so-so LPs, the band, led by Brother Duane on guitar and Brother Gregg on keyboards, released *At Fillmore East*, a jammy work so infectious it put the Brothers' hometown of Macon, Georgia, and Capricorn Records on the map. That's side one.

The flip side you already know. Duane's fatal motorcycle accident in 1971. Gregg's addiction to heroin and his testimony that iced the conviction of the band's road manager,

Scooter Herring, for conspiracy to distribute drugs. The group's many split-ups. And Gregg's three rocky marriages, one of them to disco queen Cher.

Reports Atlanta freelancer Russell Shaw: "Gregg has never, until now, talked at all about drugs, booze, Cher or his brother's death. The morning after we completed the interview, I received communication from Capricorn's publicist telling me Gregg wanted the tapes of the OUI interview back. 'Get out of your hotel as fast as you can, because Gregg could possibly be on the way over.'"

Russell began the conversation on a more upbeat note: the re-emergence of the band and its new Capricorn release, *Enlightened Rogues*.

OUI: What made you decide to get the Allman Brothers Band back together?

ALLMAN: It takes time to heal certain things. I'm not the only one who felt that the band would get back together, sooner or later. So when I felt that enough time had passed, I left L.A., came back East and tried to get it back together. This was about a year and a half ago. It didn't work out. I didn't get a flat no from the other members; they said that as soon as they got through with what they were doing, they'd agree to get together and cut an album, at least.

OUI: At the time of the Allman Brothers' breakup in 1976, did you find that things had gotten musically stale?

ALLMAN: *Win, Lose, or Draw* [the last ABB record] was definitely a draw. It wasn't contrived, but it was done under a lot of stress. It didn't flow at all. Everybody was late to the sessions. It took forever, and we all knew then that we had just done too much of a good thing. That was what broke up the Allman Brothers Band. It had nothing to do with the Scooter Herring trial. [Herring's conviction has since been reversed.] Another reason for our breakup was that we did too many tours, too close together. The last tour we did, we had something like eighteen roadies. That knocked out a sizable chunk of money, and

when we got back home, we realized we didn't have as much as we thought we would. That was really frustrating.

OUI: People hear of bands making forty or fifty thousand dollars a gig and automatically assume they're raking it in.

ALLMAN: Well, first of all, Uncle Sam takes a good bit of it. Then you have all those people and all that equipment to move. Tickets have doubled, but so has everything else. You don't go to a concert now for no three bucks. Not for anybody who's worth a damn.

OUI: Do you ever lie back at night and relive the early, happy days of the Allman Brothers Band?

ALLMAN: Yes. I think I'm one of the most privileged people on this earth to have been, and still be, a part of this.

OUI: One of the tunes you did back then was called *Revival*. It fit the mood of the time, but nine or ten years have passed. Is this song maybe a bit obsolete now?

ALLMAN: Well, the war is over—at least that particular one. Plus, it seems people can more or less do what they want now. They can wear blue jeans to high school and wear their hair long; you know, things back then that were frowned upon in certain areas.

OUI: How have you changed?

ALLMAN: In the past ten years, I feel I've

aged about twenty-five. You can really tell it. After three years, we all got back together. The faces were all the same, but everybody seems to have tightened up. We've gotten older, smarter and wiser. The biggest thing that amazed me was that the whole time we were together before, even though me and Dickey Betts would have done anything for each other—there was a kind of barrier between us. It seemed like it was always there and ever present. But it's not there anymore. Now, me and him hang out like a couple of hound dogs. I just love it. What it was before, I don't know. I don't know if it was an ego thing, or if it was me being so fogged out on drugs; all I know is that it's changed.

OUI: What did you do to keep yourself busy during the three years the band wasn't together?

ALLMAN: Well, for about a year of it, I was in L.A. and I did absolutely nothing. If you live there and want to go down to the neighborhood joint and jam with some people, you can't do it. They have lots of big gigs and then nothing at all. So, there was a big hole. Plus, I was having marital problems. The last year I lived there, I wrote all of two songs. Since I've been down South, I've written seventeen. I've been back since last spring.

OUI: How do you look back on the duet



THE OLD ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND (WITH GROUPIE): "We had a Ford Econoline van that we pretty well tore up in six months. We got introduced to what groupies were; we took our first acid trip; we laughed most of the time."

album [*Allman and Woman*] that you did with Cher?

ALLMAN: That was an unexplainable mistake. It seemed like a good thing to do, and had I been into it, if it weren't for the environment, I probably would have written some pretty good stuff for it. It took a year cuttin' that album, and for three months I had to put it on the shelf while I cut *Playin' Up a Storm*. Plus, we broke up three times during the recording of it. It was like pulling teeth.

OUI: Later on, during part of 1978, you worked with a blues band called the Nighthawks. What was that like?

ALLMAN: I found them through Twiggs Lyndon [the new ABB road manager]. When I went from L.A. back to Macon to talk to everybody about getting the band back together, I ran into Twiggs, who was working for the Dixie Dregs. You know, Twiggs is one of the founders of this band, and he discovered my brother at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Duane was hanging out with Jaimoe [drummer Jai Johanny Johanson], so Twiggs came back and told Phil Walden [president of Capricorn Records] about my brother. Anyway, I was staying at the Macon Hilton, and Twiggs came up to my room and said, "Man, you've got to come and hear this band. They're called the Nighthawks and they're the finest I've ever heard." I says, "Where are they playing in town?" He says they're

not exactly playing in town, but at a club called My Brother's Bar in Jacksonville, Alabama, about four hours away. I said, "Forget it; I've heard enough bands. I ain't gettin' my ass in no Volkswagen and drivin' no four hours." Well, he kept on and kept on, and finally talked me into it. We piled in the car, and no more than twelve bars later, I was just knocked out. Them guys are something else. So I got up



Gregg says his and Cher's LP was "an unexplainable mistake. We broke up three times during its recording."

and jammed with them, and it was like we were playing together five years. I really dug it. I talked about doing an album, but my heart's always been with the Allman Brothers. Thank God it happened.

OUI: When did you first start playing? How old were you?

ALLMAN: Well, after we moved to Daytona Beach, I used to go back to Nashville and visit my grandmother. It was real hot. There was this guy, Jimmy Banes, who lived across the street. He was outside one day painting his car with a paintbrush. But his main thing was his Silvertone guitar. I guess he knew about three chords. He used to sit on his porch in the afternoons and play the thing. So I went over there, met him and was just fascinated with this guitar. So he taught me those three chords.

When I got back to Daytona Beach, I got me a paper route. That really screwed me up. You know, when you go to collect and the customers tell you they paid at the office? Finally, by the time I let the paper route go, I had twenty dollars. I looked for the same guitar I saw Mr. Banes play, but it was twenty-one dollars and ninety-five cents. The man wouldn't take my twenty dollars, so I had to haul my ass back home and talk my ma into letting me borrow a dollar ninety-five. So she did. I was thirteen at the time.

I bought it, with no case or anything. I got on the bicycle with just a naked guitar.



THE NEW ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND: "After we all got together again, the faces were the same but everybody seemed to have tightened up. Older, smarter and wiser. Now, Dickey [to Gregg's left] and me hang out like a couple of hound dogs."

People were looking at me kind of funny. I remember this neighbor we had up the street who said, "Boy, you done gone and done all that work, made what little money you could, and you went and blew it on *that* damn thing. In two weeks, you'll forget all about that. You'll never amount to nothin' playin' that damn thing. Who the hell do you think you are—Elvis?" So I went and signed up for these lessons. There was a series of ten or twelve lessons, I forget. They were five bucks apiece. They thought I was going to take twelve lessons, but they knew I was only going to have money for four lessons. This guy started teaching me scales, but I knew how to play that three-chord, turn-around stuff. I was into Chuck Berry by then. I said, "Wait a minute. If I'm going to spend my hard-earned cash here, I want you to teach me some rock 'n' roll!" Music was an everyday thing. My grades took a nose dive. I went and quit school. The next Christmas, I got me a Les Paul electric guitar, and me and my brother started really boogying.

OUI: What was it like playing the rock circuit as a teenager?

ALLMAN: We always seemed to have the best band in town. Keep in mind that this was in 1962, two years before The Beatles came out. Everybody had a band. But then, the rivalries were based on schools, but we were the cookin'est. I was still playing guitar and hadn't done anything

on the organ except fiddle around. We had a lot of get-up-and-go. My brother was a real perfectionist.

OUI: When your brother called you to join in the formation of the Allman Brothers Band, you were in Los Angeles and didn't exactly have all parts of your career together. Why haven't you and L.A. gotten along?

ALLMAN: I don't wish no harm on anybody, but that place is just crazy. Their values out there don't hold much sacred.

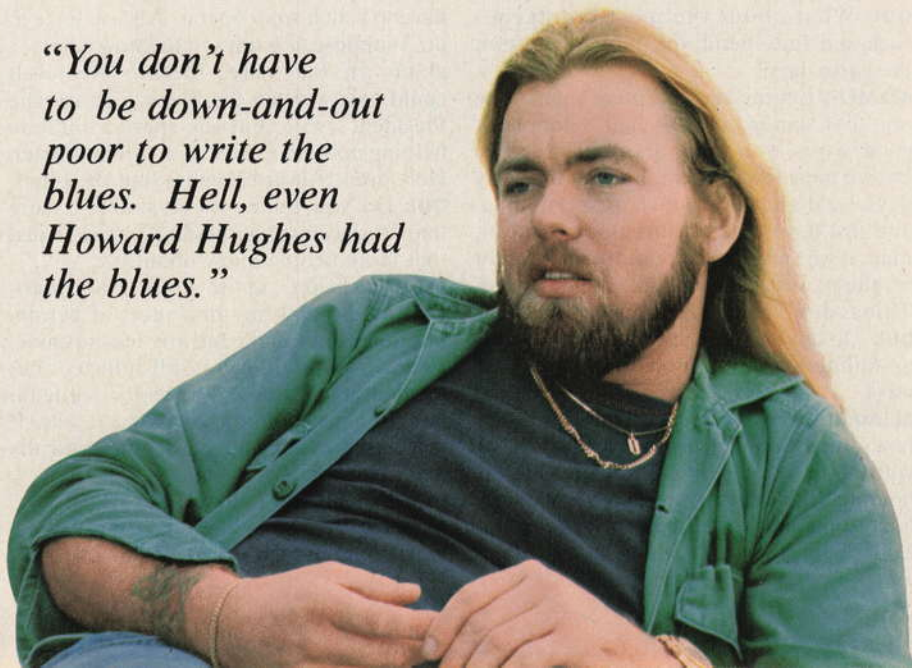
Maybe I'm old-fashioned, man, but to see some chick servin' drinks in a nightclub in her bare ass just don't make it with me.

OUI: Wait a minute—you haven't exactly lived the life of a prude.

ALLMAN: Well, I guess I've been through my stages of how big an orgy I could throw, but with those types of experience, I guess I was just young and dumb.

OUI: Going from a local Daytona Beach group to the Allman Brothers and touring the country in '69 and '70 must have been

"You don't have to be down-and-out poor to write the blues. Hell, even Howard Hughes had the blues."



ALLMAN She is out of her clothes... I lay down on the bed and she starts undoing my pants. "Which one of the band are you?" "Band?" I say. "What band?"

an education for you.

ALLMAN: Damn sure was. We had a Ford Econoline van that we pretty well tore up in six months. We went from Philadelphia to Chicago to San Francisco one winter, all packed in, freezing our asses off. Then we got a Winnebago. We got introduced to what groupies were; we took our first acid trips; we laughed most of the time. We were ready for anything. It seemed the harder it was, the more we laughed. I'm glad I don't have to do it all over again.

OUI: What are groupies about? What makes them tick?

ALLMAN: I don't know. I don't understand what the big fascination is. You have your rodeo groupies, your football groupies, circus groupies, but it seems the biggest amount of them is rock-n-roll groupies.

You should listen to what some of them have to say and you won't believe it. Like once when we got to Memphis. I was dead tired. We'd had to stay up all night to catch a red-eye flight. I got out of the limo and walked into the Holiday Inn. I was standin' in the lobby and I felt this hand kind of softly caressing my ass. There was this girl there. She said, "Hey, I'd just like you to know that before you leave town, I'd like to give you some head!" That just blew me away, so I said, "All right, come on." So I went and got my key and took her upstairs. We walked in the room and she is out of her clothes in three seconds. I lay down on the bed and she starts undoing my pants. She says, "By the way, which one of the band are you?" I say, "Band? What band?" She says, "Aren't you with the Allman Brothers Band?" I said, "Honey, I'm a drill-press operator from Minneapolis!" She was up off that bed and—bang!—out the door. She later found out about it and hates my guts now. Man, if you could have seen her face! She about shit! But that was in the early days of the band.

OUI: What about the most outrageous suck-and-fuck fiend you remember from the early days?

ALLMAN: Let me see... there's got to be one that stands out. I've had a couple of good wives, you know [laughs]. But I've known me a few of them. Back in the early days, we'd all take a bunch of speed, man, and just have a damn fuckathon. I mean, man, it was just like three of us, six or eight of them, just laughin' like hell, crazed. Things don't go down quite like that now.

OUI: Do any of those crazy girls ever wind up falling for you in more than a physical way?

ALLMAN: They'd often sit there and say how much they loved me. I'd say, "What you talkin' about, bitch—you met me an hour ago!" It's always been puzzling to me, how someone could get so wound up. Look, I play music. That's my living. Some

people are drill-press operators; some people deliver milk. Of course, it is an art form, but the thing ain't even that. Most groupies really don't have that much to say.

OUI: Can you point to one thing in your life that, if it hadn't happened, would have made you a different person?

ALLMAN: Yeah. My father was killed when I was two years old [by a hitchhiker, the day after Christmas, 1949]. He was a lieutenant in the army. If he had lived, we would have moved around, and I'd have probably been in a hundred different high schools. It's hard to say if I'd still have been a musician, but it's pretty doubtful.

OUI: What about other people, if you catch my drift?

ALLMAN: If I hadn't had the brother I had, I'd probably have laid it down somewhere along the line, being discouraged about all the shit. I was really into being a dentist when I was younger.

OUI: Does time heal wounds like that? He's been dead for over eight years.

ALLMAN: There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about him. As time goes on, and it gets further away from the time that he was here, fewer things really remind me of him. For the first three or four years it was everything I saw. Now I have a Harley-Davidson. I still get a case of the blues about it, but the only thing I can think of is, if it were vice versa, I wouldn't want people sitting around bummed out if I were gone. Hell, me and Duane had good times.

OUI: The way you've lived your life, do you think you're gonna die of old age?

ALLMAN: If I make sixty, livin' the way I do... sixty years of this is enough for anybody.

OUI: Do you have to know pain to write songs about it?

ALLMAN: You don't have to be down-and-out and poor to write the blues. You just have to watch soap operas. All you have to do, I suppose, is witness it to know what it's about. In that case, Eleanor Roosevelt could have written the blues. She was the President's wife, but she spent a lifetime helping poor people. So has Lillian Carter. Hell, even Howard Hughes had the blues.

OUI: Do you think you've suffered more than the average individual, or is it just that more people know about it?

ALLMAN: I don't know. I was fairly innocent until I took my first snort of heroin, but that didn't make me any less a junkie. I guess you would call it self-inflicted, but the first time I took it, I knew they called it heroin. I just didn't know what it was. If you weigh it out, the good times and the bad, the good wins out.

OUI: Do you still believe in love?

ALLMAN: Yes, I do. It's taken me a long, hard country road, but I do now. I don't

know, but I'll probably see the altar again. Of course, nowadays, marriage is going out of style.

In Nevada, though—well, it was the judge, me and Cher in this hotel room. Then he says, "We are gathered here to unite this couple in legal matrimony." I said that I had been married before in the United States, and they always said *holy* matrimony. But the judge said that marriage was the *law* in Nevada. That's when I should have gone home. In fact, if there's no children involved, I don't see why people have to get married in the first place. Of course, then Elijah [Allman's son via Cher] came along.

OUI: Is there such a thing as a perfect marriage or perfect relationship?

ALLMAN: That's like asking if there are perfect people. I don't know. But what I feel about it is, if it ain't working, then it's time to get out because, fuck it, it ain't happening.

What broke up this marriage... well, a lot of it was that environment out there. I'm from here. I could exist out there [the West Coast], but I couldn't live. She came down to Macon a few times and liked it, but she was treated like a princess and was made a big fuss over. She hates that as much as I do.

OUI: Do you get jealous when you read the papers?

ALLMAN: I used to. To me, jealousy, of all emotions, is the most painful. I've tried to cut it down. I don't know if that's good or bad, because a little jealousy feels good; it makes people know that you care.

With my two previous wives, I'm still paying alimony. I just know, sittin' here, I'm supportin' four people, 'cause both of them got old men, and you know they're sittin' on their asses. They ain't fixin' to get married. That cuts off the money.

I don't know, I'm a firm believer in things happening for the best. That is part of what keeps me going on. Otherwise, I'd probably be a mental case.

OUI: Ever consider suicide?

ALLMAN: Never have. Thank God I was blessed with the ability to achieve the talent that I have. When I walk onstage and start playing and singing, I forget about everything else. I think it is a poor artist who does otherwise. Anybody who goes up there onstage to play music for people and bring happiness to their hearts and takes his fuckin' problems up there with him is a definite bozo. Anybody who can stand up next to his brother's casket and play six or eight songs has got to have the blues.

OUI: What songs did you play?

ALLMAN: The whole band played four, I guess. *Elizabeth Reed* and *One Way Out* (Continued on page 126)

GETTING IT STRAIGHT, ONCE AND FOR ALL

BY JIM PETERSEN AND JOHN REZEK

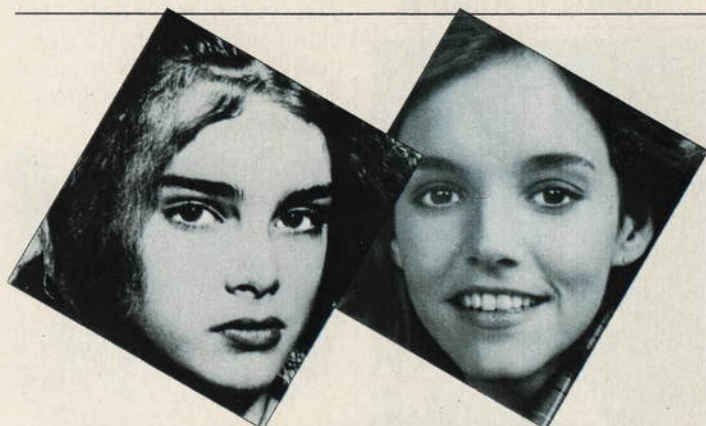


BIG MAC



WHOPPER

**Two years ago
we explained the simple things, like how to tell
your ass from your elbow.
Now for the really tricky stuff...**



BROOKE SHIELDS AND BROOKE ADAMS

Brooke Shields is the prepubescent vamp in *Pretty Baby*. **Brooke Adams** gets smothered by giant pea pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. The difference is about 20 years in prison.

Most stereo loudspeakers are comprised of two separate units. The **woofer** is a large-diameter cone (eight inches or more) that handles the bass notes and frequencies up to 2500 Hz. The **tweeter** is a smaller cone (usually two to three inches in diameter) that handles the higher frequencies. If you listen to the Bee Gees, you can forget your woofer.



**WOOFER
AND
TWEETER**

The **Big Mac** has the secret sauce, the **Whopper** doesn't. Pour a little Valvoline on the Whopper and it could go down just as easy. Maybe easier.

A friend of ours says a **vaginal orgasm** is like stepping off a cliff, while a **clitoral orgasm** is like stepping off a curb. According to Masters and Johnson, there is no difference between the two kinds of climaxes, but if your girl says she didn't have an orgasm, it's the vaginal type she didn't have.

Laverne (right), played by Penny Marshall in the TV sitcom, probably gives head on the first date. **Shirley**, played by Cindy Williams, probably doesn't.



LAVERNE & SHIRLEY

Jogging is what you do to get in shape. **Running** is what you do to destroy whatever shape you might have been in. If you do it for less than two miles, three times a week, it's jogging. If you do it even—or especially—when it hurts, it's running.



**ASSAULT IS WHEN SOMEONE THROWS A PUNCH
BATTERY IS WHEN THE PUNCH CONNECTS**

Kotex is the original sanitary napkin, made of absorbent cotton and worn externally. Not suitable for table settings, but sometimes used as emergency bandages. **Tampax** is worn internally by women who don't want to explain how they lost their virginity. The containers make great cigar cases.

**KOTEX
AND
TAMPAX**



Keith Richard is a rock star whose photos are sometimes a masturbation aid for girls. **Patti Smith** is a rock star whose photos are sometimes a masturbation aid for herself. Richard knows that looks aren't everything. Smith knows that looks are everything.



KEITH RICHARD

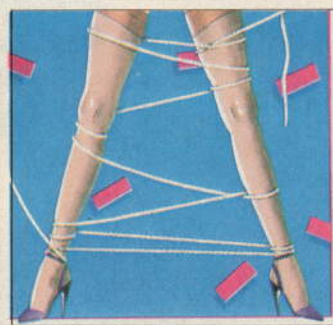


PATTI SMITH

Bondage and discipline is practiced by ex-Boy Scouts. It consists of passive restraint via creative knotting. Immobilization builds character and helps maintain the principles of Anglo-Saxon culture. It may involve pain—as in spanking or punishment—but is essentially a form of creative/captive yoga. **Sadomasochism** is more active. The fun and games include flagellation, fist-fucking and inadequate lubrication. It is often mistaken for bondage and discipline, because few people will sit still for such abuse and must be tied up. Sadomasochism includes insults and veiled references to fashion sense.



**JODY POWELL AND
HAMILTON JORDAN**



**B&D (ABOVE)
S&M (BELOW)**



Hamilton Jordan (right) is the short, fat, dark-haired one, famous for his sense of etiquette and the phrase: "I've always wanted to see the pyramids." **Jody Powell** (left) is the tall blond who spends his time qualifying Jordan's original wit. You might say he is Boswell to Jordan's Johnson.



**WON TON TON AND
RIN-TIN-TIN**

Rin-Tin-Tin (right) was seen by millions of people in such Twenties' classics as *The Clash of the Wolves*. **Won Ton Ton** was seen by, oh, maybe six people in the 1976 bomb, *Won Ton Ton, The Dog Who Saved Hollywood*.

Sandstone is a preserve for wild life, where couples go to explore group sex and satellite relationships. There are no doors on the bathrooms. **Yellowstone** is a national park. There are no bathrooms.

Fiesta vs. Rabbit You tell us the difference.



FIESTA

Librium was developed as an antianxiety agent after a researcher at Hoffmann-La Roche noticed that it calmed wired-up rats and mischievous monkeys. It takes one to two days to build up effective levels in the blood. **Valium** is the most prescribed drug in America, is faster acting than Librium and

has fewer side effects. It was introduced at about the time the patent for Librium expired. Chief characteristic: profitability for Roche. An ounce of Valium is more valuable than an ounce of gold. If you think you've taken too many Libriums, take a Valium and you'll soon forget about it.



TWIN VS. DOUBLE

A **twin** is the room designation for fathers traveling with their daughters, or for very thin people who cannot stand to sleep on the wet spot and so play on one bed and sleep on the other. A **double** is the room designation requested when you're traveling with a sexually reluctant date who is afraid to leave the car when you register and so will believe your excuse "It's all they had."

Bridal showers are gift-giving parties for a blushing bride-to-be. A **golden shower**, on the other hand, involves a somewhat smaller party during which the guests bestow wetting gifts upon one another.



THE FONZ VS. BARBARINO

The Fonz knows foreplay. Vinnie Barbarino doesn't. The Fonz uses birth control. Vinnie doesn't.



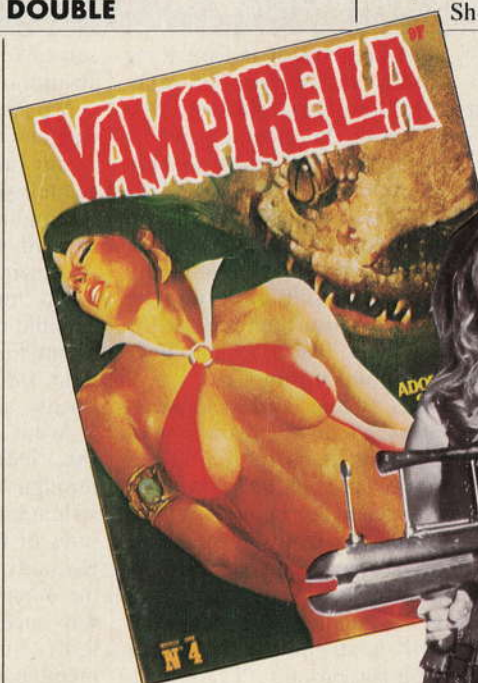
LIBRIUM AND VALIUM

Barbarella is considered by the authors of this piece to be Jane Fonda's finest movie. She does not share this opinion. Indeed, since becoming a radical, she has disowned her performance. We think her facial expressions in the orgasmatron/torture machine are infinitely more expressive than her groans with Jon Voight in *Coming Home*. **Vampirella** is a cartoon heroine. She has no regrets.

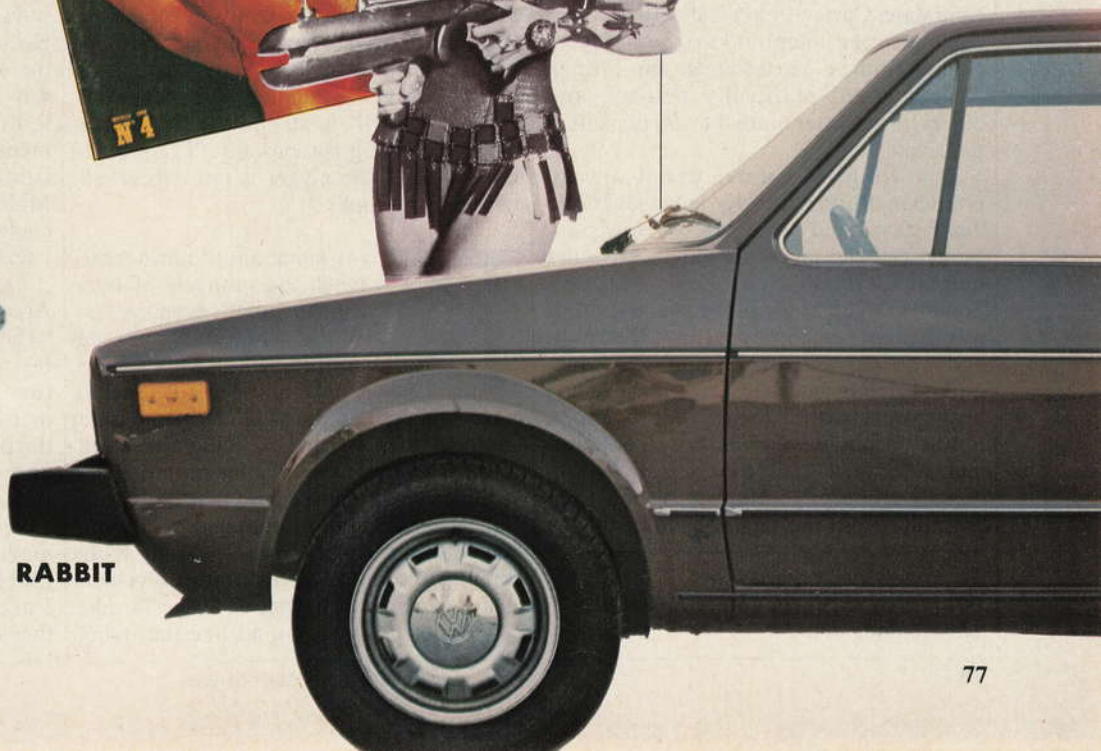
Sodomy is defined as a crime against nature, meaning any sex act that does not lead to reproduction. The classic acts of sodomy include oral sex, anal sex and masturbation. Revised laws also define such practices as jogging and disco dancing as unnatural. **Bestiality** is a subcategory of sodomy. It involves sexual congress with animals. Kinsey reported that 3 percent of rural Americans abused sheep, cattle or chickens. To abuse a sheep, one must place the back legs of the embraceable ewe in the tops of your boots, so that it cannot escape. Chickens are impaled upon the erect penis and strangled. We'll never eat eggs again.

On the **East Coast**, one may have sex with someone with whom one does business. On the **West Coast**, one may do business with someone with whom one has sex.

OUI would run this article. **PLAYBOY** wouldn't.



VAMPIRELLA AND BARBARELLA



RABBIT

PROFILE BY STU BLACK

LORD OF THE RING

Don King's "Rumble in the Jungle" was only the prelim to his "Hustle of the Muscle." As the ex-con-cum-boxing-promoter humbly admits, "I don't make waves; I am the wave."

To hear fight promoter Don King tell it, he is a major reason Jimmy Carter lives in the White House. According to King, back in 1976, President Gerald Ford met with Muhammad Ali and was about to ask the champ for a political endorsement. There was a good chance that Ali, flattered by the executive request, would give him that nod. And, Ali being Ali, it would have had a major effect on the black vote. But King, who had given substantial sums of money to Carter's campaign before the nominating convention, had access to Carter's inner circles. He got in touch with a Carter intimate, advised him of the situation and suggested that candidate Carter either call Ali or start paying closer attention to the price of peanut futures. Carter chose the former. Ali remained politically neutral, and blacks gave Carter more than 90 percent of their vote.

Don King, of course, is not a ward politician. Rather, he is the spiritual heir to Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs, two ballsy promoters who ran worldwide boxing and helped establish New York's Madison Square Garden as the home of the sport. It was Rickard who promoted Jack Dempsey, and who put together boxing's first one-million-dollar gate. He literally ruled the boxing world during the Roaring Twenties. It was Jacobs who promoted Joe Louis, and who once had four championship bouts on one card. He was boxing's top promoter from the reign of Hitler till the

advent of television. And it is Don King who has promoted George Foreman, Muhammad Ali and Larry Holmes; who was associated with the "Rumble in the Jungle"; and who has played kingmaker in the American political system.

Don King is the ubiquitous hustler on the make, and he's making it. He is a large man (6'2", 235 pounds), with a neatly trimmed mustache, a soft smile and an almost teddy-bear countenance. In his mid-40s, King looks like a former linebacker who stopped doing sit-ups five years ago. He is affable, almost humble, though his verbiage is an amalgamation of street jive and four years of fondling a dictionary in prison, and he's about as quiet as a just-vaccinated baby. He's also about as invisible as Dolly Parton at a transvestite dwarf convention. His extraordinary hair, impossible to miss, is a beacon. It stands straight up like steel wool at attention. "It is an indication I am a maverick," King says proudly. "I cannot be intimidated. The nigger is not concerned with how he looks."

King came out of nowhere to reach the pinnacle of boxing in just seven years. While better-connected people like Jack Kent Cooke and Jerry Perenchio have appeared on the pugilistic scene for a moment, then scooted off, King has stayed and has become *the* premier promoter.

Still, there are those who take issue with King's ranking as promoter. Bob Arum, King's bitter rival, for one. To Arum, King remains the rogue ex-con from Cleveland who has cut into his action. He will take any opportunity to remind one that King

served four years at Marion Correctional Institution in Ohio for manslaughter.

We are in Arum's expensive, Park Avenue law office in New York City. A cold, steady rain beats against the window. "Let me tell you something about Don King," Arum, an almost antiseptic-looking, well-dressed man, says in a low, tense voice. A frown covers his face. "Anyone who could murder another human being is capable of anything. You have to wonder about the mentality in this type of incident. He killed a guy. It sort of makes you queasy, sick to your stomach."

Arum, board chairman of Top Rank, Inc., leans forward in his chair, peers through his glasses, contemplates his next statement. On the wall behind him, pictures of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy hang prominently. Plaques on the other walls inform visitors that Arum was once an assistant United States Attorney under Bobby Kennedy as well as a member of Louis Nizer's prestigious law firm. Promotional posters from several Muhammad Ali fights he has staged also circle the room. A conservative demeanor backed by an impressive set of credentials.

"King is a man without principles," Arum continues, his voice a bit louder. "The FBI and the IRS were in to see me. It's no secret that King borrowed money from the Mob. To date he's only succeeded in paying off the interest. He still owes the principal. He's into them for a million and a quarter dollars, maybe a million and a half."

Serious charges, especially since they're made by an attorney, a man well versed in libel laws. Yet, before I ever met Don King, I asked top boxing and media people if they had heard of King's alleged mobster

Stu Black last slugged it out in OUI (July 1978) with "Mike Rossman: The Fighting Jew."





"One day I'd like to give a million dollars to black organizations. Martin Luther King took blacks to the coffee shop. Don King wants to take them to the bank. The promised land is the bank!"

ties. To a man, they said no. Independently, they assured me the man Arum had named as King's Mafia connection was a respected Cleveland businessman of Italian heritage, whose worst known fault was that he had bankrolled King's money-losing, Ali-Wepner promotion.

"Of course they said that," Arum persisted when I told him this. "The press doesn't give a shit. Especially in New York. Whether it's because he's good copy or because he has them bullshitted, the press has been very kind to him. But let someone attack him, and immediately King calls him a racist. I tell you, the man has no principles."

Jim Jacobs, a film producer/director who owns the world's largest library of fight films and is also manager of a number of boxers, has had many dealings with King. And he refutes Arum. "Every time I've had even a verbal contract with King, he's delivered," Jacobs said. "He's always been honest with me."

Others questioned about King's principles agree with Jacobs, even an executive at ABC—where King suffered his major public embarrassment. The United States Boxing Tournament, which was to decide American champions in 11 weight divisions, instead wound up being investigated

by the FBI, the CIA, the IRS—seemingly any government agency with initials. The bureaucrats arrived when the stench of possible fraud filled the air. They found that the fighters' records were controlled by King's people and that many had been doctored. Carl King, one of King's sons,



was the principal stockholder in the corporation that held Larry Holmes's contract. Eric King, Don's other son, was involved in a corporation that controlled several other tournament fighters.

Despite being given a clean bill of health by those who investigated the tourney, which ABC had suspended at the first hint of taint, it was never resumed. "The evidence we have found relating to the allegations does not, in our view, establish conduct which would warrant criminal prosecution," ABC's in-house report read. However, the report also said that the relationships between King, his people and the fighters "are clearly unhealthy. At worst they can provide King with a direct motive to manipulate the tournament. At best there is an unfortunate appearance of conflict of interest, which would subject any promoter to the kind of criticism that King has in fact suffered."

Bob Arum hit his intercom button, ordered coffee and began his attack against King again. "He bullshits the hell out of fighters and managers. First he makes all sorts of promises. Then he fills their heads with allegations about how his competition is trying to

"My hair is like an aura from God. It is like Samson's hair. It is an indication I am a maverick. I cannot be intimidated. The nigger is not concerned with how he looks?"

screw them. With the guy all bullshitted, he produces a contract that has no relationship to what he's promised. A perfect example of this is a California welter-weight named Bruce Curry. He bullshitted Curry up and down. Promised him a championship fight and then, I'm sure, had him sign a contract that had no relationship to what he promised. Call his manager, Jesse Reid. He'll tell you."

"I just signed Bruce Curry and Jesse Burnett with King," Jesse Reid snapped into the phone. He was speaking from a Southern California gym. In the background, the loud grunting, punching and shouting of fighters and trainers resounded, at times almost drowning Reid out. "The reason I signed with him is because since all the bad publicity from the television thing, he's trying to do everything first class. Everybody is trying to stab him. Because he's black, for one thing. Because he's getting to be the most powerful promoter around, for another. It's easy to hit him since that TV thing, with being a bad guy, an ex-con, a crook. But all I know is he gives his fighters first-class treatment, good money, and he's a guy of his word."

It's ironic that a sport which has over the years been synonymous with seaminess and has been the subject of innumerable investigations would also be the vehicle that allowed a street hustler to move into café society.

And Don King was one helluva street hustler. Born in a poor section of Cleveland, he was running numbers for a local bookie by the age of 17, and a year later he was entrepreneur of his own numbers business. Both his former employer and his elder brother were workers on his payroll, and in due time he became the kingpin of the Cleveland numbers racket. He was making excellent money, driving only late-model Cadillacs, acting just as flamboyant as today's television shows about blacks would have you believe ghetto hustlers act.

"I had a style, a certain flair that was different than everybody else," King explained. "If somebody hit a number with me, I made a production out of it. I would tell the winner to meet me in a public place, usually a bar, at a certain time. Then I would arrive 45 minutes late, driving up real slow in my hog, ah, Cadillac. The wait always made people apprehensive, fearful I wouldn't show. They were thankful when I appeared. I would pull their winnings out of a brown paper bag—always small bills, ones and fives. It made any amount of money look like a huge hit. 'Tell them who you won it from,' I'd be whispering in their ear as I counted out each bill individually.

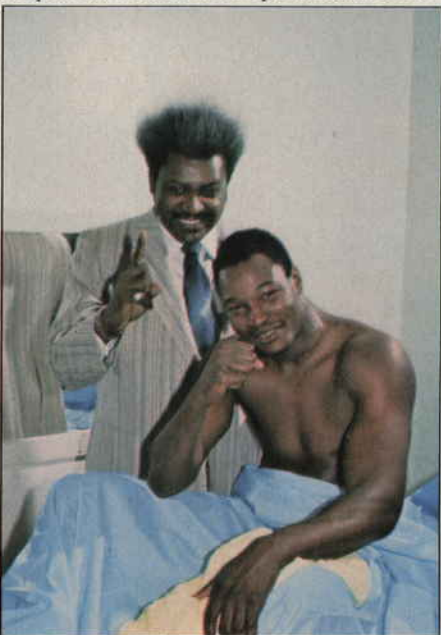
'Tell them who you won it from.'"

A few years later, Donald King—"the numbers czar," as the Cleveland papers called him—got into a sidewalk fight with one of his employees. In a flash, blows were struck and, according to King, he knocked the other man down in self-defense. The



man's head hit the pavement and he died soon after. "I have suffered great contrition ever since," King said, after reluctantly recalling the incident.

At first he was arrested on a simple assault charge; so says King. When the police realized they had the Donald King, "the numbers czar," in custody, however, the charge was escalated to murder. It was a bad time for anyone black to be arrested. It was 1967 and people were looking for simple answers to racial questions. An all-



white jury found King guilty of second-degree murder. The judge at King's trial, embarrassed by the harshness of the verdict, reduced the conviction to manslaughter. King didn't appeal.

"I never thought I'd be convicted, you dig?" King now says. "I figured I'd be out

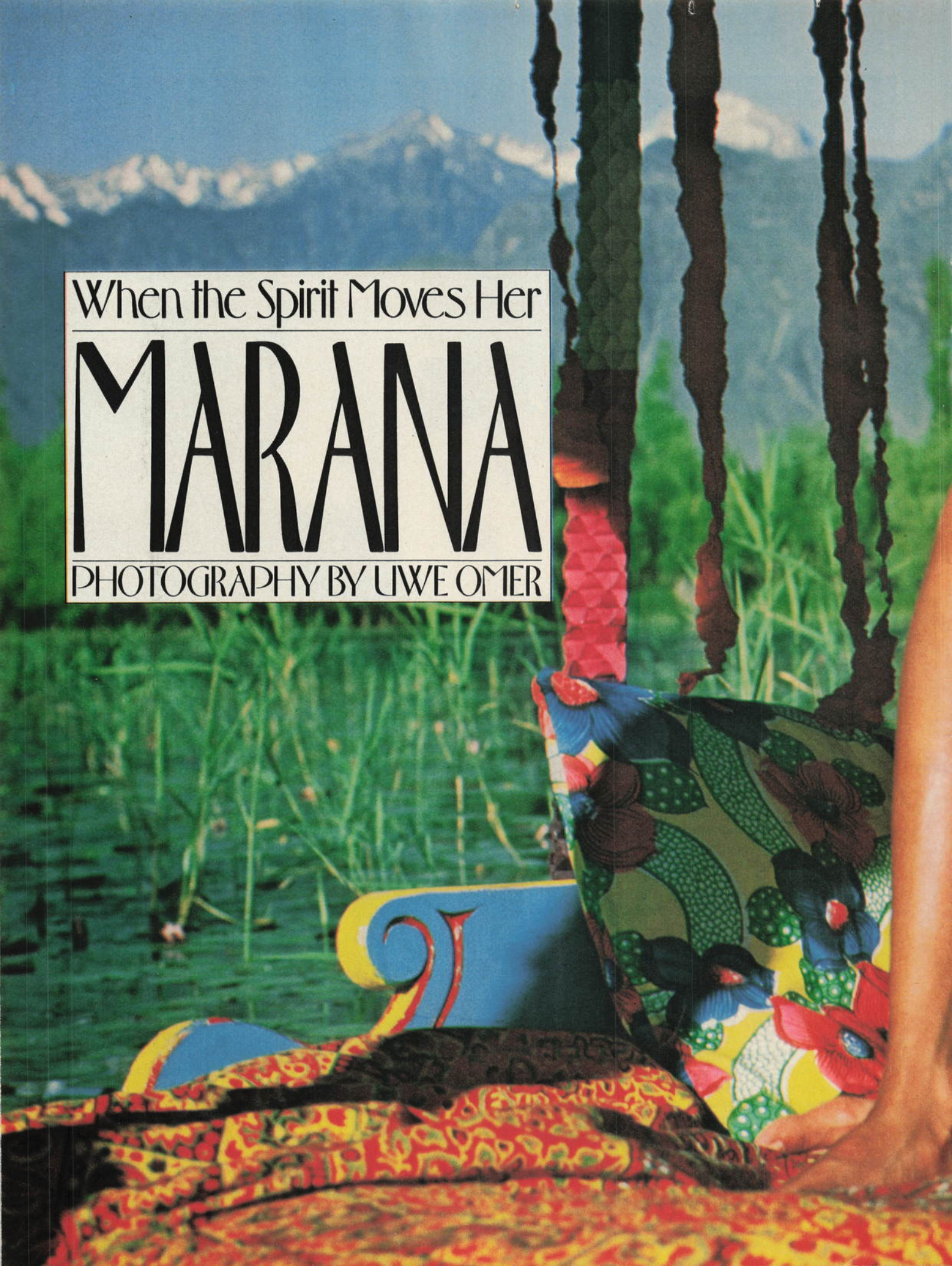
in eleven months if I didn't appeal. If I had any idea they were going to hold me nearly five years, I would have appealed."

He wound up spending half a decade in the Marion Correctional Institution. Using his time well, he all but lived in the prison library, reading Freud, Plato, Shakespeare ("my favorite"), Voltaire, Socrates and Patrick Henry ("I truly learned the meaning of 'I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!' while I was in the joint"). He also completed a two-year correspondence course in economics from Ohio University. "I went into jail armed with a peashooter and came out armed with an atom bomb—wisdom and knowledge."

Hearing King talk, one notices that his vocabulary often exceeds his pronunciation—his knowledge of times and events is occasionally incomplete or in error, as if his curiosity ran wild without the discipline a mentor provides. Once, comparing himself with the legendary impresario Mike Todd, he touched on Todd's Jewish background and the Jewish traditions as reasons for the man's success. "There is a unity and togetherness about the Jewish people," King said admiringly. "That's why they have a seder every Christmas."

It was 1971. King, then in his late 30s, out of prison, and like so many others before him, not knowing where to go or what to do, jumped into boxing. It was a legitimate

(Continued on page 113)

A woman is sitting on a swing, which is suspended by thick, dark braided ropes. She is wearing a vibrant, multi-colored patterned dress with floral and geometric designs in shades of blue, red, yellow, and green. The swing is positioned in a lush green field with tall grass. In the background, there are rolling green hills and a range of mountains with patches of snow under a clear blue sky. The overall scene is peaceful and scenic.

When the Spirit Moves Her

MARANA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIWE OMER







This Indian beauty is an exquisite example of Eastern femininity untouched by Western decadence. Marana's sultry dark skin and sharp luscious features are indicative of her Bondos tribe ancestry, but she has other charms within. Her female essence emerges only when she indulges in her own private ritual of meditation... a pipeful of bhang. Here she obliges our curiosity in the bedchamber of a former maharaja at the Palace of Indore. Dreamily, she sheds her sari and says, "Many princes reigned here.

I sometimes wish I could have lived in that time... maybe as a courtesan to a raja. What wonders I could have shown him. I would have been his favorite." With that, she wades into the pool and relaxes. Ahhh, to be at one with the spirit and with nature. Marana has transcended her body, but in turn, every pore of her skin, every crevice and opening of her flesh expands to invite unknown pleasures. As the lotus blossoms unfold at the palace, so does Marana.



What a joy it is to witness pure womanhood. Marana is at once aware, yet unaware, of our presence. She is in total control, refusing to be waylaid by any man. Even our question about her favorite sexual positions doesn't faze her. "Any position that takes me out of myself," she replies. We asked for her measurements. "Measurements? How curious. Why would anyone want to measure themselves? I am what I am. I have no reason to compare my body with others. The simple fact that

you are here illustrates that you enjoy what you see. I have never been to America," she continues, "but from your questions, it seems you are very concerned with the body. My body is only a part of what I am, and sex should go beyond mere genital stimulation. Unless you make love with your spirit also, your pleasure must be very limited. I am not a yogi, but shall I teach you? I think you will find the experience enlightening..." Enlightening cannot adequately describe Marana.



FOUR PLAY

A guide to the perfect vehicles for those hard-to-reach places

BY FRED M. H. GREGORY

Getting your kicks with a car these days is either illegal (the thrill is gone at 55), unaffordable (priced a Porsche lately?) or un-American (there's an energy crisis on, you know). Mattress-lined vans have made backseat carnality obsolete and besides, they just ain't

makin' cars like they used to. Each year, they seem to get tinnier, tinier, uglier, slower and more boring to drive. The tire-smoking muscle car of the Sixties has been shipped to the scrap heap; the convertible is only a memory; and the tab for a decent sports car will give pause even to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH



George Willig, eat your heart out. The Jeep comes in two sizes: the 83.5-inch-wheelbase, 2665-pound CJ-5 and the 93.5-inch-wheelbase, 2708-pound CJ-7. Prices start at \$5587 for the CJ-5 and can climb to over \$10,000.



an Arab prince.

Let's face it, these are hard times for folks who want fun from their wheels. Maybe that's why a surprising number of people are discovering the Jeep—that sawed-off, little four-wheel-drive mother that took Joe and Willy to war and hauled a generation of farmers and outdoorsmen through the boonies. Over its 40-year life-span, the Jeep has become civilized; the rough edges have been smoothed out, the square corners rounded off. You don't need Popeye's arms to drive it now, and the spine-compressing ride has been mellowed considerably. It's been made snug enough to keep most of the weather outside and has a heater that'll curl the soles of your L.L. Bean ground pounders.

At about the same price, the Jeep can do everything an anonymously ordinary sedan will do—plus a whole lot more. You can haul down its top and feel the wind in

your face and the sun on your chest. You can drive it to a remote surfing spot on the sandy outer banks of North Carolina or climb the nearly vertical fire trails of the Rockies. The rugged bush of the Southwest or snowbound lanes deep in ski country are easy prey for this mechanical carnivore. The Jeep may test your skills and stamina, but it will take you places only a pack mule could go before.

This off-road ability is the Jeep's basic attraction, but urban enthusiasts are finding that it's just as handy for running to the corner pizzeria or trucking your lady to the hottest dance-till-you-die disco. For these men, it's enough that the Jeep radiates macho vibes. Over the last couple of years the Jeep has become the automotive equivalent of the jogging suit: It's purposeful, useful and bestows upon its owner an aura of independence and socially acceptable nonconformity.

In trendy Southern California, it's not unusual to find a Jeep or two—like beer nuts in the Beluga—parked fender-to-fender with Rolls Royces and Ferraris in front of L.A.'s more exclusive restaurants. Indeed, Wolfgang Puck, the celebrated young chef and co-owner of Ma Maison (a

Hollywood eatery so off limits to the proletariat that its number is not even listed), drives a 1977 Jeep Renegade. Admits Puck: "It's the perfect car. . . . You can take it to the beach or to the mountains. You can drive it in town. It's easy to park and it goes anywhere. And it's cheap. In the last two years, I've spent like eighty dollars in maintenance."

Obviously, a Jeep makes sense. Aside from its versatility, increasingly popular style and basic ruggedness, it is eminently practical. While some of us may agonize over buying things not absolutely essential to survival (do I really *need* a \$60 belt with some Italian's initials on it?), we can easily rationalize the purchase of a Jeep (hey, I can always haul furniture when the depression comes).

Year by year, the Jeep's basic technology and looks have been modernized to the point where most of the amenities of a

From Japan, it's the Land Cruiser by Toyota. The top unbolts and detaches from this 90-inch-wheel-base, 3800-pound car to welcome the elements. The price starts at \$8288, but a lot of stuff is standard.

The International Harvester Scout SS II may not reap the wheat, but it has plenty of oats with an optional 345-cubic-inch V-8. The 3300-pound, 100-inch-wheelbase General Purpose vehicle has a base price of \$6093.



luxury sedan are either standard or optional. Power brakes and steering, V-8 engines and automatic transmissions, bright colors and soft fabrics . . . all are available. And for those who may want to personalize their Jeeps even more, there are special wheels and tires, quartz-halogen lights, winches, gun racks, brush guards . . . you name it.

Though the Jeep is the granddaddy of this brand of vehicle (its name is derived from the military designation General Purpose and is closely guarded by American Motors, which holds the trademark), there are several other four-wheel-drive machines on the market that closely approximate the concept.

The Toyota Land Cruiser, which many prefer to the Jeep, has been around nearly as long. It first appeared in America in 1958 and, like the Jeep, has evolved in detail, keeping its basic boxy shape. The Land Cruiser comes with a hard top, which can be unbolted and replaced with a soft top sold by dealers and independent manufacturers. However, the Toyota has only one engine-transmission combination—a 258-cubic-inch, six-cylinder engine with a four-speed manual trans-

mission. Its four-wheel drive can be turned on or off, a handy feature that helps increase mileage when the pulling power of all four wheels isn't needed. Skid plates, roll bar, reclining seats, padded dash, tool kit and some other normally optional features are standard on the Land Cruiser, but for a few hundred bucks extra (\$700 for air conditioning) you can make your life easier with power steering, radio, rear heater and locking hubs.

Aside from the Jeep, the only other domestically made, soft-top, GP car is International Harvester's Scout SS II. About the same size as a Jeep, it stands just a bit taller and is much more bizarre looking. Though it has some of the lines of a pickup truck, its canvas top and doors can be pulled off to let in all the outdoors that anyone could want. The Scout SS II can be had with one of four engines: a four-cylinder gas engine, a six-cylinder

diesel engine, or a 304- or 345-cubic-inch V-8. Roll bars and fender flares are standard, and there's a wide range of options.

Then there's the Subaru Brat. The word *unique* may have been hammered to death on Madison Avenue, but no other adjective will suffice for the Brat. It's not a car; it's not a GP; it's not a truck . . . it is, rather, a little bit of all these things. The Brat is the duckbill platypus of the automotive world. With interchangeable front-wheel and four-wheel drive, it has the versatility of a Jeep. Its cab gives the weatherproofing of a sedan and its truncated bed gives the hauling capability of a minitruck. A pair of seats, complete with seat belts, are welded into the bed, making a rumble seat for a couple of passengers. At first glance the Brat is a piece of Japanese whimsy, but on closer examination, it becomes a practical little car that nothing else can quite match.

Each of these four somewhat similar, but essentially different, vehicles has something to recommend it. Especially if you want a ticket into the subculture of the unfettered and the mystique of the city mountaineer. ■

The Subaru Brat is a true Any Car that can haul, pull and carry with the best. Call it a truck, a car, a four-wheel drive—just don't call it boring. At 2180 pounds, with a wheelbase of 96.5 inches, its price starts at \$5348.



What I Learned by Going to the Gynecologist with My Girlfriend

Article by C.W. Metcalf

Flat on my back, feet held high in metal stirrups, my legs spread and bent awkwardly at the knee, crotch exposed like an arcade target—I took a deep breath and tried to relax.

How did I, macho specimen of American manhood that I am, end up spread like a holiday turkey on a gynecologist's table? Curiosity, my friend. Simple fuckin' curiosity.

It had never occurred to me—until recently—to wonder what went on in a gynecologist's office, or what a woman's relationship might be with this person who delved into such intimate spaces.

I suppose I was suspicious, on a not-so-subconscious level, of the fact that most gynos (rhymes with winos) are men and that they probably take advantage of their position—or hers. Outside of a few cocktail-party jokes, however, the gynecologist was a vague phenomenon in my experience. But that was before I met Amanda.

Amanda is one of those women hassled by constant "female troubles," and she spends a lot of time with all sorts of doctors. After she and I had spent nearly three years together, I had to put up a new medicine chest just to handle the multitude of medicines and pills she acquired from her numerous visits to Dr. Chung.

While preparing for one of those trips, she jokingly invited me to tag along. "What the hell?" she said. "Maybe you can learn something." Maybe it was the call of forbidden places; but whatever the reason, I said, "Good idea. Besides, I want to meet this guy you spend so much time with."

When Amanda called Dr. Chung to ask him what he thought of the idea, the good doctor hemmed and hawed but finally decided that it was OK with him if it was OK with her.

When we got to the office, I was very cool, glancing at the ladies in the waiting room with what I hoped was a medical grin. Then I was ushered, along with Amanda, into the examining room. That

metal table was the first thing I saw. Chrome-plated extensions and padded metal stirrups gleamed in the room's greenish light. A white cloth was stretched tightly over padded brown Naugahyde. An exotic array of medical paraphernalia rested in a tray that extended from one end of the table. My nuts tightened. The whole place made me damned uncomfortable.

My mind games were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Chung and his female nurse. We introduced ourselves very politely, while Amanda dropped her skirt and panties and hopped on the table. As she propped her feet up in the stirrups and the nurse covered her with what appeared to be a starched white shroud, I wondered if this was how they put a jockey in his coffin.

"What's the sheet for?" I inquired as calmly as possible. The gyno explained that it served to create a sense of separation and professional detachment. The sheet hung over Amanda's ankles and then draped over her knees to rest on her belly and obscure her view of the doctor. "Most women just feel better if they can't actually see you poking around," the doc said as he slipped on a pair of plastic gloves. "On the other hand, some insist on watching."

I wandered—casually, I think—to the doctor's end of the table, just as the nurse removed a speculum from its warming tray and handed it to him. (Most of my women friends tell me they prefer the speculum warmed: "Having a cold metal tool slipped into a dry pussy is like being finger-fucked by Captain Hook," is how one nonsense lady explains it.)

For those of you who may not be familiar with this basic tool of gynecology, allow me to explain: A speculum is an appropriately designed tool which, when inserted into the nearest available vagina, allows the gynecologist to expand the opening from the diameter of your pinkie to what appears to be the size of a hubcap.

As the doctor applied a bit of lubricant to the speculum, I got lost for a moment in this detached view of Amanda's vagina. It seemed particularly hairless and sort of shy. "OK," the gyno said, "relax and push out." There was a slight puckering motion, and then the speculum slid into Amanda's

no-longer-shy pussy.

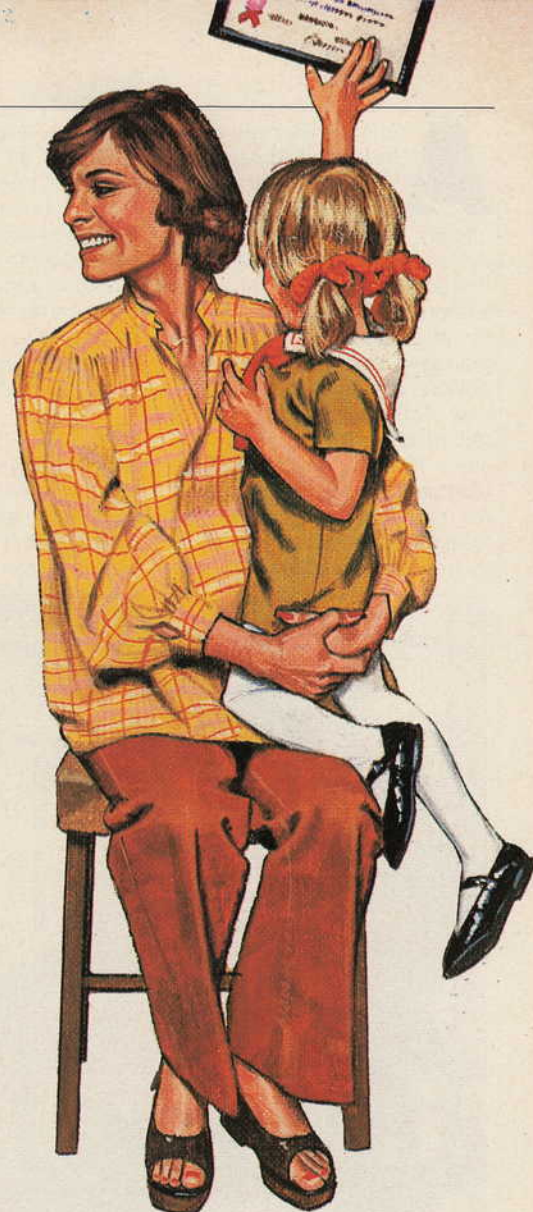
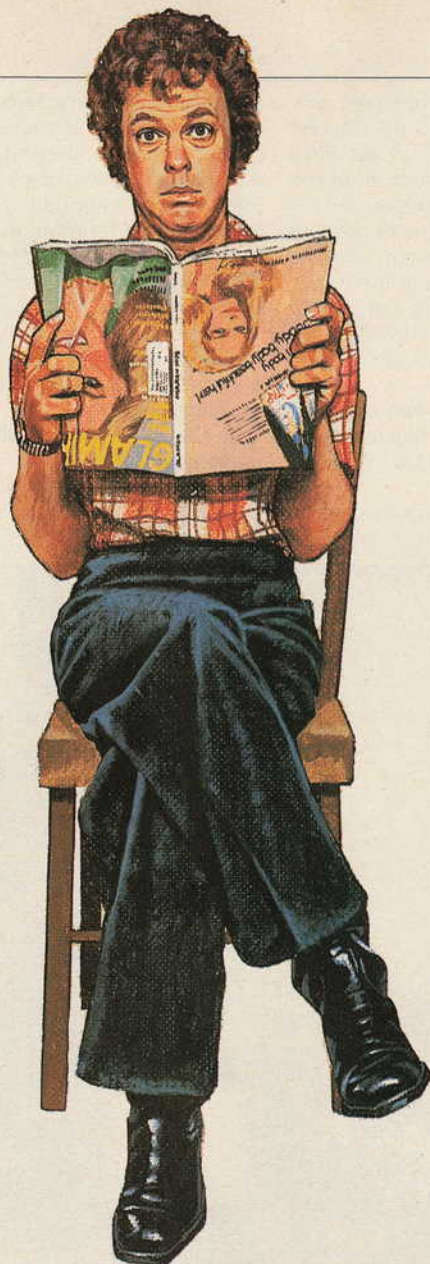
I looked over the sheet and saw her wrinkle her nose a little. "Doesn't that hurt?" I asked. "Well, it's no big turn-on or anything," she replied, "but it doesn't hurt at all, really."

When I returned my gaze to the doctor's work, I was amazed. Dr. Chung had turned a bright lamp on Amanda's pubes, and that dainty little puff with which I was so familiar was now a small porthole to another reality. There was an unbelievable spectrum of color—crayon-hued pinks, light purples, amazing orange-and-white-shaded recesses fading into blue-gray shadows. As I leaned down for a better look, my first thought was how warm and soft and comfortable it looked. I could see why we all want to get back—it's very cozy in there.

The doctor slid a gloved hand inside Amanda. My God—his entire hand disappeared! I looked at her face. She was staring unconcernedly at the ceiling. "Does it hurt when I press here?" the doc intoned. Amanda shook her head no.



Metcalf, last seen here having "A Conversation with Robin Williams" (March), says he likes his sex earthy rather than Orkan.



"How about here?" he asked. Again she shook her head. To the nurse he said, "Get me the colposcope."

I watched as the nurse pulled over what appeared to be a pair of high-powered binoculars mounted on a tall staff. Dr. Chung moved the apparatus between Amanda's legs and turned on a strong light that beamed directly into her vagina. "Uh, what is that thing?" I asked. "Here, take a look," he offered. "It's a sort of high-powered microscope for checking the vaginal lining." The doctor showed me how to operate the focus knob, and then I looked through the eyepiece. What appeared, magnified a thousand times, was the inner lining of Amanda's vagina. I was reminded of the first time I dropped acid. There was a pulsing, pink wall of soft flesh that rippled with a life of its own.

I retreated to a stool in the corner and observed while the doc completed his examination. Finally, the speculum was removed and Amanda's vagina assumed its puckering, false shyness. The nurse took off the sheets and Amanda put her panties

on, while the doctor placed his tools in a sterilizer.

"It's another yeast infection," the gyno said. "Come into the office and I'll write out a prescription." Amanda finished dressing and followed the doc into an adjacent room, while the nurse whisked a new set of tools into place and exited. I was alone in the temple. It was then that I succumbed to my prying curiosity.

If I were going to understand this process, I told myself, I had to know what it felt like to lie on that table. I hopped on and propped my feet up in the stirrups. No doubt about it—there was a sacrificial feeling, a sense of insecurity that came from just lying there. My stomach knotted slightly, and I felt a tremendous surge of empathy for Amanda. To have to go through this ordeal several times a year must require immense self-confidence and nerve. It was definitely not a fun trip. Unfortunately, before I could get off the table, the nurse came back in.

A credit to her profession, she simply smiled, picked up some towels and left.

I didn't even have time to get embarrassed, much. Besides, the nurse probably thought I was whacked-out for wanting to be there in the first place.

That trip to the gyno's office and the subsequent rap I had with Amanda made for some subtle but very definite changes in our relationship. After three years together, that one experience made us feel a lot closer.

It used to be that when we made love, I sometimes felt an odd sense of separation, especially just before I came. Now I think of my cock swimming in that multicolored, vibrating softness, and I can feel the rippling warmth of her pussy tightening around me. It creates the sense of truly being inside of her, being part of her, and it's an extremely intense sensation.

Amanda has a new fantasy, too. Sometimes, when we get stoned, she likes me to tie her up, and she pretends I have her bound to an examining table. I even surprised her one night by producing a pair of plastic gloves and a bottle of baby oil. But that, as they say, is another story. ■

Adrienne Barbeau wants to be considered sexy. Which is surprising, since we thought she already was. But according to Adrienne, Hollywood looks at her and sees only Carol, the wisecracking, intellectual daughter of *Maude*. How producers managed to overlook her most obvious assets escapes us, but now Adrienne's out to set the record straight. She insists that she's looser than Carol. Manufactured words like "cuntola" roll easily off her tongue, followed by howls of laughter. Here, in her conversation with OUI,

Adrienne reveals her past employment as a go-go dancer, gives the true dirt on her three months as an actress in an off-Broadway nude musical, and explains how OUI came to possess a photograph of Adrienne in the buff. She commences our talk by eagerly discussing her recent marriage to John Carpenter. It's not quite what you might expect.

OUI: You're thirty-two and only now entering your first marriage, a rarity in Hollywood. Why did you wait so long?

BARBEAU: It wasn't a matter of waiting. I didn't want to get mar-

ried. Marriage to me meant the end of romance, of excitement. I had to realize that marriage didn't mean the end of my youth. The reason I married John, I guess, is that he gives me total freedom, total independence.

OUI: Sexual freedom, too?

BARBEAU: Well, no. If I wanted that, I suppose I could have it. But I would suffer the consequences. It would be extremely upsetting to John.

OUI: Can you see yourself being unfaithful to him?

BARBEAU: I'd have to take into consideration what it would mean to him. I'd have to consider

whether I was willing to jeopardize our relationship and his faith and trust in me. At this point, I'm not.

OUI: How about *before* you married?

BARBEAU: I've always been pretty much monogamous. With serial relationships—one at a time. Never dating more than two people at a time.

OUI: Back in the Fifties, actresses felt that if their husbands asked them to give up their careers, they would quit in a second. How about you?

BARBEAU: I'd never give up my career just because someone asked. I *might* give it up of my own accord. But if someone asked, I'd say, "You want me to give up *my* career? Goodbye, Charlie!" I couldn't *just* be somebody's wife. Not ever.

OUI: What is it about your career that exerts such a strong hold on you? Acting? Celebrity status?

BARBEAU: The creative process, whatever that means. I have a *need* to create, a need to get something out. I left *Maude* because, near the end, there was no creative process going on anymore.

Being a celebrity is wonderful, but when I started to act, it was incredible just being able to support myself doing something I loved. It surprised me that I could act and get paid and not have to go-go dance or be an office temp.

OUI: Go-go dancing?

BARBEAU: I did it for three years—from 1964 to 1967—when I was trying to be an actress. I danced in New York, New Jersey, Long Island, and worked in Elizabeth, Secaucus, Paterson, Newark—you name it, I worked there. It was a nightmare,



ADRIENNE BARBEAU: FROM MAUDE TO BAWD

A short but sweet conversation in which Adrienne gets it all off her chest

by Robert McGarvey



but a job. This was before topless, so we started with leotards and graduated into two-piece costumes. We'd take bras and cover them with spangles.

You would not believe those places! I don't know how to describe them. At one place, I even danced on top of a grand piano. Another one, Uncle Joe's Tavern, was just a tiny little room, all painted black, with a cage—a dance floor—at the end. Of course, everybody thought I was a hooker. But during my breaks I'd take a book, go sit in the bathroom and read.

OUI: You've received wide recognition for your acting in *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Grease*, but a lesser known Barbeau stage appearance is in *Stag Movie*, a nudie musical. Let's talk about it—our readers are curious.

BARBEAU: Well, they should have seen it first. Doc Severinsen saw it with his whole band. He won't let me forget it.

Although I was nude onstage for about thirty minutes during every performance [there were eighty-nine], the only thing I clearly remember was the first day of rehearsal when we undressed. I remember being very flushed. Embarrassed, obviously. Red faced. Onstage, however, I wasn't self-conscious. It was part of the play and had to be done. Besides, I'm not terribly modest—I just don't think much about nudity. I *should* have thought more about it then. My body wasn't in such great shape.

OUI: Well, that's debatable, but were you uptight standing naked before hundreds of leering audience members?

BARBEAU: I never thought of it in those terms. I just wasn't very aware of it. In *Stag Movie* it was

Bill Macy always had his hands full with the women of "Maude"

(opposite). And speaking of hands full, note how Adrienne goes about proving she's more than just a nice set of brains. Oh, yeah—she's also got this real bubbly personality.

so out-front. We just did it. It wasn't supposed to be erotic. I mean, we sang songs titled *Try a Trio* and *Get Your Rocks Off Rock*. It was a farce.

But a lot depends upon the reactions around you. I did a semi-nude scene in *The Great Houdini* [a TV movie] where the reaction was "Quiet! Close down the set!" I was just getting undressed. It didn't bother me until everybody started sneaking glances. I remember catching Paul Michael Glaser looking into a window to see my reflection.

Stag Movie was just a job, that's all. I remember calling my mother to tell her I got a job off Broadway in which I'd sing ten musical numbers, originate a role and appear nude. "Off Broadway?" she said. "Adri-

Did you take on Cookie's personality?

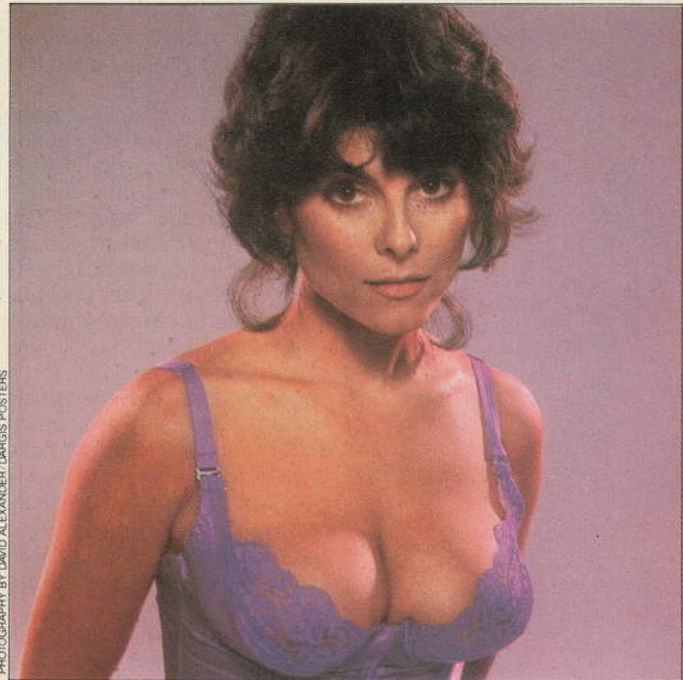
BARBEAU: That's an exception. No, I didn't take on her characteristics.

OUI: We have a nude shot of you. . .

BARBEAU: That came from *Stag Movie*, a rehearsal shot that wasn't supposed to be released. My only comment is, It's a terrible picture. I don't care that you run a nude picture, but God, I have one on my bathroom wall that's better.

OUI: Really? Can we see it?

BARBEAU: No. It's totally blurred, but it's a great picture. But about that *Stag Movie* photo, I'll tell you, there's a man in a San Jose flea market who's selling copies. I got a fan letter: "This man was selling these pictures.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ALEXANDER; DARGIS POSTERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ALEXANDER; DARGIS POSTERS

enne, aren't you taking a cut in salary?"

OUI: You've said you assume your characters' personalities when you play a role. Can you give us examples?

BARBEAU: When I acted in *Fiddler*, I punctuated every sentence with *oy, vey*. As Carol in *Maude*, I became an ERA supporter and ran a Hollywood gynecology clinic. In *Grease*, where I played the tough chick, Rizzo, I cursed a blue streak. I use cursing comedically, not in anger. Maybe it's the shock value. Here's an example: John and I were talking about somebody the other day and I blurted out, "Oh, my God. Cuntola." "Cunt city" is another one I use.

OUI: But in *Stag Movie* you played Cookie Kovac, a hooker.

I was going to buy all of them to protect your reputation. Would you sign this one and send it back to me? Please."

OUI: It was supposed to be used to promote *Stag Movie*?

BARBEAU: It was, I suppose, for promotion—but not to be released without approval by the actors. My only reason for not approving it was that it's a lousy picture.

OUI: Lousy or not, there are two million copies floating around.

BARBEAU: I'm sure. Actually, it looks like a woman who's raising watermelons. A terrible picture.

OUI: Would you pose nude again? Now?

BARBEAU: It would depend upon the project. Why it was being done and how. I'm not opposed to nudity, but I certainly



THE BARBEAU COLLECTION:

At far left is the original poster of Adrienne that sold a bulging 300,000 copies. "To make the corset tighter [tighter?!], we used clothespins in the back." With her newest poster, to be released later this year, Barbeau proves a T-shirt doesn't have to be wet to be wild. Pictured at right is one of the photographs taken for OUI by Phillip Dixon. Dixon later claimed that Adrienne is "what other models strive to be ... a fully developed woman." At bottom left is the now-classic publicity shot from the nudie musical "Stag Movie." "I don't care that you run a nude picture but, God, I have one on my bathroom wall that's better. This is a terrible picture. I look like I'm raising watermelons." All those who love watermelons, raise your hands.

wouldn't do anything pornographic.

OUI: Your poster isn't pornographic, but it is provocative.

BARBEAU: I'm trying for a new image—one with sex. That's why I did the poster. It shows another side of me. But I didn't want to end up with a wet T-shirt pose, so I met the photographer at Frederick's of Hollywood where we discovered the purple corset I'm wearing in the poster. I'm not sure it fit right. Seems that, to make it tighter, we used clothespins in the back.

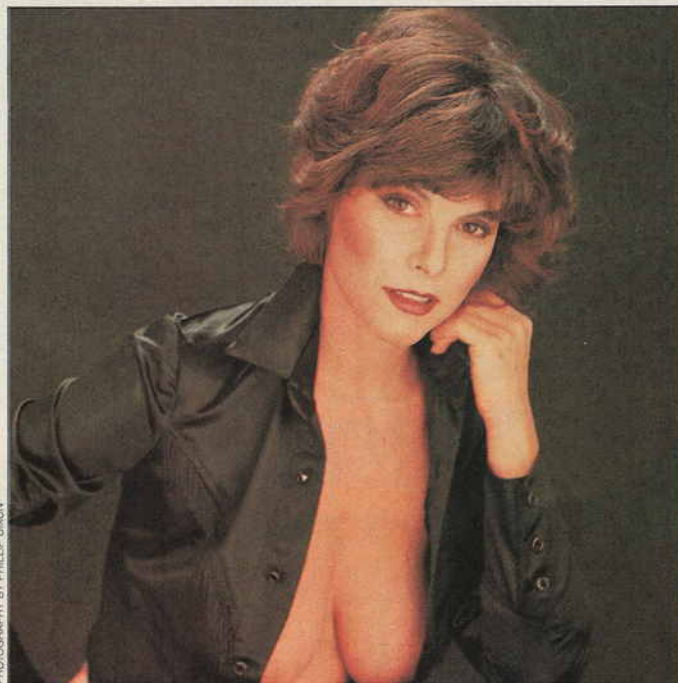
OUI: Clothespins or not, it is tight. How's it selling?

BARBEAU: I'm told the printing was three hundred thousand copies. But I did *not* do it to make money. It's a career move. I'm proving that Adrienne can be

don't have a nun's purity. There are all these little skeletons rattling around.

BARBEAU: You're talking about my personality, not my image in this industry. Those are things you and I know about. This industry doesn't even know I was in *Grease*, let alone *Stag Movie*. With industry people it's not "Hey, she's a brilliant actress" or "She's got a great body"; it's "She was the daughter on *Maude*." That's why we did the poster—because when people saw me, they saw Carol, a very straight woman who's the mother of a son. Why, just the other day I got offered a part as Andy Kaufman's mother in *Taxi*. His mother!

OUI: But a lot of people saw Carol as a very sexy woman.



sexual—given the right costume from Frederick's.

OUI: By doing a poster you are instantly transformed into a fantasy object for millions of males. Do you enjoy that?

BARBEAU: I think it's great. Actually, I don't think about it a lot. I don't quite understand the appeal, because I wasn't like that as a teenager. I was never a hero worshiper and never had movie-star idols. But I do think it's great that men find me attractive. I don't really understand people who'd sit at home staring at this poster instead of going out and having a good time. I don't think that should happen. I hope not.

OUI: But after *Maude* is it really necessary to your career to introduce sex? Isn't that like bringing coals to Newcastle? You

BARBEAU: I never saw her that way and I certainly never played her that way.

OUI: You're saying Carol, the character, was straighter than you are?

BARBEAU: Yes. I'm looser. Crazier. *Looser* is probably the best word—though not in terms of morality. I just, you know, hang out more.

OUI: But there's still that viewer reaction. Is it that you are sexual and that aspect of you came out even through Carol?

BARBEAU: At the risk of sounding egotistical, that was something I was not aware of until I met John. He sort of impressed upon me that's something I might, uh, carry around with me. Some sexuality. Vibration isn't the right word, but . . .

OUI: Is it just how you look, the way you're built?

BARBEAU: I've lived with that all my life. It doesn't stand out to me. You take something like that for granted.

There was a time in high school, you know [in a high-pitched voice], "I want to be liked for my mind and not my body," which I'm sure many girls said. I thought my looks were really a curse. I'm very fortunate, I realize. Lots of good things have happened to me because of the way I look.

OUI: You've talked about trying to alter the image others have of you, but what's your image of yourself?

BARBEAU: I'd like to be seen as a fairly strong, gutsy but romantic woman. Not a fading flower in any way. Strong and vulnerable, simultaneously. A rounded woman.

OUI: Maybe this interview will help flesh out your image. But what's next on your agenda? What's coming up?

BARBEAU: I'll soon be doing a film that John is writing and directing—*The Fog*. I'll be a disc jockey who buys a small-town radio station that's in a lighthouse. It's a ghost story, but I haven't read the script so I can't tell you much more.

OUI: You're also looking into recording, right?

BARBEAU: I'm a country music groupie. I've coheadlined with Roy Clark at Harrah's in Reno, and I've done TV specials with Johnny Yune and Wayne Newton. But the problem I've run into is that record companies have gotten burned by television actresses who say they want to record. They're hesitant right now.

OUI: So you're in no particular rush to cut an album?

BARBEAU: I'm a little frustrated by it. My manager says we're very close to making a deal. But since I'm established as an actress, it's not like starting out. I'm not pushing as hard as I might if I were twenty years old and starting out to be a record artist.

OUI: One last question. Is it true that you're a food fetishist?

BARBEAU: I love food—I love it. And I'm very involved with it. I'm always aware of what I've eaten. I always have this guilt—"Oh, my God"—but I still eat it. It's constantly on my mind. I know it sounds strange, but I'm very much in touch with my body. It usually tells me what it needs. ■

DOWN IN SMOKE

WHEN YOU GIVE UP DOPE, YOU DISCOVER SOMETHING WORSE THAN COLD TURKEY: REALITY

HUMOR BY DON GOLDBERG

My dope dealer daylights as an elevator operator in a midtown Manhattan skyscraper. About a year ago, we had a rendezvous on the sixth floor. We exchanged mute pleasantries to 18, then toked up all the way from 19 to 110. Damn! I could've sworn there were only 70 stories to the building. Needless to say, I was high on the experience. Still, I'd grown a little paranoid of late, so I just had to ask: "Johnny, tell me the truth. Does this shit have any paraquat in it?" The door opened and my friend struck a pose that was somewhere between Keith Moon's bellhop in *Quadrophenia* and Lorenzo Music's Carlton in *Rhoda*. My dealer says non-committally, "Please watch your step getting off."

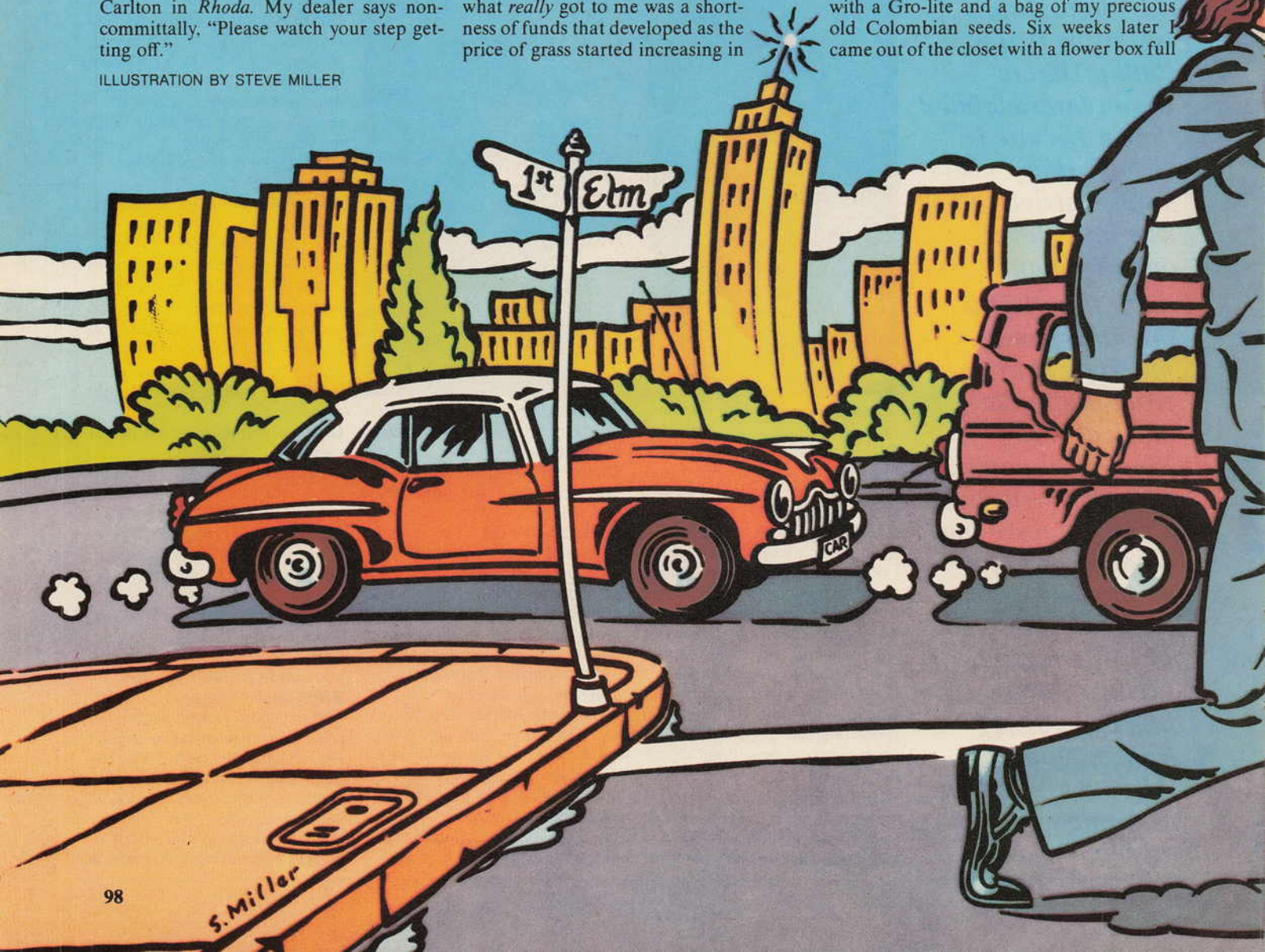
ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE MILLER

I thought I was gonna die. My whole life as a dope smoker flashed right before my lungs. I mean, I'm a charter member of the Vince Lombardi school of smoking. To us, getting high isn't everything—it's the *only* thing. Like millions of others, I'd completely lost touch with traditional American values. My ten-year relationship with grass was being threatened by sod-omy. My government had paved paradise and put up a paraquat.

Of course, being an old dope smoker to the end, I became more selective and survived the terrible paraquat scare. I could put up with pulmonary pop rocks that would result in shortness of breath; what *really* got to me was a shortness of funds that developed as the price of grass started increasing in

Exxon-type increments. Devil inflation went straight to my lungs as the price of a lid went sky-high and I didn't.

Now, I'm not an alarmist. When they raised the price of gas, I drove a little less. When they raised the price of meat, I became a vegetarian. But when they raised the price of dope, it hit me like a ton of thousand-dollar *sinsemilla* bricks. Here we were in the all-consuming Seventies, and I was still a parasite living off the Woodstock family tree, given just enough hemp to hang myself. Inflation had put the cards on the table. The stakes were high. I was left with the next-to-last choice: to deal or throw in my brain. I went *into* the closet with a Gro-lite and a bag of my precious old Colombian seeds. Six weeks later I came out of the closet with a flower box full



of male plants. I couldn't even sell them to the teenager down the block, 'cause he was convinced they were Mexican.

I tell you, the dope dollar crunch was more traumatic than turning 30. I tried to lie about my rage, but my parents knew better and threatened to call Ted Patrick. I couldn't bear the thought of being held hostage in a roach motel with a man known 'round the world for turning moon children into cancer. Meeting the problem head on, I decided to deprogram *myself*, before my deprived lifestyle became the death of me. Fearful yet determined, I embarked upon a journey that led me astray from the yellow brick road and onto the straight and narrow. It changed my life.

First it was the little things. The click I'd had on my phone since 1968 disappeared. But the cool was maintained. I continued to order "a half-pound of carrots" from Johnny every month, over the phone. My hindsight wasn't any better, but my eyesight certainly started improving.

After a week, however, the forced abstinence affected bodily functions. "Happy fingers jitters" appeared, a sure symptom of rolling withdrawal. When my fingers begged for a joint to fondle, I made do with what was available: I jerked off. Rolling one joint was as good as another. If you never were a high roller and your ol' lady

always got stuck with the job, have *her* jerk you off. My hormonal balance changed, and hair started growing on my chest. I promptly crocheted this into a toupee to cover my bald spot.

Left to my own devices, I discovered unknown reserves of ingenuity. My rolling machine now serves as an attractive moist-towelette dispenser. My extra-fine dope strainer sifts flour, and I now have a stash box full of paper clips and a Bonsai growing out of a bong. One night, in a paroxysm of guilt, I anonymously sent a pair of hemostats to Robert Young.

Let me tell you, friends, the joy of copping left my life. What could possibly replace the thrill of meeting a stranger who let me see the merchandise and try it out—of being tempted with offers to pay good money for heady stuff? I called an encyclopedia salesman but it just wasn't the same. It was boringly legal. Finally, I settled for procuring eight-track tapes out of the backs of unlicensed Dodge vans at the flea market held at the drive-in.

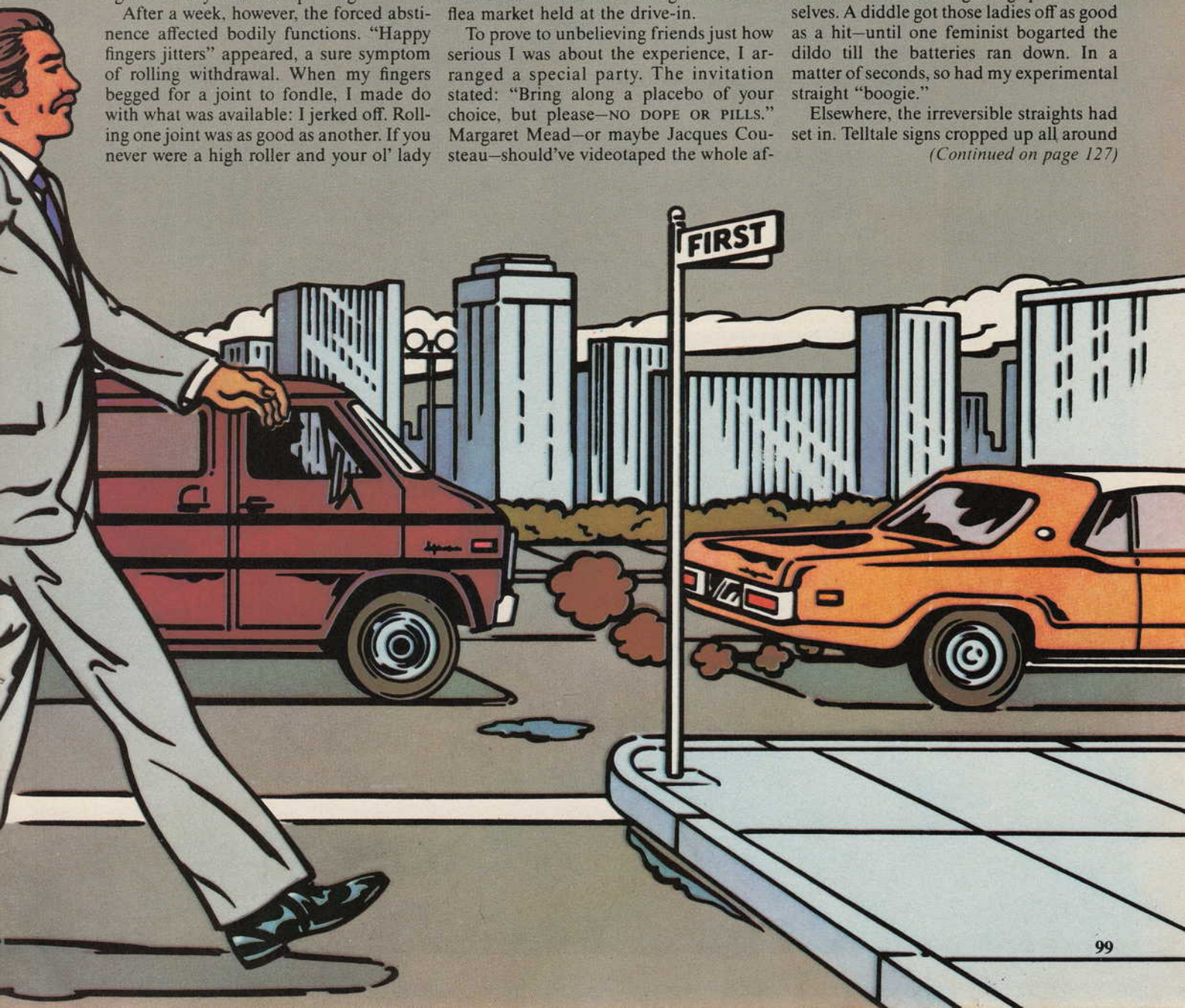
To prove to unbelieving friends just how serious I was about the experience, I arranged a special party. The invitation stated: "Bring along a placebo of your choice, but please—NO DOPE OR PILLS." Margaret Mead—or maybe Jacques Cousteau—should've videotaped the whole af-

fair. Cocktail conversation sparkled just like my eyes used to do. Narcotized nodding out gave way to meaningless political debates. Hipnik clichés evolved into complete, albeit foolish, thoughts expressed in sentence form. Nobody came up to me mumbling, "I'm sorry I dropped my joint in your new Naugahyde conversation pit and ruined your party by setting your house afire. I was just sooooo wasted, man."

But before long my guests began exhibiting a latent "head" lifestyle. Almost like robots, they arranged themselves in circles. But what would they pass around? Russian roulette was out. There were seven of us. Suddenly, a buddy passed around the hat for some more beer and, as is the custom at straight parties, the men and the women separated into different circles. A neighbor's wife produced a vibrating joint she had "borrowed" from her B'nai B'rith women's consciousness-raising group. The women passed it around, while the men watched and tried to get a grip on themselves. A diddle got those ladies off as good as a hit—until one feminist bogarted the dildo till the batteries ran down. In a matter of seconds, so had my experimental straight "boogie."

Elsewhere, the irreversible straights had set in. Telltale signs cropped up all around

(Continued on page 127)

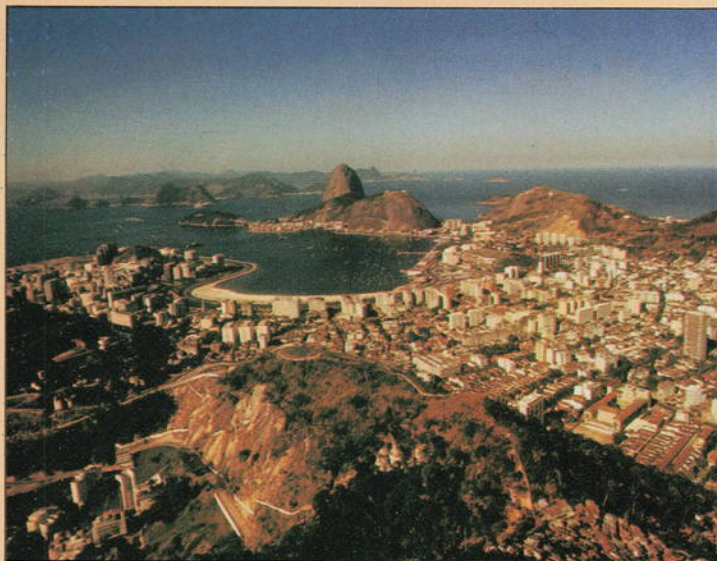


THE GIRLS FROM **B**RAZIL

Nuts about the Sun







She speaks a
body language of
“sighs, swoons and
sloe-eyed enticements”





A Brazilian once wrote that half the men of his country were poets; the other half, dictators. Half wait for Carnival; the other half wait for power. Above all, he wisely observed, they all wait upon the pleasure of the Brazilian woman. Natives of Rio, the *Cariocas*, boast that God himself, high up on Corcovado mountain, smiles at the sight of the girls of Brazil. As dawn stretches exquisitely across the Copacabana strand, you can see for yourself the lure of sensuous Brazil.

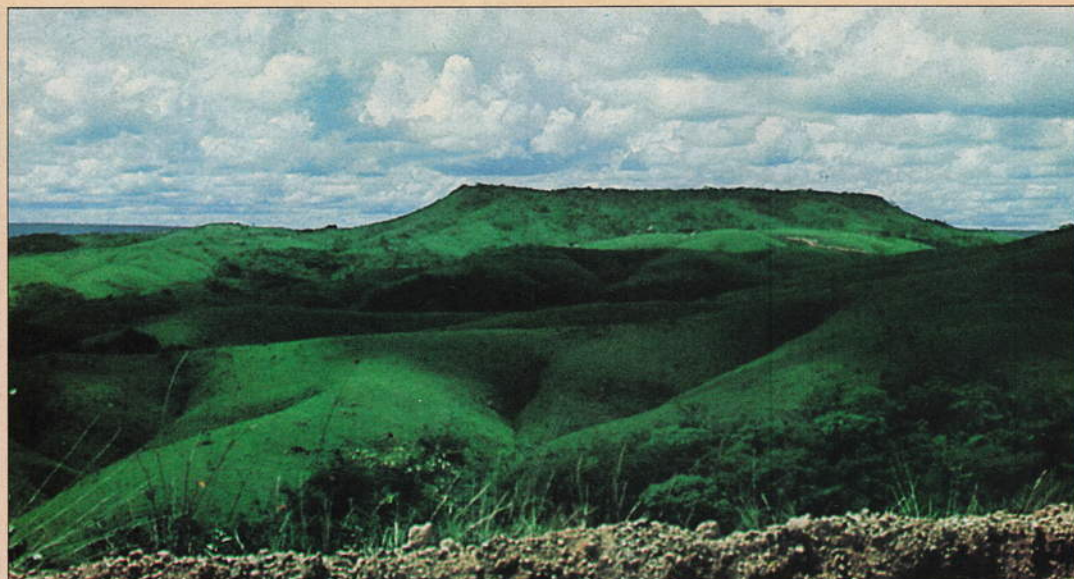
Sip a rum and lime *batido* on your balcony at the great, pink Palace Hotel, and watch her thrilling arrival at Ipanema, with last night's high heels slung over slender shoulders. In her wake comes the faintest scent of the jungle that so fiercely resists

the rush of civilization. Like a hothouse, Brazil has fed its flowers and watched them bloom upon the beaches. After centuries of interbreeding, there are few pure white or black women. Beauty runs a spectrum of color, from the *cabra* ("near-black") to the lighter *escuro* and the privileged *branco de Bahia* ("white of the land"). While the men scrape away at a vast land—full of grand vision and calculating the means to world power—Brazil's greatest natural resource prefers to calculate the effects of the tropical sun's constant attentions.

They flock to Copacabana from the darkest of mahogany forests, where ancient plantation families still resist the modern. Or they come to escape from the hustle and bustle of







crass, commercial São Paulo. Perhaps she has spent the hours before sunrise in the arms of a *bamba*, a local hipster. She may be a devoted *sambista* just returning from the steamy slums near Tijuca, where the samba is a nightly dance of life and death itself. No matter. With the sun she is totally in her element.

She saunters with impunity, wearing the skimpiest *tanga* imaginable. Her wondrous curving *bunda*, lush repository of every Brazilian male's fantasies, rolls from side to side. Even at a distance she speaks a body language that an awed American acquaintance described as "all sighs, swoons and sloe-eyed enticements." Svelte yet ample,



To
please
her,
men
become
poets.
Or
dictators.

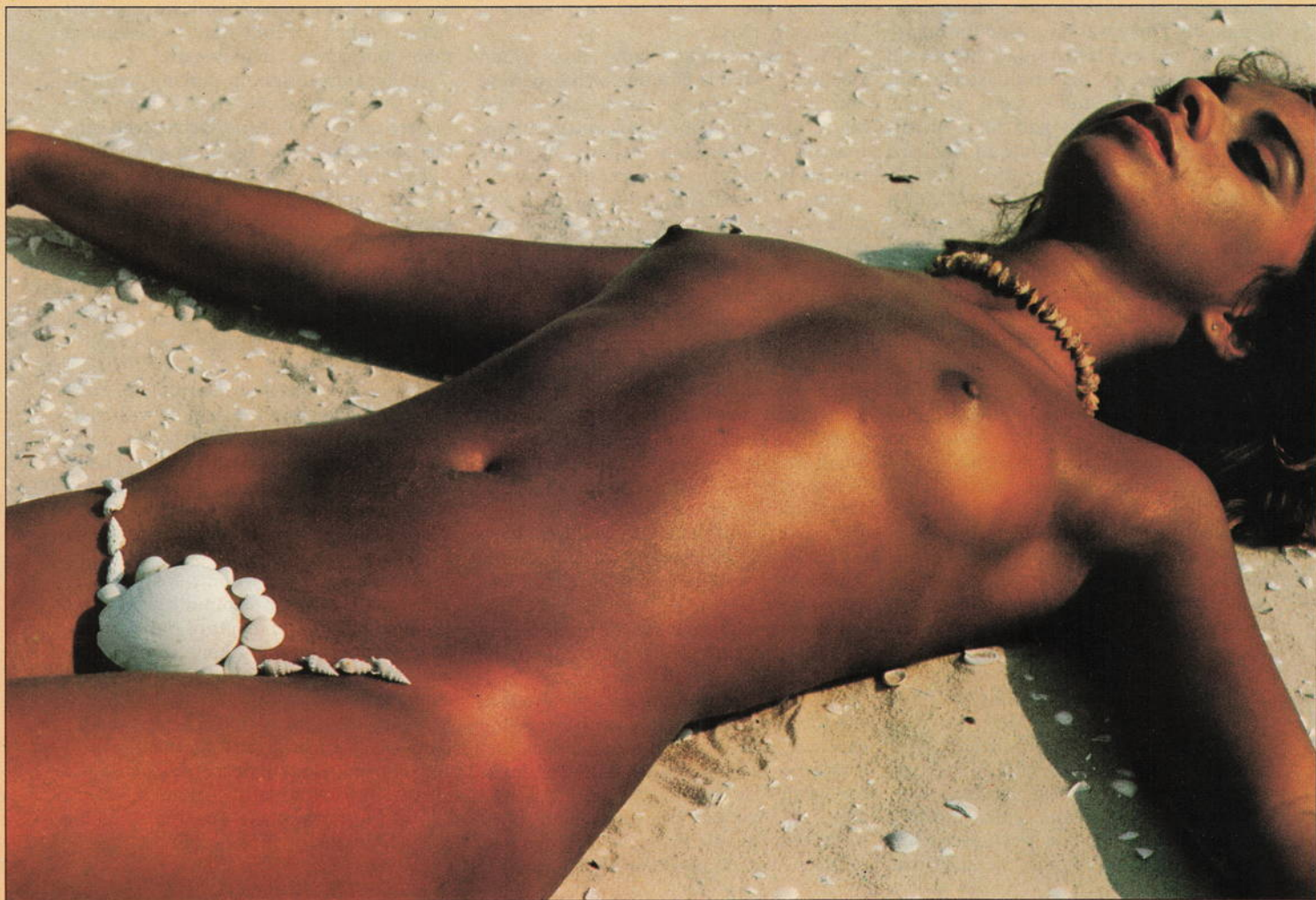
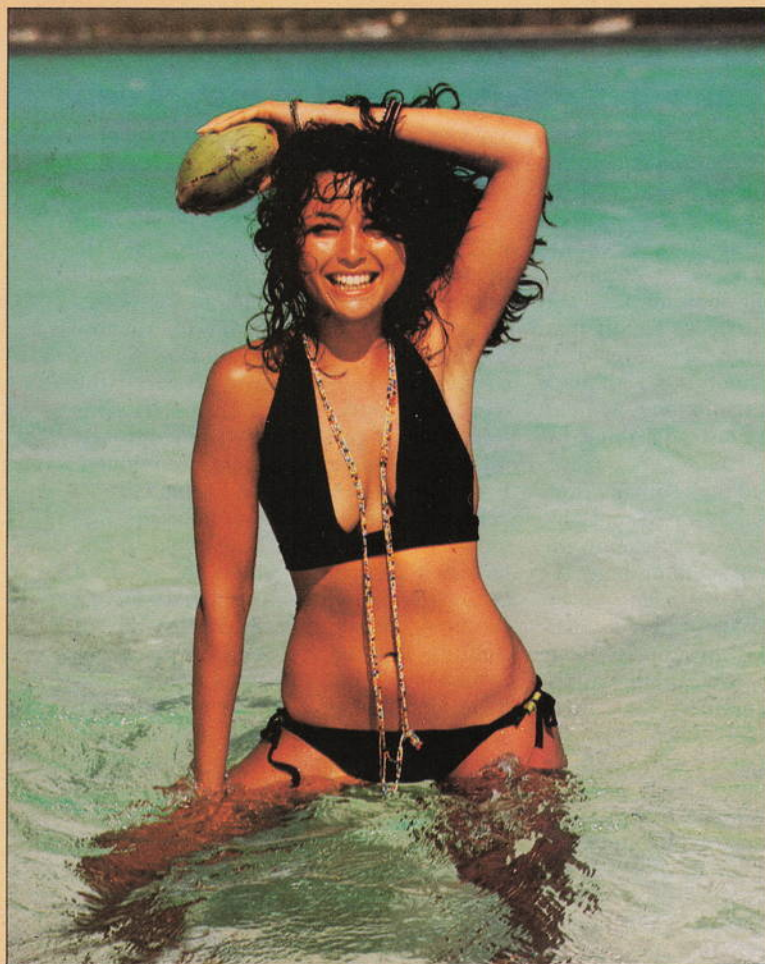




lean and sunbaked, the Brazilian woman is an exotic mix of races—a true feast for the marveling eye. Her body says *deixa falar* ("let them talk") and proceeds to indulge herself.

Languid and totally self-absorbed, the girl of Brazil has little time for anything but the caresses of the equatorial sun. God may smile at them, but it is easy to understand why men have to become dictators to tame them—or to please them.





MONEY Flaster has learned: "Go to a bank when you don't need money. Keep your temper intact. And if you never take a chance, you'll never go anywhere."

(Continued from page 40)

Flaster has no regrets about his Levi Strauss days. "I learned a tremendous amount about corporate-business quality control and I was paid for it," he says. "There was just no sense of individuality—which is typical of any large corporation."

Meanwhile, two of Flaster's friends had opened a little shop in Berkeley called Cookies & Milk. Originally launched to "sell munchie cookies to stoned Cal students" (personally delivered to the dorms), Flaster says the shop was grossing \$12,000 a month and netting \$3000 a month. The idea was patterned after Famous Amos, who pioneered over-the-counter, home-made chocolate-chip cookies. But Flaster's friends had also taken the plunge into wholesaling and were just about to drown. "They obtained a forty-thousand-dollar Small Business Administration loan, but poured a lot of the money into manufacturing and packaging. By the time they actually got the cookies out, they were ready to go bankrupt," Flaster recalls.

He wasn't surprised. Flaster says the principal shareholder was a superb idea man, but was having trouble pricing his cookies accurately. He plucked the original price out of thin air when the package was designed. "There was no reason for him to succeed," muses Flaster today, "no reason for him to be an overnight sensation. That's storybook stuff." As a goodwill gesture, and since he had time on his hands, Flaster applied some of his Levi Strauss, garment-biz savvy to his friend's floundering cookie caper and developed a six-month cost-and-revenue analysis, free.

Flaster and the major shareholder—who by this time had booted the minor shareholder out—both realized that Cookies & Milk was crumbling. Suppliers hadn't been paid, ovens had burned out and cookie-baking equipment had metal fatigue after just four months. "They had blown most of the forty-thousand-dollar SBA loan to equip a bakery in which six people needed six hours to bake a hundred pounds of cookies," Flaster says. "They needed help."

Since the company was then \$100,000 in debt, it couldn't afford to hire the one person who was desperately needed—an inside administrator, an operations expert. Shrewdly sensing a rare opportunity, Flaster made a bold offer—his expertise in exchange for a "substantial" amount of stock. It was the proverbial offer his friend couldn't refuse.

Flaster moved fast. He boosted the price from \$1.69 to \$1.89 for a half-pound carton of cookies, stepped up production to 800 pounds in eight hours, then found a contract bakery in San Francisco that could handle huge orders. Next, he cut

percentage deals with professional food brokers who had "grease" with big food chains. Their mission, should they choose to accept it: Sandwich a floor display of Cookies & Milk into supermarkets and place it next to the dairy case. Before that, the company used route salespeople who shlepped off in the morning with their cookies and turned in their money at night. "Inept, inept," says Flaster, shaking his head.

But what really saved the company from going down the drain was a personal philosophy that, Flaster says, is crucial to the success of any business, small or large. He sums it up in a word—*partnership*.

As he explains it, "When you're in business, your partners are your suppliers, your sales force, your employees—and you've got to treat them like partners. Keep them informed—let them know where the business stands every step of the way. I told the food brokers, 'You're not going to work for much at first, because we need the money to stay in business—but you're going to be my partners.' I told people who gave me chocolate chips, eggs and cartons, when I didn't have a pot to piss in, when I owed them money and they could have pulled the plug and put me out of business—'You're my partners.'"

The payoff is they now know when Cookies & Milk is faltering or prospering, and they are always taken care of, no matter how tight the cash squeeze. Says Flaster: "Everyone told me I was a fool for not just buying the name and throwing the company into bankruptcy—wiping the slate clean and starting over again. But a lot of little people, including employees who stuck with us, would have gotten hurt. It's a partnership. We're going to stick by each other."

Everyone pitched in except the bank. The company had grown tenfold without going deeper in the hole and was even repaying its suppliers. The bank that handled the \$40,000 loan (guaranteed by the Small Business Administration) got testy. "I was playing my receivables and payables close. I'd write a check and run down and cover it. But the bank wouldn't credit my customer's checks to my account until they cleared, and that sometimes took five working days."

Flaster says this is where he made his big mistake. He exploded. "I picked up the phone, went right to the top and said, 'Look, I've been working my ass off to save this fucking company, and you've got a big exposure here but you won't cooperate. Any other bank would be willing to credit me when I deposit checks from Safeway and A&P.' He told me it was their policy not to pay against unreceived funds, and perhaps I should pay them back [the loan]

and find another bank."

The aspiring cookie czar says he later paid dearly for that temper tantrum. He tried to factor his accounts receivable to get cash to buy ingredients (a factor advances money to a company for roughly 2 percent of the face amount of the accounts receivable), and discovered the bank had slapped a lien on his accounts receivable. "I guess I really screwed myself royally by antagonizing them, even though I thought my position was justified."

Flaster was stymied. Without the factor's cash, he couldn't bake cookies. The factoring company wanted to be dead certain that Flaster wasn't going to slip in a couple of phony invoices—a slick way of stealing favored by cash-strapped entrepreneurs. "With all my cajoling, with everything we had done, we couldn't stay in business. I was forced to prevail upon my family to guarantee the accounts-receivable financing, to guarantee I wouldn't write a bogus invoice."

Though much stronger financially and now invading eastern supermarkets, Cookies & Milk is no Nabisco and never wants to be. Its young chief executive, now the majority stockholder (he bought out his friend a while back with no cash but future profits), doesn't want to become a monstrous cookie conglomerate.

"I don't dream about making ten million," he says wistfully. He'd rather spend his free time with his wife Jaclyn (who runs the two retail stores) and their three dogs.

Through it all, Flaster says, he's learned how to survive. His first rule: Go to a banker only when you *don't* need the money. "Borrowing money is the small businessman's biggest problem. No banker today will take a chance on you just because they think you're going to be a millionaire, a world beater. That's Hollywood movie stuff."

His second rule: Bite your tongue; exert self-control when you're dealing with people you can't stomach. "Keep your temper intact." Flaster's third rule: "Everybody has the right to be wrong. That's the only way you're going to grow. And if you never take a chance, you're never going to go anywhere."

Before you leap, get some solid advice. The Small Business Administration has 100 field offices and reams of publications and brochures on everything from obtaining SBA loans to how to hire your first employee.

Meanwhile, the world's largest bank, Bank of America, hasn't forgotten the little guy. For their comprehensive aids to businesses, write Bank of America, Marketing Publications, Department 3120, 315 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, CA 94104. ■

WHO

TOE JAMMIN'

Sondra Currie is not unlike any other gorgeous, blue-eyed redhead who is into acting, karate, meditation, dirt-bike racing, white witchcraft and, of course, toe painting.

"I stumbled on the form," she explains, "by dabbling my foot in paint and using my toes as brushes. I discovered it one day when I felt sort of low, and the idea was so ludicrous that it turned my whole mood around. I ended up having to be carried, giggling, to the bathtub—it was wonderful." She eventually became so good at toe painting that a local art gallery asked her to exhibit some of her work.

Sondra grew up wanting to be a race-car driver and got her first film break—in *Rio Lobo*—because she shared di-

rector **Howard Hawks**'s passion for dirt bikes. She learned karate for her role in the original TV movie *Police Woman*, but that was a snap compared to the way she prepared for her nude scene in Universal's upcoming film, *The Last Married Couple in America*, which stars **Natalie Wood** and **George Segal**.

Sondra plays the role of a swinging housewife, which calls for a complete striptease, right down to the last strategically placed freckle.

"I worked out ferociously—dancing, bike riding, exercising—to get my body into perfect shape. In the end, they put so much body makeup on me I felt practically dressed!" The

movie, says Sondra, "is full of every kind of transsexual, transvestite, dooper and hooker you can imagine. It kind of returns to the ideal of marriage by poking fun at how people

thought swinging would solve our problems. As far as I'm concerned, swinging is like getting into a hot tub to relieve your sunburn."

—C.W. METCALF

"I ended up having to be carried to the bathtub"



AARON RAPOPORT

REGULAR AS CLOCK-WORK

Malcolm McDowell is pissed. Ever since the English actor moved to Hollywood, people have been bugging him about violence. Seems they can't forget his exceedingly sinister roles in *If, A Clockwork Orange* and *Royal Flash*. "I'm the sanest person I know," McDowell protests. "I'm not particularly fascinated with evil, nor am I violent." Real life, he insists, is much more shocking than the movies. "If Stanley Kubrick had made a picture about those Guyana suicides, it would have been outrageous; yet he was accused of being a fascist for doing *Clockwork*."

All that, however, is behind him now. In his latest film, *Time After Time*, McDowell plays H.G. Wells, who travels in his time machine to 1979 San Francisco and falls in love with a bank teller. "I'm enjoying it; it can get to be a bore knocking everybody about and raping all the birds."

—SUE RUSSELL



CHER PEELS OUT

Rolling thunder! It's Cher and her surgically uplifted breasts! "If you look good, you feel good; and feeling good is really all that's important," says the Casablanca Records disco star who's shown here boogie-oogying at

Brooklyn's Empire Roller Rink. Cher wonders how she got "this gigantic reputation" for sexual hijinks. "Hey, come on—I've only been involved with about six men, and I married two of them."

—JOHN CALENDRO

EDIE IN EGGS-TASY

Edith Massey has had a tough time in films. In John Waters' classic, *Pink Flamingos*, she ate a lot of eggs; and in *Desperate Living* she suffered an unspeakable death and then got roasted and eaten. Her new film,

Polyester, is upbeat in comparison: "I'm gonna have a drunk scene and I'm gonna have a lover. I'm gonna run and fall in quicksand, but I'm gonna live."

In the meantime, Edie has decided to start a second career as leader of an all-girl punk band called *Edie and the Edible Eggs*, belting out such cult classics as *Sickness Inside* and *Quaalude Queen*. She agrees that being a sex symbol for the chubby chasers of punk has its limitations. The last guy to make a pass at her was a gentleman who bought her a turkey leg in the cafeteria one night and then told her, "I'm going home now and I'm looking for a lady to go with who won't blush." Edie passed that one up: "A good piece would kill me, it's been so long."

—KEN DOLLAR

AND

TRAVIS T. AMOS

HOME, JAMES!

"I'm not a programmed nigger. I never have been."

That's 27-year-old Rick James explaining why other black recording artists seem so stunningly tame in comparison to his own outrageous, off-the-wall antics.

James is the father of "punk funk," a mixture of *Parliament-Funkadelic* funk and disco melody that's already brought him a pair of monster albums, *Come Get It* and *Bustin' Out of L Seven*. Most of the time, however, James would rather talk about sex than success.

"My sex life is pretty good, man," he boasts. "I love women. I love the roundness of the breasts . . . I've got two women sitting here right now that I'm getting ready to accost very shortly. I'm greedy when it comes to sex. I like a lot of different things."

Which should not be construed to mean he's into kinky stuff, such as whips, chains or microphone-shaped vibrators. "No, no, no," he insists hurriedly. "Don't you dare print any shit about whips and chains. I'm not into any gadgets—not unless they want to use them."

James's uninhibited nature carries over easily into his music. Witness *Mary Jane*, the notorious smash single that is an ode to marijuana, thinly disguised as just another love song.

"Speaking of love," James says, "sometimes I want the intimacy of one woman; sometimes I enjoy the ridiculousness of three or four. Sometimes I feel like a freak—sometimes I don't. Sometimes I feel like a nut," he chuckles, "and sometimes I don't."

—LEONARD PITTS, JR.

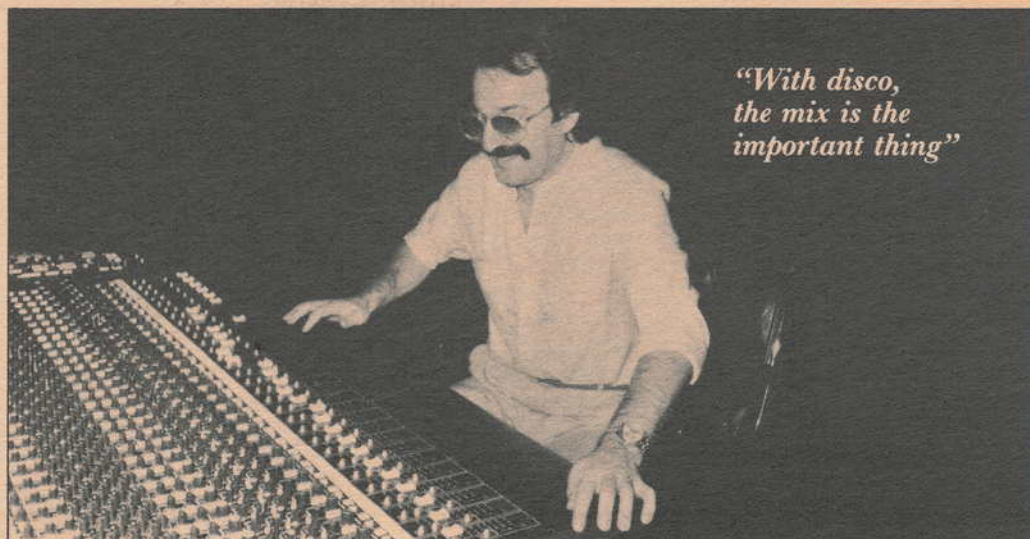


MARCIA REED



"Sometimes
I feel
like a freak"

GLEN LAFFERMAN



"With disco,
the mix is the
important thing"

MOOG MOGUL

"I can't read or write music that well, and I don't know how a Moog works; I just know how it sounds." So says **Giorgio Moroder**, whose deft use of disco synthesizers has earned him an Oscar for his *Midnight Express* sound track. "I just tell a Moog programmer the kind of effect I want. He

gives me some didda-diddas and some whooshes, and I pick the sounds I like."

Moroder first came to prominence with "sex rock." Taking a cue from the internationally successful *Je T'aime*, the first fuck song—which paired heavy breathing with 101 violins—Moroder went one better; he paired heavy breathing with **Donna Summer**, then an unknown. "Donna came in one day with a song she had written, *Love to Love You, Baby*, that had a few words repeated over and over." Words like *Ohh! Ohhhh!* and

Ohhhhhh! Banned on the BBC, the song went on to conquer the world.

Giorgio is currently working on another album with Summer, a non-Moog sound track for the film *Foxes*, and a "purist album" of Moog-only music. He still feels that his finest work is *MacArthur Park*: "A perfect mix, a beautiful melody. The words, of course, are another story."

—J. C.

HAIRLESS LEGS

For a 23-year-old actress, **Kathleen Beller** sure has had a helluva time of it. "In *Mary White* I fall off a horse and get killed, and in *Movie, Movie* I'm the sister who's going blind. In *Promises in the Dark*, which will be out later this year, I play a teenager who gets bone cancer and dies. And I've just signed to do *Rappacini's Daughter* for PBS. I don't die in that one; I kill people. I play a Fourteenth-Century girl whose very *being* is poisonous. Give me a flower and it wilts. Give me a kiss and it's the kiss of death. If I don't do a comedy soon, I'll go berserk!"

As a teenager, Kathleen had a hairy experience getting into commercials. "I was really very rowdy," she says. It seems she lost a chance to become a spokesperson for a

hair remover, after she said she didn't believe in shaving her legs. "And for a non-Latin I sure am hairy. It's really hard to keep up." Which explains, perhaps, why Kathleen prefers hairless pets. Like her boa constrictor, Legs.

"Snakes make great pets for actors, you know, because you only have to feed them once a month—it's easy to go on location. Of course, when you do feed them, you have to stuff live rats down their throats, but listen, every pet has its drawbacks. And when someone you don't like is at the door, you wrap yourself up in six and a half feet of boa constrictor and there's no problem."

So why do you call him Legs? "Because he doesn't have any."

—PETER GAMBACCINI

"Every pet
has its
drawbacks"



YORAM CAHANA

DRIVE LIKE A BUTTERFLY

We're sitting around his apartment in Marina del Rey, California. **Willy T. Ribbs**, the amateur Grand Prix racing champion of the world, stretches himself out against fat pillows on the floor, his hands clasped behind his head.

"I'm going to be a world-champion professional race-car driver. It's merely a matter of time," the 23-year-old says without blinking. "I'm good. Really good."

He points to a large trophy glistening on the mantel over the fireplace. "The Star of Tomorrow," he informs us when he sees the question marks on our faces. "The Dunlop trophy that's given each year to the best amateur Grand Prix driver in the world."

He seems a bit hurt that we didn't recognize it, but he's even more hurt that few people in the U. S. even know what he's done. He's the first American ever to win the Dunlop, and the first black winner, American or otherwise.

He then proudly shows us a clipping from the *London Evening News* which says: "... But move over, **James Hunt**! Here comes Willy T. Ribbs, Britain's first black racing driver and future world champion."

"Damn it! I'm American, not British. But at least they appreciate me over in Europe." He laughs and hands us some European magazines in which more articles about him appear.

"How do you think **Earl Campbell** would feel if, after having won the Heisman Trophy in college football last year, no one appreciated what he'd achieved?" He sighs. "You can't blame the American public, though. The average guy on the street in this country knows so little about Grand Prix racing."

But when the conversation turns to American sportswriters—experts who should know better—Ribbs's expression

becomes serious. "When I tell them I'm good and that I'm going to be a world champion, they say I'm just a cocky black kid. Dreaming. That my self-confidence is simply a product of my big ego. They quickly remind me of **Rajo Jack**, **Wendell Scott** and **Benny Scott**—all black drivers who tried to make it in motor racing and failed."

He looks at the trophy again and his eyes take on a far-away look.

"I realize better than anyone that I have yet to prove myself as a class Formula One driver. I have a lot to learn about top Grand Prix driving. About cars. But that's not the point. The point is that I *am* the amateur champion of the world. I am that *now*. This is a fact which American sportswriters either don't appreciate or choose to ignore. When **Sugar Ray Leonard**, **Howard Davis** and **Leon Spinks** said they'd all someday be world champions after winning Olympic boxing titles in Montreal, no one laughed at them. Sportswriters didn't accuse them of being cocky, for they knew these boxers had

beaten the best in the world. Boxing they understand; motor racing they don't."

Two years ago, with only a three-day driving course under his belt and \$1500 in his pockets, Ribbs purchased a \$350 one-way ticket to England. He rented a cheap room in Haroldwood, north of London, and with his remaining \$900 he searched for a race car to enter the 1977 Formula Ford Race of Champions sponsored by the British Racing Sports Car Club. He finally found one that fit his pocketbook—a Scorpion—the least expensive formula-car rental available. But before renting to him, the Scorpion people wanted to test him. In a rainstorm.

His natural ability was soon confirmed. He brought his lap time down steadily and eventually matched the best-ever Scorpion time in the wet weather. The Scorpion people were impressed and agreed to rent him a car for \$400 per race. Then he was ready for the Race of Champions, which *Autosport* magazine calls the "University of Motor Racing." It is crammed with ambitious, hun-

gry young drivers from around the world, all hoping someday to become professional world champions. And many have, including **Emerson Fittipaldi** and **James Hunt**. The cream of the crop compete there. It was Willy's first race and he came in third. The rest is history: 11 starts, 11 finishes; six first-place finishes; four second-place finishes; one third-place finish; six times fastest race lap; and no crashes, a rarity in Formula Ford racing.

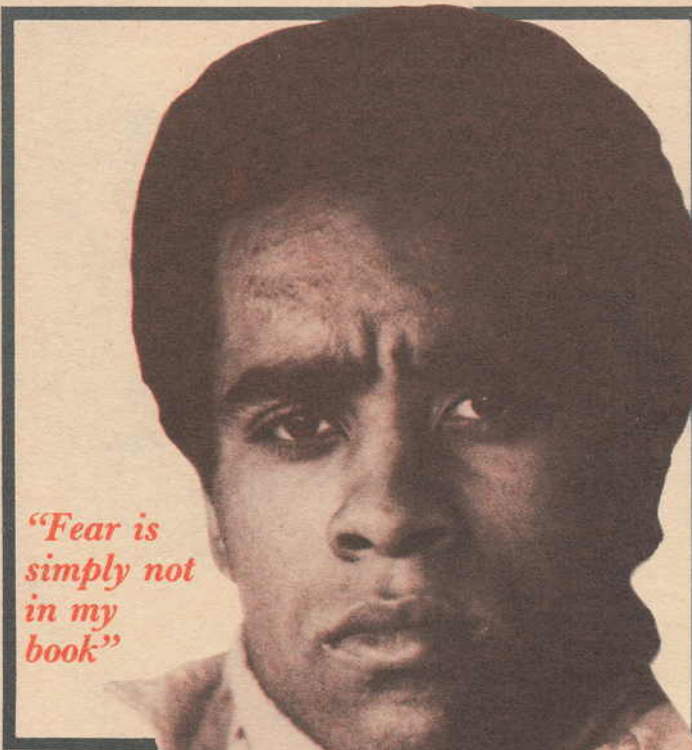
After only 11 months of racing in England, he'd left the other drivers so far behind in points that he didn't even need to enter the last two races to wrap up the Dunlop "Star of Tomorrow" trophy.

By the time he was ready to head home to San Jose last year, he was being hailed in Europe as the best young American driver ever to hit the British Isles. In addition, he was named "Outstanding Driver of the Year" by the Royale Automobile Club.

"Was it luck?" we ask. His manager answers: "No, it was Willy's remarkable car control. When watching Willy drive, you see the car take on a personality of its own. It does exactly what he tells it to do: 'Go two inches closer to the wall, go six inches, touch the wall, rub the wall, kiss the wall. Now move away from the wall.' Willy seems to whisper to it, and it always obeys. The car and Willy seem to be one; Willy's the brain, the car's the body. That's what makes him so good. Luck has nothing to do with it." Current world champion **Mario Andretti** was recently overheard to say that that cocky black kid makes him nervous. And no wonder.

"Fear's not in my book," Willy says. "When I drive in a race, I sit there with a smile on my face, as if I were driving to the corner market. I know I'm good. But I won't say I'm great until I win the championship."—WILL GIBSON

AND KATHLEEN HALL



"Fear is simply not in my book"

LORD OF THE RING If King's mouth were the American economy, every person would have four jobs. "I have been endowed by the man on high."

(Continued from page 81)

way of hustling his wares, and his entry into boxing was pure Kingsmanship.

The lone Cleveland hospital in a black neighborhood was about to close its doors because of a lack of money. King saw that by staging a benefit he could both save the infirmary and take a shortcut to respectability. With Muhammad Ali, whom he talked into fighting as the night's featured attraction, he promoted a one-night extravaganza of exhibition boxing. The event earned \$82,000, more than enough to save the medical center. It also launched King. He became a full-time boxing man. He served his apprenticeship by working with Don Elbaum who, for want of a better title, was then Mr. Ohio Boxing. All live boxing shows in the city off Lake Erie were promoted by Elbaum.

According to a couple of boxing people in the know, Elbaum was perfect for King to start with. It wasn't very hard for King to get the better of him. Muses one Madison Square Garden regular, "Elbaum's the kind of guy that if he got into the undertaking business, people would stop dying."

"King always had his sights set on higher things," boxing writer Vic Ziegel explained. "When he was starting out in boxing, he saw himself where he is now. Elbaum didn't know what to make of him. He helped King get to Jamaica for the Frazier-Foreman heavyweight championship fight in January of 1973. Elbaum himself watched from a theater in Cleveland. He saw King enter the ring with the champion, Frazier. He saw him leave with the champion, Foreman. Right there, even Elbaum knew King belonged in a higher league."

Gordon Del Faro, a Southern California businessman who until recently was a member of the California Athletic Commission, is a man who did not welcome King into big-league boxing. Del Faro voted against King receiving a license as a boxing manager a number of years ago and was even more vociferous in fighting against King's application for a California promoter's license.

"I don't dislike him personally," Del Faro said. "I think he's a charming guy. I just don't think he belongs in boxing. With his background, he couldn't get into pro football, baseball, basketball or hockey. The reason he got a license is we have some dummies on this commission. Besides, he's clever. When he talks, way in the background you hear Kate Smith singing *God Bless America*."

Don King sits at a corner table in Mike Manuche's famous New York celebrity hangout. His party includes a state senator

from his native Ohio and the dapper Manuche. King is dressed modestly today—no tuxedo—unlike yesterday's press conference, during which he announced his betrothal to Madison Square Garden. Then he wore a yellow ruffled shirt, a beige jacket, a black bow tie—and each and every loving strand of hair perfectly out of place. Seated on the podium next to Garden executives Sonny Werblin and Mike Burke, King looked like a Thanksgiving turkey dressed for carving.

The table conversation at Manuche's is boxing. King, as usual, is doing most of the talking. If his mouth were the American economy, every person would have four jobs. He is ecstatic. He has finally tied up with the Garden, something he has been trying to do for years. As he starts to ramble, he moves from conversation to speechmaking. He is no longer talking to the men with him. He has slipped into a multisyllabic cant.

"It is wonderful that I will now be associated with the temple of boxing, Madison Square Garden in New York; New York being the Mecca. I think I am a very talented promoter, and I say this humbly, because I think I've been graciously endowed by the man on high. I will bring a new excitement, a new flair to the Garden, along with the best in top-quality boxing . . . I will reinstall the glory of yesteryear . . . I will perform even more extraordinary than I have in the past . . ."

Later that day King would say, "Economics are my forte. Everything else is a complement. That's why I've given more than fifty thousand dollars to black organizations this year. I'd like to give more. One day I'd like to give one million dollars. Martin Luther King took blacks to the coffee shop. Don King wants to take them to the bank. The promised land is the bank."

Bob Arum, of course, disputes claims of King's economic proficiency. "He's a terrible operator and a bad businessman. Once he was in Tunis for a boxing convention and he lost his suitcase. Suitcase, not attaché case. When someone found and returned it to him, he showed the guy he had thirty-five thousand dollars in bills inside. He's still acting like he's operating the numbers racket in Cleveland."

A few hours after we leave Manuche's, we head toward one of the two brownstone buildings King owns on New York's expensive Upper East Side. This building, right off Central Park, is his boxing headquarters. The other, a few blocks further east, is home, DON KING PRODUCTIONS emblazons the facade of the five-story business edifice. Actually, everything King owns bears his name. He has insisted that his company's name be included on the

masthead of each boxing show with which he's been involved, even if he wasn't the primary promoter. His logo is a large crown, for King, which rests on top of the letters D-O-N. The ring apron and ring posts of all Don King fights bear this insignia. Two large flagpoles jut out at a 70-degree angle halfway up the front. One pole is for the flag of the United States. The second for that other sovereignty, Don King.

The business townhouse is fit for royalty, having been tastefully decorated by King's wife, Henrietta. (King has been married twice. His wife and daughter live on a 220-acre farm in Ohio. He also owns a house on Starr Island, Florida, plus the two New York brownstones. His two sons, both in their 20s, spend much time in New York.) Don King's office is on the third floor. He walks over to a blinking switchboard. José Sulaiman, the president of the World Boxing Council, is on the line. King excuses himself to take the call and advises the Mexican boxing official, "We're in good shape in California."

The walls of Don King's office are lined with pictures of dignitaries. Frank Sinatra, Joe Louis, Alex Haley, Jimmy Carter, all posing with King. Plaques and awards help to fill the walls. The floor is covered with a luxurious brown wall-to-wall carpet. A large American flag stands behind his desk. The phone is constantly ringing. People are regularly walking in and shaking hands with King, who is wearing a \$30,000 diamond ring, a \$3000 pinky job and a \$9000 watch.

"See that wall," he says, pointing at the pictures. "I've met with Mobutu, Torrijos, Kaunda and Nyerere because I've promoted fights all over the world. I have carved out a niche. I produce the flair, create the excitement, do my thing—and still come out with a profit to pay the rent."

It was that sense of flamboyance that led to another sticky point with Bob Arum. Prior to the third Ali-Frazier fight—"The Thrilla in Manila," on which the enemies collaborated at the insistence of Ali's manager, Herbert Muhammad—King threw a party in Chicago that cost \$150,000. It was an affair where the wine and beautiful women flowed. Arum called King on the need for the expense. King told him coldly that he was a real promoter and this was the manner in which real promoters operated. Soon after, Arum, who a recent *Ring* magazine story called "the smartest fight promoter on the scene today," accepted a financial settlement and let King run the promotion alone. "The Thrilla in Manila" was a huge financial and artistic success.

But in 1976, a falling out with Herbert Muhammad greatly weakened King's sta-

(Continued on page 128)

TAKEOVER OF FLIGHT 202

*The captain is always in command of his ship,
and that's what worried Lt. Pane*

I believe Captain Steele is ill. For what it's worth, this is only a belief, but it is supported by some rather disturbing evidence. For one thing, when he first used the public-address system to make some routine announcements, his voice was a bit shrill. Further, the announcements were not exactly what you'd call routine.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. I *am* your captain—I want to make that crystal clear. And as you know, the captain is always in *full charge* of his ship. Your captain is the *final* authority on all matters pertaining to and affecting his ship. To wit: this Boeing seven twenty-seven dash thirty, owned and operated by Universal Airlines, Inc. I point this out not gratuitously, but to make perfectly clear that if anyone should try any funny stuff, he will have to answer to Captain Wayne Steele, your captain—namely, yours truly, me. So if any of you think you can pull anything on this particular captain, you've got another *think* coming!" And so on.

He began his speech on the climb up and away from O'Hare in Chicago. We made a normal takeoff, aside from two loud reports, which we were told were merely the sound of two tires blowing—nothing serious. But when the plane had been trimmed up for its normal ascent rate, the captain came back on the loudspeaker. The stewardesses pretend it's all part of the act.

"Universal," one of the girls says to a passenger, "you know—the fun airlines?" Quoting one of their ads.

I don't suppose anyone believes that for a moment. There is always a sense

that I've seen, felt rather, on airlines. It is a sense that we are only just this side of panic, all of us—passengers, cabin attendants, flight crew—all only in need of the slightest provocation to be in the full swing of hysteria. Because what we are doing is so unreal, so dangerous, so outrageously arrogant—this business of flying. For my part, this speech of Captain Steele's is doing it. Normally a little clear-air turbulence is more than enough. At the slightest hint of something wrong on an airliner, my fight-or-flight systems shut down, and all I can do is grip the seat and quiver violently or, alternately, drink myself into a stupor.

It's becoming more obvious that the stewardesses are unable to convince anyone that everything is all right. What, we all wonder, has become of the other two flight-deck crew members? The co-pilot? The engineer? Both solid citizens with great psychological profiles—we pray. Men who operate best under stress? Yes? Veterans of wars? Yes, that must be it. They're just humoring the captain until they can get him to a doctor. Actually, the other two are flying the plane and merely letting the captain ramble on so that he won't become further disturbed. That must be it.

"... just outside of Dong Ha," the captain continues over the speaker. "Charlie had us pinned down. We were taking something like a round a minute from their mortars, and the sniper fire was so intense you could hardly lift your rifle. I mean, those gooks had us by the collective scrotum. But my men still paid attention to my commands



Fiction by Laurence Gonzales



ILLUSTRATION BY MICK HAGGERTY

FLIGHT 202 Something comes over me, however, something I'd rather not even think about, for my fear circuits have all apparently blown. I'm so afraid...

and, praise Gawd, so will you if you want to get to La Guardia in one piece." Here a pause that is, to say the least, chilling. "Now, just as a token of your loyalty, just to show your captain that you all mean business, I'd like some military push-ups. Say, fifty or so. Gotta keep in shape. So, everybody into the aisles and on your stomachs!"

Some of us take this business more seriously than others. I, for one, am down on my stomach in no time, seat-belt sign or no. For my captain—anything. Others, however, merely stare about in wonderment, as if smelling for an unidentified fart. Their detachment is somehow more tantalizing to me than my own terror.

"All right! Hup, two! Hup, three! Up, down! Let's go! Touch that chest to the ground, soldier!"

I do 30 before my strength fails me. Not bad for someone who does nothing but sit at a desk all day. The stewardesses are at a loss for what to do. Should they tell the faithful to get up off the floor and fasten their seat belts? Should they, on the other hand, command those in their seats to give 'em 50 quick ones? This, I'm afraid, was not covered in emergency training. Evacuate a burning plane? Sure. But how do you deal with a captain who is demanding push-ups from the passengers? The answer? Serve more cocktails.

When I got back to my seat I was gasping for breath. A Scotch was placed in my hand without so much as a "May I?" This seems to be a reaction designed to cover all situations: Serve more alcohol. The party must go on. Indeed.

"Good!" Captain Steele sounded pleased with our workout. "Just so we understand each other. Now I'm going to have a little inspection, since we've reached cruise altitude and the plane can fly itself. So everyone sit tight. I'll be right out."

My God.

You can see it in the passenger's eyes. The captain is going to present himself in the flesh. We see him emerge from the cockpit at the head of the aisle, his uniform as neat as a pin, an army-issue 1911-A .45 caliber pistol in its oiled leather holster at his hip.

Sweet Jesus, he's armed.

Not only that, but as he emerges, there are some cries of disbelief and horror from the first-class section and a stewardess rushes to close the cockpit door, lest other passengers see what she has already seen: The copilot slouched back in his seat, the

side of his head blown off; the engineer slumped to the floor at his console, a bullet through the heart.

Let's see, section 5, graph 3, part 2, under the heading "In Case of Captain Murdering Other Two Crew Members." No, not likely to be in the cabin attendant's handbook. Something comes over me, however, something I'd rather not even think about, for my fear circuits have all apparently blown. I have stepped over, through terror and paralysis, into that dreamland beyond where I am so afraid that nothing can touch me. In fact, the feeling of fear is so powerful that I must act, for I am almost giddy, soon to be hysterical with laughter if I don't do something. It's like referred pain, when the agony becomes so great that you don't feel it, or else you feel it where you are not wounded. Somehow my fear has metamorphosed into humor, which I must not show, or else I am liable to get my face shot off. But I must do something right this minute.

"Captain Steele, sir!" I hear myself shouting in a proper military style as I leap into the aisle in front of him. "Lieutenant Pane reporting for duty, sir!" I shout, saluting him sharply. Lord help me if he decides he doesn't want anyone to report for fucking duty.

"Hmm." The captain eyes me thoughtfully, considering the proposition. "Lieutenant, um, Pane?"

"Yes, sir!" Jesus, was that sarcasm? Approval? I do have a nice sharp voice.

"Very good. Await further orders on flight deck, Lieutenant," he says with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder. The cockpit. The glorious cockpit.

"Yes, sir!" I shout and head stiffly for the front of the plane. The captain strolls on down the aisle inspecting the passengers, who regard me with suspicion and profound bafflement.

The beautiful cockpit, replete with eight thousand knobs, dials, switches and flashing lights, every last one of which is a total mystery to me, since I have never even seen the inside of a cockpit before. But first things first. I lock the door. And if he has a key, tell Mom I loved her to the very end. I place myself in Captain Steele's seat, trying not to look at the copilot with half a head, or the engineer, that bloody bundle in the dashing blue uniform on the floor, the little golden wings above his heart bent and twisted by the force of a .45 slug. The right half of the windshield is spattered with blood. Out my side of the cockpit and seven miles below me, I see the hazy green earth. Curious.

Here, hanging on a little hook, is an earphone, a fleshy plastic thing that just fits inside the ear. A small, clear vinyl tube

swings around and hangs just in front of the mouth. I plug in the earpiece and hear static and voices.

"American sixty-six, contact Cleveland on one three one point niner, good afternoon."

"American six six, one three one point niner, thank you."

And so on. Greek. But here is a button, this much I know. Push it and talk. Let it up and listen. Push:

"Ah, hello? This plane's in trouble. Hello?" Let the button up. Static. Goddamn!

"South Bend Control. Did someone say there was trouble?"

"Yes." Oops, push the fuckin' button. "Yes! This plane is in bad trouble. There's been a murder."

"South Bend. We copy you have a murder on board. Please ident."

"Ident? Listen, I'm not the pilot. I don't know how to ident."

"Who are you? Where's your captain?" "He's back in the cabin doing inspection." No, wrong thing to say there.

"Listen, fella, if this is a joke, you're in big trouble."

"I am in trouble. This is a Universal flight to La Guardia and it's full of passengers. I'm a passenger and the captain's gone crazy and killed the copilot and engineer. I've locked myself in the cockpit and I want to know what to do."

Silence.

"Hello? Are you still there?"

"Uh..." This time he sounds disturbed. "We're still checking on this, sir. Please stand by."

Stand by? No, I think I'll just step out for a smoke while you're checking on it, thank you.

"Uh, sir?"

"Yes?" Push the button. "Yes?"

"We've contacted your company—I mean, we've contacted Universal, and you are Universal two-oh-two to La Guardia. We've got you on radar. There's a button on the instrument panel that reads PUSH IDENT. It's on a radio-looking thing. Can you see it? The dial should say eleven hundred."

Button? Push ident? Radio-looking thing? Shit, everything is a radio-looking thing. But there, yes: PUSH IDENT. 1100.

"I've got it."

"Good. Push that button."

The green light flashes as I push it.

"Good," he says. "We've definitely got you on radar."

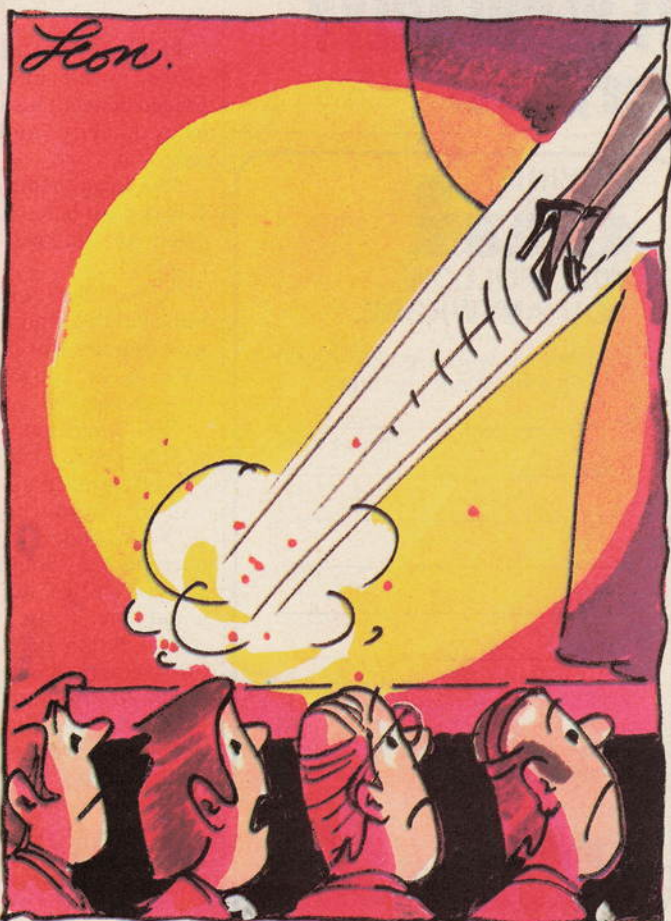
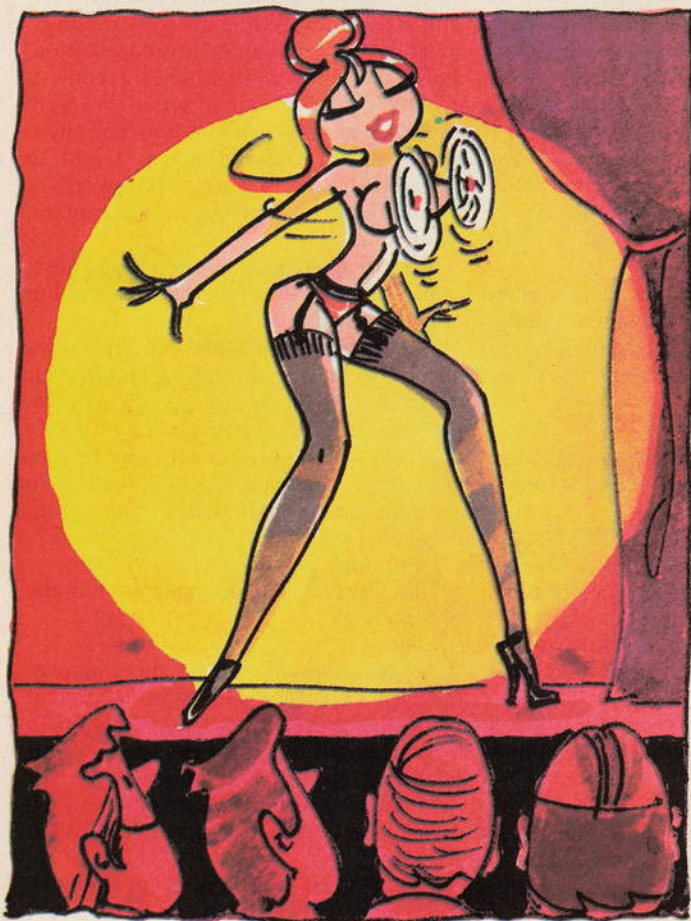
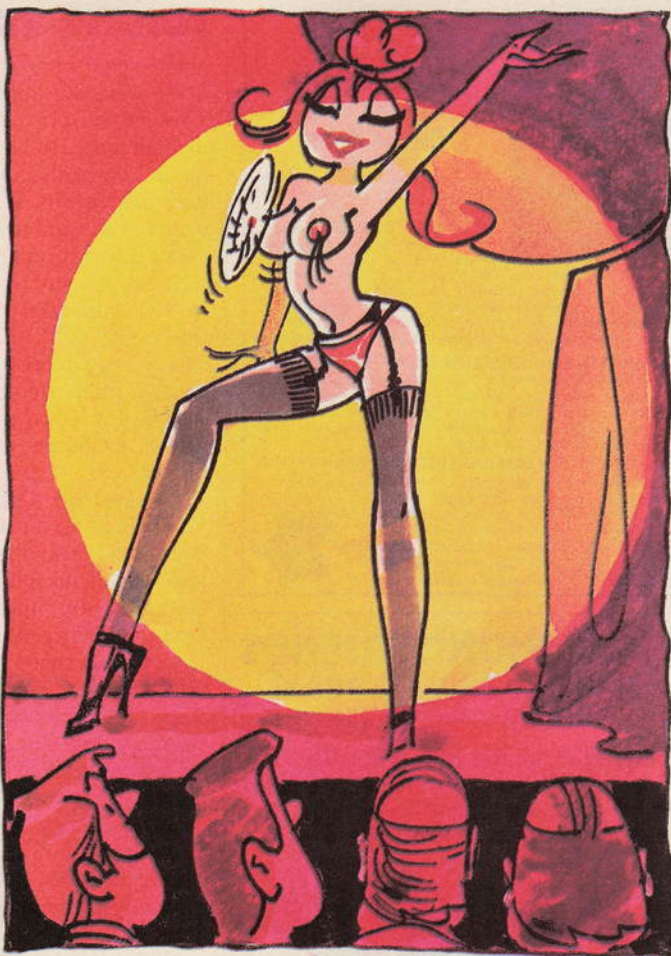
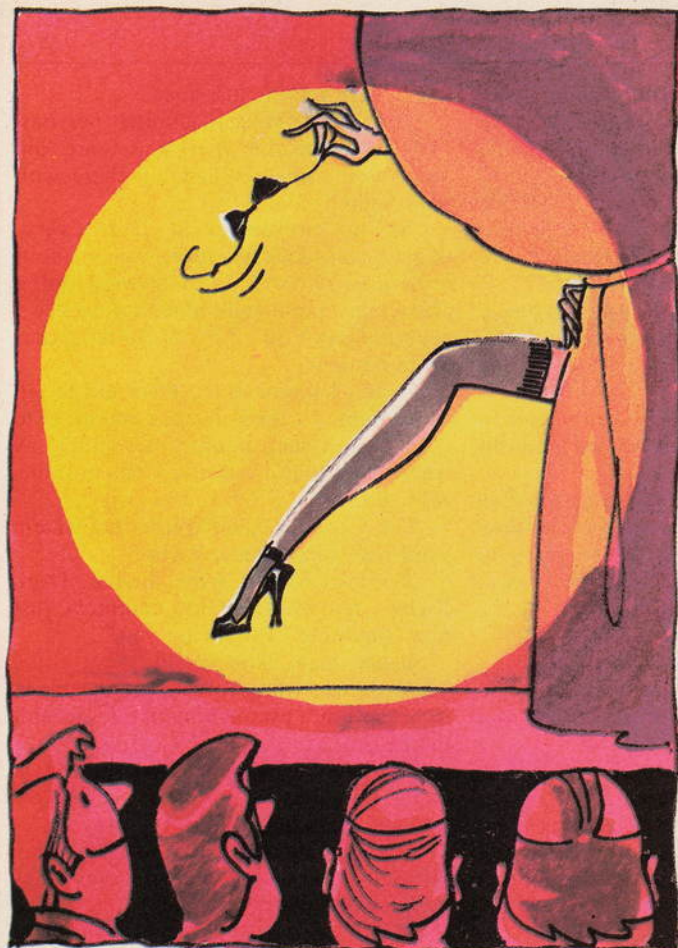
"So what? What do I do now?"

"Well... we have contacted your company and are waiting for advice."

Advice? I don't need advice. I need terra firma and a sawed-off shotgun.

"Listen..." Push the button, damn

The author, whose novel "Jambeaux" will be published in the fall (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.), flies single- and twin-engine planes.





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FLIGHT 202

it! "Listen, you don't seem to understand. This guy's gone batshit. He's killed two men already. He has a gun and he's going up and down the aisles conducting a military inspection. He's obviously off his rocker. All I want to know is how to get this plane down. Can't you tell me that? I've seen people get talked down before."

"Uh, Universal two-oh-two, I'm afraid that's just stuff you see in the movies. That's a negative on your question, sir. You aren't a pilot, are you?"

"No, I'm not a pilot, but can't you just sort of, you know, tell me how to land this plane?"

"Negative. Universal two-oh-two. You're in a seven two. It's a lot harder than you think. You'd crash. We're going to have to get the pilot back in the cockpit and talk him into setting down at La Guardia. Will you go get him?"

Now I'm fucked. Jump for the door.

"Sorry, Captain," I say to his flushed face. "I closed the door so it wouldn't swing around here. Come in, sir."

"Uh, yes, well." The captain is considering the situation. "Lieutenant, will you get those two stiff's into the lavatory." He harrumphs, loudly: "Insubordination. They had to face the music, but I don't want any commie corpses stinking up my flight deck."

"Yes, sir." Commie corpses? What is this?

Pull as I might, the goddamned engineer won't budge from where he's lodged beneath his seat. The copilot comes away heavily, and I stow him in the restroom.

"Sir, I can't seem to budge the engineer. I think we'd better wait till we touch down. Then we can take out the seat." Right, Captain?

"Get in there, Lieutenant." The captain indicates the copilot's seat, while resuming his position at the controls and plugging in his earpiece. I do the same in the right seat.

"Captain, sir?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"There was a call for you while you were out on inspection. South Bend Control wanted a word with you."

"Very good, Lieutenant." He keys the microphone. "South Bend, this is Universal two-oh-two, Captain Steele in command here."

"Ah, South Bend to Universal two-oh-two—Captain Steele, your company wants to talk to you. Stand by."

"Two-oh-two standing by."

"Captain Steele?" Another voice comes on the radio.

"Roger."

"This is Don Chillas at La Guardia. They've patched me into South Bend Control. How's the flight going, Captain?"

"Hi, Don. What're you doing on the

line? Flight's going just fine."

"Uh..." This voice is definitely nervous. "Uh, we heard that there was some, uh, you know, some problem up there with your flight."

"No, no problem at all, Don. Everything's just peachy. We're cruising at about three niner zero with a stiff tail wind, doing about mach point eight niner. Looks like a beautiful day. Can't think of anything that could be wrong."

Silence. I forgot to tell them not to tell the captain I called. I make promises to God I can't keep if only they don't say where they found out about this trouble. Here goes.

"Uh, Captain, could you let me have a word with First Officer Richy?"

"Captain Steele, here. Listen, Don, Richy's not available for comment just now. Anything I can do for you?"

Silence again. Now it's all over.

"Yeah, can I talk to your engineer, uh, Dave Burton? Just put him on for a second there, Cap."

"Captain Steele here. Dave can't talk either, Don. Just what is it you need there? I'm sure I can help you out."

"Uh, Captain, I don't know how to say this but... I mean, where are your other two crew members?"

"Well, Don, we *did* have a little problem here. And you know I *am* captain of my ship at all times. Well, there was—frankly—some gross communist insubordination, and it got to the point where I deemed it necessary to take positive action. We were really in a mutiny configuration here and—well, I'm sorry to say, Don, I had to execute Dave and Carl. I know it's a damn shame but—well, I *am* the captain, you know."

Silence. This time there is a long pause. The cat is out of the proverbial bag and I'm in the hot seat.

"Uh, listen," Don starts off, then stops again. I wish I were on the ground in their conference. Will we run out of fuel? No, probably not. What will we do? Probably die. That's easy. I just wish it could be now instead of—check the time—instead of in an hour and a half, when the captain decides to ram the terminal with his 727.

Now, don't go giving him any ideas.

Hey, Captain, why don't we just ram the old terminal?

Shut up!

"Listen, Captain Steele, uh, I'm over here at La Guardia, and I want to know if you and the wife'd like to have dinner with me and Sarah tonight. Let's see... your ETA is in about an hour and a half; so let's say I'll meet you at the gate, and then we'll drive out to my place for some grub. What say, Cap?"

"Well, Don, I really appreciate the offer. And I want you to tell Sarah how grateful I

am. But I'm afraid we've got a Situation Red here and I'm not going to be able to make La Guardia."

"Situation Red?"

"That's right, Don. See, it wasn't just your ordinary insubordination on the part of Carl and Dave. They're commies, pal. And I think this is part of a general take-over. Vietnam is in Chinese hands, and they're makin' the big play right now. And the very coast you're on is probably their target. Carl and Dave were talking about hitting the coast. They wouldn't talk when I interrogated them, but there is definitely something going on, and I will have to alert the Strategic Air Command about this thing. I think I may have a planeload of commies. I just made an inspection, and every last man jack of 'em smells like Peking to me. I've got one good man on my side here, a Lieutenant Pane, who's flying copilot right now, but the rest of my passengers are in on this thing, too. I've only got four rounds left in my forty-five, so there's only one thing left to do."

Silence. Conferences. I think my teeth are going to crack.

"Uh, Captain, what's that—the only thing left to do?"

"I'm going to have to crash the plane, Don. I can't let these commies loose on America. What I'd like to do is get out over the Atlantic and then just power-dive it into the drink."

Silence. It seems to be their best shot, this pausing for conference.

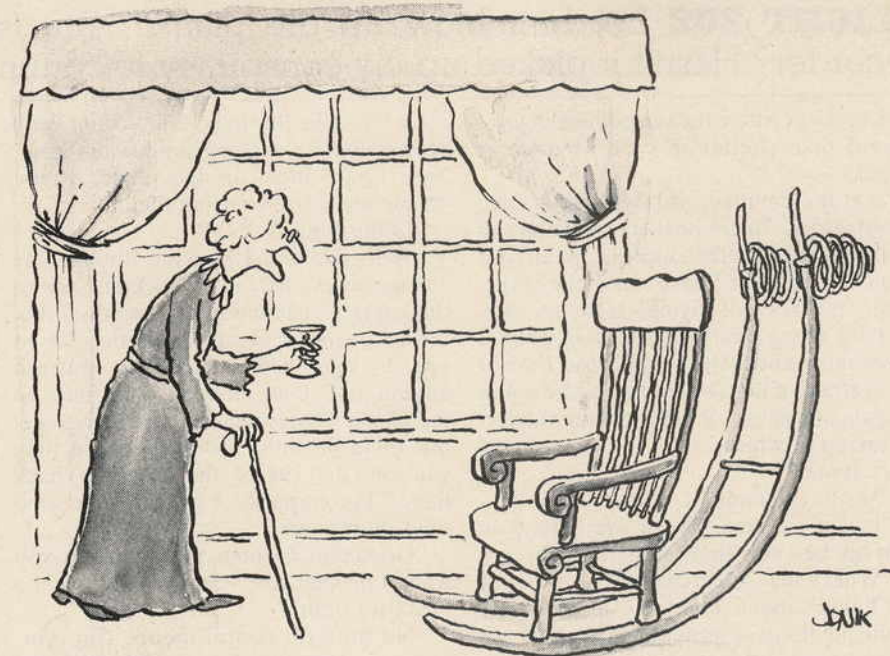
"Uh, Captain, how do you plan to survive that?"

"I'm sorry to say, Don, that I won't. But if a man can't give his life for his country, what goddamned good is he anyway? I'm doing this for the good of all, Don. And I want you to give a message to the wife. Tell her to let this be an example to the kids."

"Uh, Roger, Captain," the voice says weakly. "Listen, we have an army general here who says he is aware of the plot you're talking about, and he is extremely interested in interrogating the passengers you have on board. He says it's critical to the national security that he get certain information out of them before they are executed. He'd like you to bring the plane into La Guardia and then hold the passengers prisoner while he sends his intelligence officers out there to collect them and haul 'em off to where they belong. How did you copy that, Captain?"

"Lima Charlie, Don, loud and clear—but you might as well tell the general it's no use. They won't talk. Just like Carl and Dave. They're all in this together. They'd rather die than talk, and I'm afraid that's what we're going to have to give 'em."

"No, no, Captain, you don't understand." The poor man is on the verge of tears. "This general has some very specially trained technicians with some tough, new techniques for interrogating prisoners. He guarantees that his efforts will



produce information that could save the whole free world from international communism. He says he has to insist that you bring them in safely so that he can have a crack at them."

"Well, Don, I'm sorry, but I'll have to get an order direct from the President if I'm going to change my plans. You know how they can fake these army orders there in Peking. How am I to know that this isn't just part of the plot, too?"

"Captain, hang on there—I'm going to put the general on."

The captain turns to me and waggles his finger at his temple, indicating that they're nuts.

"Lieutenant, can you believe these crackpots think I'm going to obey some gook general come to La Guardia to pose as one of our boys? Ain't that the most ridiculous thing you've ever heard?"

"Uh . . ." Let's see, now—don't insult him here. "Well, sir, Captain," very sincere, very serious, "there just may be something to this. You know, we developed some pretty sophisticated techniques over the years. Might be worth a try."

"Horse crap, son." The captain is a bit fatherly, come to think of it. Probably has a really nice wife, too. "Do you know that SAC bombers can't even take orders direct from the President, once they're sent out to a target? Because the goddamned Russians or Chinese can fake even the President's voice? Hell, you saw how they faked Nixon's voice on all those tapes to get him outta office, didn't you? That poor man was kicked outta office by the fuckin' Russians. Now they've got their man in the White House, and for all I know they've got men in the army and air force, too. If I let these commies go," here he jerks his thumb back toward the cabin, "no telling

what'll happen. You and I land at La Guardia, and we'll be as dead as Carl and Dave. So we might as well take these pinkos with us. Don't you see that?"

"Still, Captain . . ." Still what? Still, here we have one bongo loony, cut from the grand old mold, folks, and he seems to know what he wants. "Still, you know, you could be doing your country a grave disservice by depriving key army strategists of information critical to this impending war." Good boy. Nicely put, that.

"Well, Lieutenant," the captain says, sincere as shit, "you know I trust your judgment, else you wouldn't be up here with me. You know, I'm not even so sure about those stews out there. You're really the only one I can trust here. But I sure don't agree with what you're saying." Here is a very icy, hard look pointed at me, one squinting blue eye. In a dead whisper: "You're not afraid to die, are you?"

"God, no, Captain!" I hope that was cheery enough. Shit, I'd just love like hell to die. Goddamned if I know why I haven't died already. Then, sternly: "I've faced the guns before, Captain." In a movie theater in midtown Manhattan—*Shane*, 1960. Nice flick.

"You seen action?"

"Yes, sir. Killed my share of gooks in that little scramble. Twenty-sixth marines at Khe San ring a bell? Hill eight seventy-five, near Dak To?" Read that in an *Esquire* article by Michael Herr. "Damn shame about us not nukin' Hanoi when we had the chance."

"Goddamn right!" Captain's pleasure nerve struck by that. "Shoulda dropped the big one," he says with obvious sadness.

"Shoulda sent up the goddamned balloon, all right." I remember reading that phrase in some bogus *New York* magazine

FLIGHT 202 Let him blow up the plane...But isn't there a cockpit voice recorder? Hasn't it picked up my conspiracy to commit murder?

article about where the key political figures would take shelter in case of nuclear attack.

"Let the damned bird fly!" He is once again joyous. These shifts of mood don't sit well with me. I prefer a nice even keel. And somehow or other I have completely overcome my fear of flying. Here we are, zipping along near the speed of sound, seven miles above the ground, and I'm not at all afraid of that. I would welcome doing it again and again—if I ever get the chance. Speaking of which . . .

"Captain?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"I have an idea." Keen eye here, give him my best steel-hard military look.

"What's that, Lieutenant?"

"Talkin' about lettin' the bird fly just made me think of something. Now, let me see if I can get this straight." Pause. What can we use for bargaining in the good captain's addled terms? "See, we've got first-strike capabilities, right? I mean, the army can hit Peking first, see?"

"Yeah, I know that. So what?"

"Well, don't you understand? We've got to convince those wheelchair generals down on the ground to hit the gooks *now*." Pound fist on steering wheel for emphasis. Oops! Plane takes a sickening dip. Must go on, though. "If they've gone so far as getting a man in the White House and getting one of Universal's planes filled to capacity with spies . . . If they've even gone so far as to infiltrate your very own cockpit crew with Chinks, then they must be awful goddamned close to making their move on Washington or New York"—pause for effect—"with *nukes*. Don't you see? We've got to hit them first. That's the only way anybody in the free world's going to survive."

"Goddamn, Lieutenant, I didn't even *think* of that." The captain seems impressed with the notion. "How do you suppose we could get 'em to do it?"

"I sure don't know, Captain. Only thing I can think of is it's you and me against the whole goddamned United States army, if they don't know what's good for America. And here's what I think: As much of a sacrifice as it might seem to be at this point, you're going to thank yourself later."

"Thank myself for what?"

"Well, listen, Captain." Confidential whisper: "You and I have to go down there and *convince* them to do it. I mean, to hell with these punk spies." I have studied his thumb jerk and use it to indicate the passengers, who I must assume are back there drinking Scotch and pissing in their boots. "They're just pawns in this game. What we have to do is get to the *big brass* in Peking—and quick. My plan is to set down

at La Guardia, like they want you to. We'll pretend that we're going along with them." Now what? Blow up the plane? Right. "Now, where are your big fuel tanks?"

"In the wings."

"Well, you and I deplane through the emergency exit here in the cockpit." Above the captain's shoulder is a window that breaks open for escape if needed—or so says the sign. "Out we go, then you turn around and shoot the tanks and blow up the plane. That way, you and I can go get this thing moving, and at the same time you can get rid of the commies back there." For emphasis, I give another good solid thumb jerk.

"Goddamn, Lieutenant, where were you when I needed you?" Smile. Lord, what a beautiful smile.

"No time for compliments, Captain. This is for America!" A tear of sincerity? No, that'd be too hokey. "All right, let's call back and tell 'em we're coming in." Lieutenant Pane, hero. I have this feeling, this exhilaration. I have truly risen above myself in this. Amazing what extreme cowardice in the face of danger will do for you.

"Universal two-oh-two, Captain Steele speaking."

"Universal two-oh-two, go ahead," the voice says.

"We've decided to come in. Have your general standing by. We're bringing in a load of commies for interrogation."

"Roger. Descend to twenty-two thousand and maintain heading niner zero."

"Out of three niner zero for two two zero, heading niner zero, Universal two-oh-two."

We go into a descent here as the captain expertly shifts engine thrust and attitude. How well he flies this plane alone. Now, what do we do once we get on the ground? Let him blow up the goddamned plane, for all I care. I'll be out of it. But then, isn't there something called a cockpit voice recorder? And hasn't it picked up my conspiracy to commit murder? And won't I be strung from the highest yardarm in the land for saving my own ass at the expense of 92 passengers and five cabin attendants? And won't the dear captain be lounging in the sun at some loony bin while I'm breaking rocks and getting my ass packed in some federal prison? The answers here all appear to be yes. It seems even in civilian life you must be a hero or die. So be it.

We are coming down and the captain is talking. More aviation crap that makes little sense—numbers and letters. But the ground is right there, friends, and we are coming over the river into—no, it's the Sound and we're on runway 22-L at La Guardia.

"Gimme spoilers on the flare, Lieutenant," he says.

"Sorry, Captain, I don't understand."

"Here, goddammit!" He's flying the plane by hand and is busy and tense. He points to a lever. "Pull this back on the flare. When I say 'now,' you pull."

"Uh, Roger, Captain." Get that? Roger, indeed. What the hell is a spoiler?

"Now!" he shouts and I pull. The plane hits the ground gently and we are slowing. We have landed, praise God!

"All right, Lieutenant, we're going to taxi way out away from the terminal, and when I open this window, come on out fast. Got it?"

"Roger, Captain." That phrase sort of grows on you. Didn't they used to say wilco, too? Better not chance it. Nobody else has said that so far.

He is coming to a stop out here on this deserted taxiway, or runway, or whatever it is. I can see the emergency vehicles, fire trucks and—wow—they've even got Jeeps out there. Must be those special teams they use. What do they call 'em? Black Berets? Maybe they can do something.

"Let's go." Captain Steele is up and we have here—hmmm—a rope. A rope? Yes, I guess we are expected to climb down a rope to get out. Well, hell, if I can do 30 push-ups, I guess I can climb down a rope to get out of the plane that we are about to blow up.

Captain Steele drops to the ground and lands wrong, slamming his head hard on the concrete. My God, maybe it's knocked him out. What luck that would be. I follow quickly, sliding down the rope, which burns my hands. Shit. No such luck. He's getting up slowly, rubbing his head. But something's wrong here. Captain Steele now has the gun pointed at me.

"Just stay put," he says evenly, his tone now quite different from before. And he's waving to the emergency vehicles and Jeeps, which have started rolling toward us. As the first Black Beret jumps down bearing his rifle, Captain Steele says, "I was able to grab the gun away from him. I suppose you all knew all along there must have been a hijacker aboard making me say all those things."

"Yes, sir," the man spoke crisply. "In fact, I heard them discussing that just before you touched down."

"Now, wait just a minute here." I say, but the men are all around now and one says, "Shut up," and points with a rifle in such a way that I do shut up. Maybe I'd better wait for the lawyers, I guess.

"Are you all right, sir?" one of the men is asking Captain Steele.

"Yes, fine," he says. "Just bumped my head coming out. I'm sorry to say about Carl and Dave . . ." Steele says, jerking a thumb at me as they put the handcuffs on and begin loading me into a truck. ■



*"In her first
passion, woman
loves her lover.
In all the others, all
she loves is love."
—Lord Byron*

Aslam

SCANDAL AT IBT When a rat died, says the FDA, it was simply replaced with another rat. IBT kept no records of dates of substitutions.

(Continued from page 54)

pany, a regular client, came around with a contract on its triclocarban (TCC). IBT couldn't say no.

Triclocarban had been around since 1963, but this was its first long-term safety test. Before 1972, chemicals used externally did not have to undergo long-term testing. Which was just as well, since all through the Sixties TCC had been playing second fiddle to hexachlorophene. But in the early Seventies hexachlorophene was banned from over-the-counter formulas by the FDA, after it was found to have toxic effects when absorbed through the skin. TCC became a popular substitute in antibacterial formulas. According to FDA microbiologist Mary Bruch, "Virtually all antimicrobial soaps on the market today contain TCC."

The 1972 FDA panel that condemned hexachlorophene indicated that TCC might be toxic as well. The Monsanto/IBT test, then under way for a year, was presented, suggesting that high concentrations of TCC in the bloodstream apparently caused damage to the testicles of test animals. Lacking conclusive evidence of the chemical's safety, the panel set up permissible dosages of TCC. However, those dosages *exceeded* what most manufacturers were already using in their deodorant soaps. With the FDA's stamp of approval, both Armour-Dial and Procter & Gamble increased the amount of TCC

to the maximum FDA level.

Two years later, in 1974, the IBT final report was ready, but the same panel ruled that there was still not sufficient data to make any decisions. After two years of toxicity testing by IBT, there wasn't enough evidence for the panel to decide whether TCC was as harmful as hexachlorophene or as harmless as a plain bar of soap.

On the touchy subject of rats' testicles, the panel noted that massive doses of TCC did indeed affect the testicles, but that the data was "still not definitive." And it certainly was not. One set of figures said that blood concentrations of 50 to 70 parts per million caused testicular damage; another set (IBT's) said 200 ppm was the level that caused damage; still another put the danger level at less than 100 ppm. There was also confusion as to how much TCC was absorbed through the skin and into the bloodstream. Monsanto said TCC would disappear from the bloodstream in minutes. Calculations based on the IBT figures showed that a person could absorb 0.1 ppm of TCC into the bloodstream with each bath, but whether or not the chemical disappeared was uncertain.

Despite the confusing data, the FDA panel did reach some conclusions regarding TCC's safety. It reviewed the "unconfirmed" data which suggested that TCC had caused brain and splenic changes and reproductive difficulty and recommended more definitive research. Because of the

possibility of liver damage, it warned against TCC's use with infants. The panel ruled that TCC was *not* "generally recognized as safe" in five of seven product categories: patient preoperative skin preparations, skin antiseptics, skin wound cleansers, skin wound protectants and surgical hand scrubs. The decision on the use of TCC in deodorant soaps and health-care personnel handwashes was relegated to future study. Monsanto was informed late in 1977 that TCC would not be reclassified until Monsanto submitted another study.

When the FDA investigators visiting IBT's Northbrook lab asked to see the original lab records for the TCC study, they were refused access by both IBT and Monsanto. It took them until the late summer of 1976 to get their hands on the records, and until the next December to get "explanations" of the deficiencies and irregularities they uncovered.

Those explanations raised more questions than they answered. The records showed that IBT had five studies going at the same time, three with TCC and two with an unidentified Monsanto product. All of the studies involved rats, and the rats had been shuffled back and forth from study to study and cage to cage until even IBT wasn't sure which rats belonged to which study. "... it is impossible to sort out what animals were on this study," said investigator Gross to Senator Kennedy after months of puzzling over the records, "how many animals were on the study, how many animals were kept in single cages or in group cages. There is utter confusion as to how the animals were numbered. They were placed from one part of the study to another one, and they died. It is impossible to conduct a thorough validation of indication of the animals. The records are completely inadequate. It is just a hopeless situation."

When a rat died, says the FDA, it was simply replaced with another rat from one of the group cages, who was given the dead rat's cage number. IBT kept no records of dates of substitutions or the cages from which the substitute animals were taken, and no one knew which of the five studies the substitute rats came from.

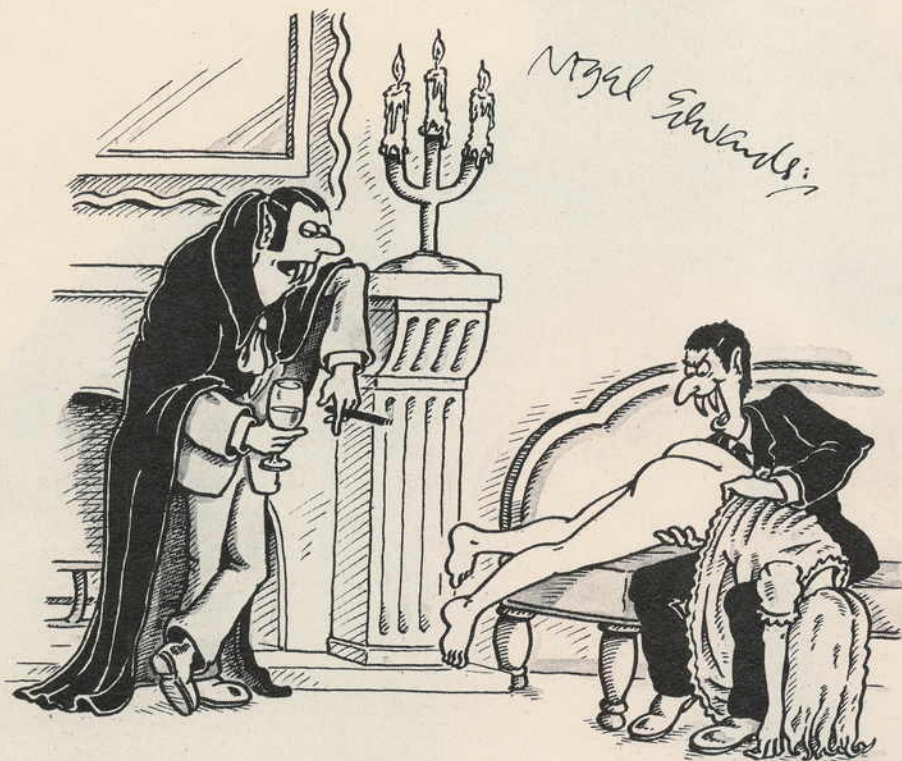
When Senator Kennedy reviewed this information, he asked Dr. Crout: "You have got a safety study that is completely unjustified or unwarranted, deficient, is that correct?"

Dr. Crout: "That is correct."

Senator Kennedy: "That is done by the same testing laboratory, IBT?"

Dr. Crout: "That is correct."

Senator Kennedy: "You have got probably millions of Americans using this particular product?"



"I'm a neck man myself!"

Dr. Crout: "All those who wash, as far as we know."

The accusations got even heavier with FDA reviewer Ronald Britten's declaration: "False information. . . false mortality data, and false laboratory data, were submitted to the government in the one year report about the time when an official OTC [over-the-counter] Panel was reviewing TCC. The false submissions on structure and mortality appear to me to have the effect of making the study and the drug look better than they are. . . . The investigation of the TCC . . . study has thus far centered on issues of scientific integrity. I recommend that an investigation of possible fraud be considered."

Faced with charges not only of immorality but of illegality, Monsanto took strong issue with Britten and the FDA. Defending itself against the FDA's charges, the company announced in March of 1977: "Our review of the records and the results of the study have led us to conclude that the protocol, scientific conduct and conclusions of this particular study are valid. . . . Identification of individual animals is *not considered necessary* to observe and document . . . pathologic effects" [emphasis added].

Despite the fact that several substances tested by IBT—including Phosvel and Naprosyn—were either condemned or under suspicion by the FDA at the time, Monsanto stuck by its testing lab, IBT. "We do not believe the [TCC] study conducted by Industrial Bio-Test needs to be repeated, based upon our own analysis of the laboratory information."

In the same unsigned letter, though, Monsanto applauded Senator Kennedy's subcommittee's investigation of private laboratories:

"If abuses are found, we hope the Subcommittee will recommend remedial action. This would clearly serve the national interest and such action is consistent with Monsanto's own interest in developing reliable data for evaluating the biological effects of chemicals."

Like Syntex, Monsanto itself is now redoing IBT's test.

Big deal, you say. You'll just switch soaps. Fine. And while you're at it, switch soft drinks, bread and anything else that contains any of the *hundreds* of other chemicals that IBT has tested, and on which no apparent FDA action has been taken.

Brominated vegetable oil, for instance, is an emulsifier found in virtually every citrus-flavored drink in America. It's there, emulsifying Fresca, Orange Crush and others because IBT said it was safe, based on its toxicity tests. Now, in the light of IBT's history and a report in the *Consumer Dictionary of Food Additives* (1978) saying brominated vegetable oil could be damaging to the central nervous system and

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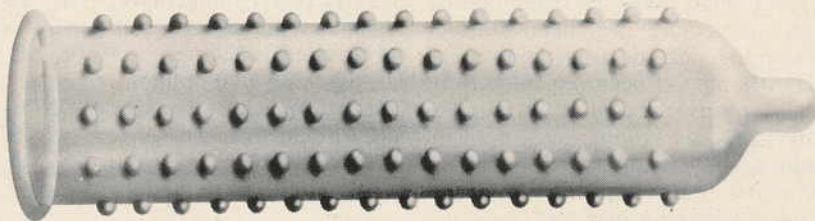
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SCANDAL AT IBT Many officials of the regulatory agencies also hold financial interests in the very same companies they're responsible for regulating.

kidneys, the FDA is suspicious again.

And then there's potassium bromate, found in most commercial breads. The FDA certified it as safe but then, as an afterthought, hired IBT to do a long-term test on potassium bromate's toxicity, a test which had not been done before. It is known that potassium bromate *can* be a deadly poison, causing central nervous system damage and death due to kidney failure in man as well as animals. But its exact lethal dosage is unknown.

And what about methapyrilene—an antihistamine used in most over-the-counter sleeping aids and some allergy and cold medications like Cope, Excedrin P.M., Somnex, Compōz, Nytol and Nervine? The Los Angeles *Times* of May 2, 1979, reported that methapyrilene had been found to cause liver cancer in rats, based on a study conducted by the National Cancer Institute. But guess who our sources claim conducted the *first* long-term study of the chemical back in the early Sixties? IBT, of course, who originally reported that liver biopsies (part of standard testing procedures when checking for carcinogenicity) had been conducted. According to our FDA source, however, liver biopsies on IBT's test animals had *not* been conducted, and IBT had submitted false information. The recent study by the NCI revealed what the IBT test should have: that 9 out of 100 rats died and liver tumors (the size of one-fourth the animals' body weight) were discovered in some test animals. The FDA had proposed last year to remove the chemical from those sleeping aids, but as we go to print, the ban has not yet been put into effect, although reports are coming in that the manufacturers are pulling methapyrilene from their products.

Remember paraquat, our old friend from the marijuana fields? Well, paraquat was also tested by IBT. And even though the chemical was not approved for use in the United States, Mexico was allowed to purchase it—and the substance eventually came back to the U. S. in a slightly different form.

There are many things we do not know about IBT because, at the moment, the complete list of the chemicals IBT has tested is not public information.

The U. S. Attorney in Chicago has subpoenaed a few documents from IBT and IBT is awaiting legal action there, but a jury has yet to decide if there is a prosecutable offense. The Northbrook plant has been shut down, and IBT's parent company, Nalco Chemical, has unloaded the IBT facility in Decatur, Illinois, to the Whittaker Corporation.

As for the suspect chemicals we've been telling you about—they're still on the mar-

ket and they're doing fine. Naprosyn, marketed in 48 countries, earned \$87 million last year. TCC is still selling well, and its manufacturer, Monsanto, is operating at a nice profit. And it doesn't look like any other suspect products will be pulled from the market soon, either.

... millions of Americans were shown to be taking products whose safety had not been demonstrated. Perhaps most alarming was the admission that both the magnitude of the problem and the number of products involved was unknown. That is still the case today.

Millions of Americans are taking products—drugs, food, additives, food colorings—which they believe to be proven safe but which, in fact, have not been.

Our regulatory system is always supposed to give the benefit of the doubt to the American people. Drugs must be proven safe before they are marketed. Carcinogens must not be allowed on the American dinner table.

But it is now clear that our regulatory system has broken down.

—Senator Edward Kennedy, during the Senate Health Subcommittee hearings on IBT, March 10, 1977

The chemical manufacturers do not seem to agree with Kennedy that the regulatory system has broken down. In fact, they're complaining, ever increasingly, of just the opposite. As John Hanley, president of Monsanto, wrote earlier this year in a *Newsweek* commentary: "The Federal regulatory process . . . chills the climate for private risk-taking. . . . Approvals can take so long that millions in sales and competitive lead can be lost. . . . Worst of all, a product can be banned entirely on flimsy evidence, wiping out the fruits of innovation for both the innovator and the consumer."

Hanley may be sobbing a bit too loud, for there is reason to surmise that the Federal regulatory agencies lean more toward his side than he thinks. One hears more and more rhetoric from the agencies that might just as easily come from the companies they are supposedly regulating. Example: One EPA director reportedly said, "It is a well-known fact that the results of a toxicological test are determined more by the successes or failures of the technician with her boyfriend the night before than by the design of the experiment or the health of the [test] animals."

And many officials of the regulatory agencies also hold financial interests in the very same companies they're responsible for regulating, according to 1978 hearings by Representative John Moss's House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. Of 630 regulators investigated, 243

were found to have financial conflicts of interest. And the FDA even went so far as to issue instructions to its employees on how to get around the law regarding such conflicts.

Now that doubt has been cast on the IBT-tested chemicals, the FDA or EPA presumably has the option of removing them from circulation until their safety is proved once and for all. But both agencies are apparently restricted by lengthy administrative procedures and the necessity of proving "beyond a reasonable doubt" that a product is an "imminent hazard" to human health (i.e., that there are enough dead or maimed bodies lying around).

"Even when the [premarketing safety test] information is faulty or inaccurate or misleading?" asked Kennedy of the FDA's Dr. Crout. "And what sense does that make?"

"It does not make a lot of sense," replied Crout. "That is the way the law is constructed."

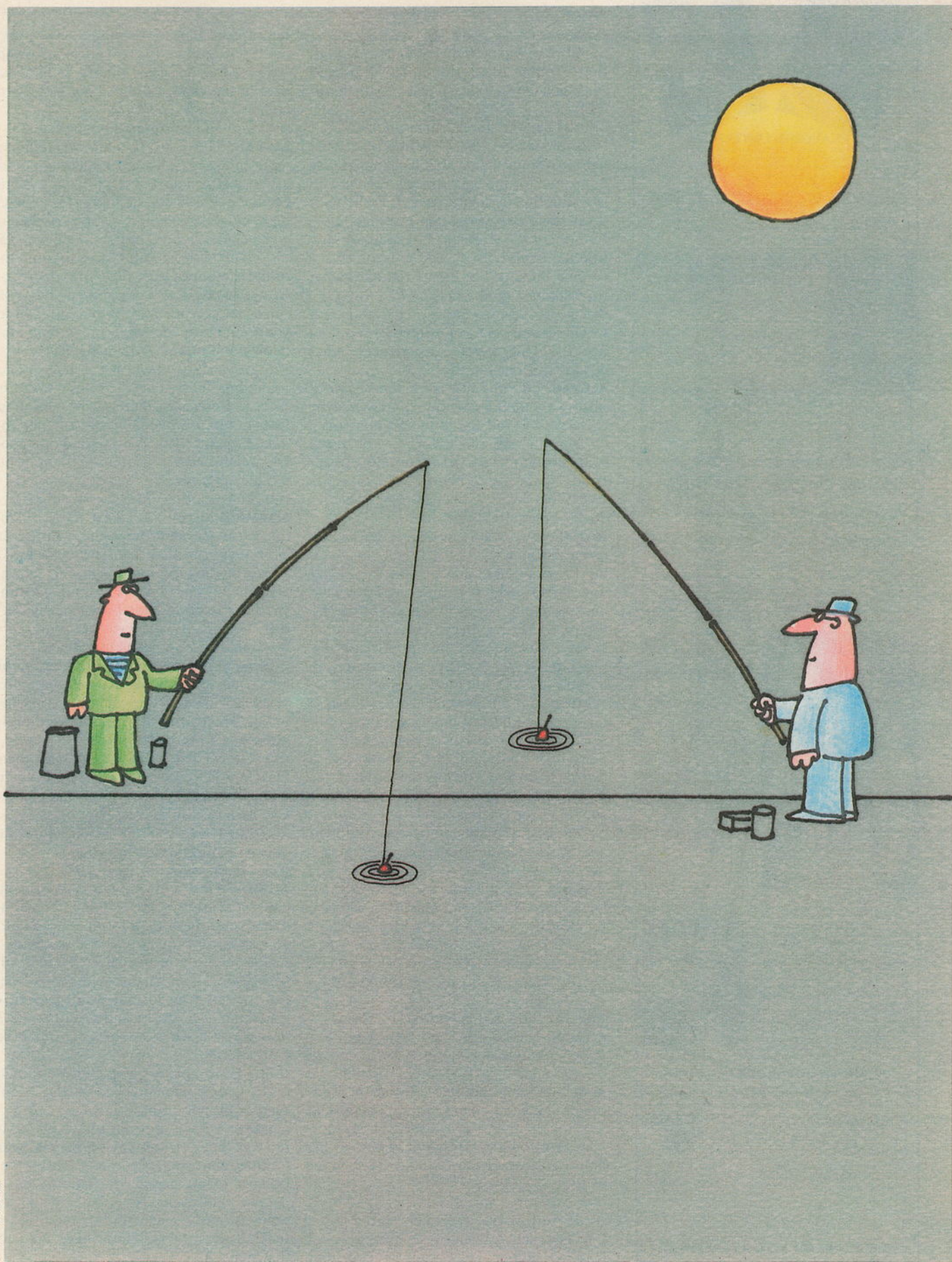
Kennedy later remarked, ". . . we have got the cart before the horse. . . . It seems to me that what you are almost saying to some people is . . . if you can get the drug on the market, even with false or fallacious kinds of information, you can tie up the FDA for a period of time and they are powerless to do very much about it. . . . We have got the incentives . . . and the protection of the consumer wrapped up the wrong way."

The FDA did ask Congress for legislation to modify the "imminent hazard" standard and permit them to ban a product as soon as its safety was in doubt. That legislation, despite Kennedy's efforts, has yet to get off the ground.

But the regulators do have one weapon they can use against a problem lab. That weapon is the "good laboratory practices" system of approval, which allows an agency to disqualify and prosecute labs that fail to comply with government testing standards. A pilot inspection program by the FDA in November 1976 showed that of 12 labs investigated, nine were satisfactory. A later report, in April 1978, concluded that of 104 laboratories investigated, none had even come close to the problems found at IBT.

The FDA now plans to inspect every testing lab every two years—a positive step, but one that may give a false sense of security. After all, an astonishing number of chemicals and drugs consumed daily in America bear the tenuous IBT seal of approval. How many of those are Frankensteins?

No one knows. But as Senator Kennedy said, "We have heard expert testimony to the effect that a man-made cancer epidemic may very well be in our future." ■





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ALLMAN

(Continued from page 74)

were two of them. We tried to do the tunes that Duane liked the most. I played *Melissa* by myself. It seemed like the hardest twenty or thirty minutes. I have a tape of it which I've never listened to.

People ask me, "Why? Why?" That's the hardest thing, to try and feel that things happened for the best. I mean, man, death is just so fuckin' final to us left up here, or down here, or wherever. I immediately found out how much I leaned on my brother. Everybody leans on each other a certain amount, but then I felt like—what the hell am I gonna do now?

OUI: What if you were in a club and went to take a shit and saw someone shooting up? In light of your experiences, what would your reaction be?

ALLMAN: I'd probably give him a quick history about O.D.ing three times—how by the grace of God I'm alive and how it is a chickenshit way out. If I knew you fairly well, I wouldn't snatch the stuff out of your hand, but I'd try to belittle you.

OUI: What was it like coming close to death three times?

ALLMAN: I woke up one time after having taken an overdose of pills. I didn't mean to, but I took one too many. What happened was, I had taken a couple, had gotten a buzz on and forgotten how many I took. So I kept on taking them. The next thing I knew, I woke up and my mouth and jaw were real sore. I stuck a spoon in my mouth; in fact I still have a chipped tooth. My feet and chest were achin'. It was a horror show. Then, I finally got tired of it. The worst part of it was that ninety-five percent of the whole day was devoted to getting tomorrow's fix together. I didn't see no trees; I didn't know shit. Back then, I couldn't have taken none of this [interview] on. I'd have probably sat here and nodded and grooved. The other five percent was devoted to listening, writing and playing. That was it. That was my whole life for nearly three years. And man, I didn't have no monkey; I had a family of orangutans up my back. You don't have to worry about me going back to that shit, man. I begged them to kill me. Forty-nine days of pure hell.

OUI: How did you get cured?

ALLMAN: I was in Buffalo, New York. Remember that bad winter they had a couple of years ago? Well, that's right where I was, in a four-story house. I got there right before the snows hit. I met this man who was a director of a drug abuse program in New York State. He took me into his house, instead of the hospital—to stay out of the papers, you know. I stayed in that house for forty-nine days. After I had been there a little over a week, I guess, the snows hit. The damn front was covered . . . I couldn't get out. They dropped food from

helicopters. I mean, I couldn't have gotten out if I wanted to. If I had got out, I would have died in the snow; and if I hadn't have died in the snow, I didn't have nobody to cop from. I was snookered.

OUI: Did you go on methadone?

ALLMAN: They did this stair-step thing [of reduced dosages]. I was on methadone for a year and a half. I was addicted to both. Methadone is synthetic heroin. It's a legal high is all it is. Then, over a period of eighteen days, they cut the dose down. On the eighteenth day, he says that in the future, he hopes I get my shit together on orange juice. Man, I got immediately sick. Then the doctor says, "Why don't you let your mind give your ass a break. You ain't hooked on nothin'. You're clean."

Man, just the fact that I had to put something in my face or in my arm to be me . . . Lord have mercy. You talk about weak? Man, I begged them to kill me. You talk about torment. For a period of a good two weeks, I never slept more than twenty minutes at a time.

OUI: Did you ever think about Jesus?

ALLMAN: I never prayed so much in my life. "Just get me through this." But as far as church goes, they have devious ways of acquiring lots of money that I haven't agreed with since I was a kid. I don't think you have to go to church to get religion.

OUI: Would you have ever been hooked if it weren't for motorcycle accidents?

ALLMAN: I was hooked before then. Actually, I guess I was hooked longer than three years. I cleaned up once, before I got heavy into it. Then, after that, about two months after that, I got back into it.

OUI: Did you have a lot of love back then? How many people love you because you're Gregg Allman, and how many people love you because you're you?

ALLMAN: If you were to cut off two of my fingers, I could count my friends.

OUI: On one hand or two?

ALLMAN: One. I mean, people who'd lay down and die for me. I think I'm doing damn good, because a lot of people don't even have one. You see, there's so many—such a majority of people go through life with these ass-kissing acquaintances they call friends. I mean that word, *friends*, is just about as overused and prostituted as *I love you*. I have a lot of acquaintances. God knows.

OUI: Can you blame people for wanting to know Gregg Allman because they don't want to be out on the street?

ALLMAN: Well, it depends on what kind of motives they got. It really warms my heart to know that someone wants to meet me because of my music. But I think that if people want to meet me to see if I'm the same as they've been readin' about in the fuckin' news, then I don't have time for that bullshit.

DOWN IN SMOKE I'd never driven a straight mile in my life. Now I arrived on time and discovered how boring my friends really were.

(Continued from page 99)

me. I found myself identifying with characters on *The Waltons* and attending Disney matinees. Soon to follow was my sense of humor. Overnight, my tastes changed from Steve to Dean to Mary Martin. I stopped believing in Never-Never Land when I finally discovered that Mary Martin could only fly once she was wired. My Nielsen box went crazy when I turned off *Saturday Night Live* in favor of a rerun of Bob Hope in *On the Road to Ruin*.

And who says rock 'n' roll will never die? Just try it straight, buster. Long before I decided to give up dope, I had bought a ticket for a Patti Smith concert. Attending the show under no influence was a great mistake. It hurt to hear Patti sing *You Light Up My Life*, like hearing Debby Boone sing *You Light Up My Joint*. The next week I took in a dinner show in a cabaret out on Long Island. Paul and Andy Williams put on one helluva slick show, and when it came time for an encore I made a fool of myself. Don't ask me why, but nobody else stood up and flicked his Bic.

Going to the movies was a completely different experience. I viewed my fave films through a new pair of eyes. The discoveries I made were unnerving. *The Last Picture Show* is in black and white if you're not high. *The Wizard of Oz* may or may not be in black and white if you're straight, and *House of Wax* isn't really in 3-D unless you put those glasses on. My most important revelation wasn't even visual. Beware: In the dark, when your senses are untainted, it is virtually impossible to tell the difference between Black Crows and boogers.

There was still one more obstacle to overcome before completing a successful debut into straight society: the transformation in transportation. See, I was one of those kids who used to take up right before driver's-ed class and had never driven a straight mile. This was truly scary. I now began to arrive on time and discovered how boring my friends really were. I discovered the difference between driving on potholes and driving on pot. Cleaning the windows was pointless: The scenery really *was* dull, after all. Clearly, the biggest surprise driving off the grass was in the sound of my radio. Everything sounded tinnier except country music.

My self-deprogramming scam was a huge success; all I needed now was to get into debt and have children. It all went to prove that living by the prescribed norm could be second nature if you have a good plan and stick to it. I began to experience the mundane, meaningless, frustrating life that God intended for me. I was even starting to enjoy it—but I was tempted back.

The next time I saw my dealer he had switched elevators and looked as if he had just stepped off flight #714 to Gagaland. It was goodbye to devil dust; hello to the 'lude family. He approached me in the lobby. "No Quaaludes," I protested. "I'm off all the old drugs."

"Right. These is neeew drugs," said Johnny as he scuttled me into the elevator, closed the door and hit the emergency stop. Next, my dealer pulled out three pills and sent us on our way up, reeal sloow, so as to fuck up my consciousness. From the first floor to the fifth I popped a Prelude. A new chaserlike drug, it got me off gently in preparation for the main rush. On the fifth floor Johnny said, "Now do this and think only good thoughts." The effect lasted between 5 and 59. I had swallowed a D-lude. The drug deluded me into making the world only as real as I wanted it to be. The delusions were strong but fun, and Johnny claimed that they came from "outer space, where delusions of reality are a way of life."

Obviously, this dude had spent too

much time in the elevator shaft. But I ate up his rap and his crap and dropped pill number three on the 60th floor. It was a Lewd-lude. It didn't take effect until we reached the 70th floor, and the 71st, and again at every consecutive floor through 96. Obscenities flowed out of my mouth like so many *Exorcist* outtakes. I didn't get flashbacks. I flashed anything in sight every few seconds, like a sopored strobe.

The revelation was surely at hand. Could I resist? Living without pot was a quick way to nowhere—it's-at in the straight world. It gave my lungs a breather, but these new 'ludes really tickled my fantasy. I'd promised myself to go straight from the hip. Would I be able to meet the challenge?

I had stopped flashing by 100 and was only faintly glowing when the doors opened on 101. I decided to base my final decision on what the elevator operator told me. This time he looked like a cross between Jerry Lewis in *The Bellboy* and the Philip Morris midget. My dealer simply said, "Please watch your step getting off." ■



"Marcia says you have jaded tastes. I just adore jade."



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LORD OF THE RING

(Continued from page 113)

tus in the boxing world. It is axiomatic that the man who controls the heavyweight champion controls boxing. King, supplanting Arum, had promoted a number of Ali's fights and seemed destined to remain Ali's promoter. Elijah Muhammad, the spiritual head of the Nation of Islam for 40 years until his death, had always preached that black men should hire other black men, who were as qualified as whites, to do a job. Ali went along with the words of his elder. Herbert Muhammad, Elijah's son, was more skeptical. It took Ali's intercession to allow King his first shot, a share in the promotion of the Ali-Foreman bout in Zaire. Despite subsequent fights in which King's promotions made good money for Ali, Herbert Muhammad remained skeptical.

In April 1976, shortly after Ali narrowly defeated Jimmy Young, Herbert unhitched King. Since he has refused to discuss his reason, speculation was rampant. Bob Arum believes the uncoupling came about when Herbert Muhammad learned that King had hired people who worked in Herbert's office to be spies. Arum claimed they were to tell King what was going on, as well as plant ideas that would benefit King.

Vic Ziegel's version is more generous to King. "It was an ego thing. If Don could have taken a backseat in the same sense as Arum, he might still be with Herbert."

"Herbert led me to believe he didn't want recognition," King said in the privacy of his office. He had finally shut the doors and ordered his assistant to allow neither phone calls nor visitors. His eyelids drooped slightly. It had been a tough week. He sipped a bit of soda from a can in front of him, sighed and continued. "Herbert Muhammad discharged me because I was getting too many headlines. Yeah, I got the headlines, but he got the bottom line. It was jealousy."

In the autumn of 1976, Herbert Muhammad allowed Arum and Madison Square Garden to copromote Ali's fight against Ken Norton at Yankee Stadium. He did this despite the fact that holding the fight at the stadium was King's idea (actually, King's idea had been to hold the fight at the old ball park on July 4, 1976, as a feature of the Bicentennial party), and King had offered \$2 million more for the fight than the Arum-Garden group. If \$2 million failed to entice the heavyweight champion's manager, King knew he had to look elsewhere to stay on top—which led to the ill-fated ABC-United States Boxing Tournament.

By May 16, 1977, barely a month after that tournament self-destructed, King had convinced Herbert Muhammad to allow him to promote Ali again. He delivered Ali

to ABC for a fight against a Spaniard named Alfredo Evangelista. Don King had returned.

"He's a helluva salesman," says Don Fraser, director of boxing at the Forum in Los Angeles. "He seemed on the way out after the [ABC] tournament. At that time he was suing Kenny Norton for a small sum. Still, he went to Norton's people and talked them into a two-fight deal, dropping the suit, of course. The deal had Norton against one unranked fighter and then Jimmy Young, with both bouts on national television. The Norton people were so satisfied with their treatment at his [King's] hands, they took the unusual action of buying him a green and beige Rolls Royce. Usually it's the promoter who buys the fighter gifts."

We are driving to New Jersey. It is 7 p.m. and King is exhausted. Not only has he been answering questions all day, but he's had a multitude of visitors, endless phone calls and too many decisions to make. He wishes he could go home and relax, but he can't. He has promised a young promoter from New Jersey that he will appear at the arena tonight to hype the card. "I gave him my word. I don't want to disappoint."

A half-hour later he is among people and alive again. His weariness has vanished. He is bright and alert. "I'm a people promoter," he tells the throng. "I belong to you. The day I lose my sensibility to think that I can do without you, that is the day whatever star I cast will fall precipitously to earth." There are gales of laughter. Right on, right on. He leaves a few minutes later to a crescendo of applause.

Surrounded by silence, without the prospect of any more meetings, I tell King what Bob Arum has been saying about him. He listens, a mask covering his face. Finally, his facial impassivity changes to a glower. Before I can finish the list of charges, he interrupts.

"Arum and I have two different concepts of life," he says. "He's a shrewd businessman, but totally devoid of commitment of word. I live by my word. To him you're only good as long as you're necessary. If you're not necessary, he'll smash you."

Among his other attributes, Don King is a tough man, and not just physically. One story relates how King used to manage a light heavyweight named Ray Anderson back in Ohio. One day Anderson came to his office and wanted to renegotiate his contract. King listened to his demands and then told him he was out of line. At that point Ray Anderson threatened him. King looked at him, pulled on his cigar, then spoke: "Ray, my man, we are from the same gutter. I know you could leave here and talk to some people, and I'd be dead in thirty minutes. But all I have to do is pick

LASSALVU



LORD OF THE RING "King and Arum hate each other, they curse each other... Yet they're each other's best publicity agents. After Ali quits, they'll be boxing."

up this phone, and you'll be dead in five." End of renegotiations.

"The thing about King and Arum," a respected New York fight-game figure says, "is that they hate each other, they curse each other, they say all these nasty things about each other. Yet they're each other's best publicity agents. Every time Arum rips King, he puts a thousand fannies into seats at King's next promotion. And the same thing the other way around. They are the best thing that has happened to each other. After Ali quits, they'll be boxing."

"And I'll tell you one other thing. If Herbert Muhammad got on the phone and told them they had to work together to do Ali-Holmes, they'd work together. They're in this for the dollar. They're businessmen. Did you ever meet businessmen fighting

for the same big dollars who were friendly?"

In early 1973, the World Boxing Council, headed by King ally José Sulaiman, stripped Leon Spinks of his title after he refused to fight Ken Norton, as Spinks had promised. The WBC awarded the championship to Norton on the basis of his victory over Jimmy Young. A few months later, in June, Norton lost his crown to King's fighter Larry Holmes. King was on top of the boxing world. While Arum was trying to shepherd his champion, Spinks, out of numerous encounters with the law, Holmes affected the pose of the heavyweight champion. Even when Ali won back the World Boxing Association's version of the crown, King was still in good shape. Though most recognize Ali as the

real champ, boxing people know Holmes could kick his tail now. And besides Holmes, King had solidified his position by developing close ties with a number of exciting fighters, including lightweight champ Roberto Duran, super featherweight title holder Alexis Arguello, and Wilfredo Gomez, the super bantamweight ruler.

It is early November in 1978, and Don King is promoting Larry Holmes's first title defense. Ironically, it is against Alfredo Evangelista, the Spaniard who fought Ali in King's first promotion after the ABC-U. S. Boxing Tournament disaster. On the same card this night in Vegas, Alexis Arguello is defending his crown and Ken Norton is fighting a ten-rounder in a comeback attempt. But the preflight newspaper headlines record none of this. Instead, King versus Arum is the lead material. King charges that Arum is trying to sabotage this promotion. The word *piracy* is heard with more frequency than at any time since Jean Laftite. "He is evil to the bone," King says of Arum. As usual, except when Ali is the attraction, King has upstaged his fight card. Somewhere in the United States, Herbert Muhammad is shaking his head "I told you so."

Writers gather around King and duly record his words. He is resplendent, wearing a black tuxedo in midafternoon. Forty-five minutes later, the talk has gotten around to King's hair. The Arum dispute has been temporarily shelved; for now, King is commenting on King, one of his favorite subjects.

"My hair is like an aura from God," King exclaims modestly. "It is like Samson's hair. But don't ask me about my hair anymore. Ask me about my genius. They tell me to be cool, Jack. Not to make waves. I am the wave."

And the beat goes on. It is late November, and Holmes has long since buried Evangelista. King is back in New York at Mike Manuche's for a predinner drink. But even at the dinner hour the "world's greatest promoter" is promoting. He has struck up a conversation with three gentlemen of obvious substance. It is not long before they are apprised of whose company they share. It is also not long before they have collectively lightened their total worth by a substantial sum.

"Before I left them I sold them a block of a hundred tickets to our next show, featuring Roberto Duran," King said. "At first, they thought the tickets would cost them a hundred dollars apiece. But the top price is thirty dollars, so it only cost them three thousand."

Another Don King special.



"Well, whoever they were, you have to admire their spirit."

Troubled Waters

The creator of Pink Flamingos and Multiple Maniacs explains how he got that way

Apologia by John Waters

I'm not a very mellow person. When people see my movies, they always seem appalled that I find humor in violence, which I lovingly depict.

"How could you think of such awful things?" liberal critics always ask.

"What else am I supposed to think of—Farrah Fawcett and toga parties?" I always wonder.

Even as a toddler, violence intrigued me. My parents claim they suspected something was wrong with me from the beginning—and my childhood obsession with car accidents seemed to confirm their worst fears. While other kids were out playing cowboys and Indians, I was lost in fantasies of crunching metal and screaming people. I would sweet-talk unsuspecting relatives into buying me miniature toy cars—any kind, as long as they were new and shiny. As soon as I got the cars home, I would rush out to my favorite place, a tree stump surrounded by mud, which was located in an obscure section of the woods near our house. Here was my own little fantasy world—a child's version of an auto-collision center.

I would take two cars and pretend they were being driven on a secluded country road, until one would swerve over and crash into the other. I would become quite excited and start smashing the car with a hammer, all the while shouting, "Oh, my God, there's been a terrible accident!"

My parents, not knowing what to make of my creative play, threw up their hands in despair and agreed to take me to a *real* junkyard that was filled with *real live auto wrecks*! It was quite embarrassing for my mother. We'd pull up to a local junkyard, and some oil-covered grease monkey would approach us. My mother, trying to be very proper, would try to explain: "My son, uh, would like to look around at some of the wrecked cars." The junkyard man would look at her like she was some kind of leper and glance down into the face of a child car-wreck fanatic. As my heart pounded a mile a minute, I would clutch my little toy tow truck and give him a crooked smile. He would shrug, laugh in

our faces and walk away shaking his head.

Another childhood obsession was amusement parks. I've always loved scary rides, and to this day I'll drive hundreds of miles to go on a roller coaster, if I've read that someone has recently been killed while riding it. If I could pick my own death, it would be on a roller coaster that jumps the tracks and careers into a packed crowd at a cotton-candy stand.

Once, as a child, I either saw or fantasized—I can't remember which anymore—a seat flying off a ride and landing on a roof of a nearby building. Ever since, it has been one of my favorite rides, and I still go on it every chance I get. Another time on the "Wild Mouse," a high-speed minicoaster, my car started up the first hill, but the chain pulling the car broke and we slid back down to the bottom. Other riders fled in panic, but I stayed put as the attendant rehooked the chain under the car, and I started up the hill again.

Naturally, I also loved horror movies, or any kind of movie with good villains. *The Wizard of Oz* is still my all-time favorite movie. Even as a child, I rooted for the Wicked Witch. To hell with Dorothy. The Witch had pretty green skin, a beautiful castle and all those wonderful winged monkeys. Dorothy just had a dull home in Kansas, dreary farmer relatives and an ugly little dog that bothered the neighbors.

Luckily, I have friends who allow me to take their daughter to any horror movie I want, without parental guidance. She is only five, but she loves violent movies and hates normal kids' movies. She even wanted to walk out of *Superman* halfway through it, saying in disbelief, "You mean we're going to sit through the *whole* thing?" One day we were walking down the street on our way to the local theater, when a neighborhood busybody stopped us and said in her worst cutesy voice, "And where are you going, honey?" The little girl wearily said, "To the movies." The woman, thinking this was oh-so-precious, said, "To see what?" Without blinking an eye, the little horror fan blurted out, "*The Bloody Pit of Horror*," and the woman almost

collapsed from shock as we trotted off down the street.

My advice to young film makers is to always include plenty of violence in your films. It's an inexpensive effect and always gets a reaction—especially if it's funny violence. I have a special "gore man," whom I always visit to get my intestines, livers and guts for my films. I've been going to him for so many years that I feel like he's an old friend. He has a butcher's stall in a ghetto market, and he always smiles when he sees me coming, pulls out some especially unappetizing cow's parts and holds them up with a leer. "Look what I got for you today," he whispers.

My lifelong infatuation with violence has been quite rewarding, but it has not been without its peculiar moments. Like the people who greeted me with WELCOME written in dog shit on my hotel-room door during a college-lecture appearance. It was rather difficult to explain to the management and it created a definite edge on the attitude of the hotel maids. I also get very strange mail—twice, fans have mailed me dog shit in a misdirected homage to a particular scene in one of my films. There are weird groupies, like the two who approached me after a screening of *Pink Flamingos* in New York and commented, "Wow, that last scene where Divine eats dog shit really turned us on. We eat each other's shit all the time." I know my films attract weirdos, but this was one sexual minority I hadn't counted on.

Except for these rather sobering moments dedicated to cheap thrills and obsessional fantasies, I've managed to keep a cheery attitude in my life, even when faced with real violence directed at me personally. When I was mugged in New York and given a serious concussion, I managed to stagger to a rather uppity friend's apartment. When she opened the door and saw me covered in blood, I'm told I blurted out, "I've just killed five people and I've come to involve you." Life is nothing without a good sense of humor. ■

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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

spot! I went over to her and took her hair in my hands. I moved it aside and kissed her neck, all the time caressing her hair and inhaling its wonderful fragrance.

"You have the most gorgeous hair I have ever seen," I said. "You can't believe how much it turns me on."

She looked at me for a moment. Our lips met with a fire I'd rarely experienced. I picked her up in my arms and carried her to the sofa. She seemed to weigh nothing. As I put her down, she cooed in my ear, "Does my hair really excite you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, it does!" I told her.

She proceeded to explain how much she loved having her hair combed, brushed and especially shampooed. She told me how she would go to the beauty parlor just to have it washed and brushed. I asked her if she would like me to wash her hair for her right then. "Yes, yes, I would like that," she whispered. "I'd like that very much!"

We went into the bathroom and undressed each other. She knelt on the carpeted floor and began to connect the spray hose and adjust the water. I stood behind her and rubbed that glorious, silky hair all over my cock and balls. My head was spinning with delight. I couldn't believe this was happening. A dream come true! I knelt next to her. She bent over the tub. I wet her hair and lathered it up. The way it felt in my hands can only be described as glorious. As I massaged her scalp, she took my rock-hard cock in her mouth. I had an orgasm that was so intense my whole body quivered, and I almost passed out.

I dried her hair and brushed it for what seemed like hours. We made love at least three times that night. In the morning we both called our offices and said we were sick. I brushed and washed her hair several times during the day, and we made love until we physically couldn't do it anymore. Two months later we were married.

It's been ten years since then, and we have to be the two happiest people on the face of the earth. I shampoo her hair at every opportunity. She often brings me to orgasm by massaging my cock with her hair. We have the same love and passion for each other that we had ten years ago. If there is a heaven, it can't be better than this!

J.R.

New York, New York

A couple of weeks ago, I met a girl who was half-Chinese. I was immediately attracted to her long, straight hair. It wasn't long before we were in bed and she was riding me cowgirl style. Her hair fell forward, covering her rather large breasts like a silky veil. Our thrustings became more vehement, causing her breasts to pop into view like pink melons through dark foliage.

It was very exciting, fondling that mixture of silk and softness. After she came, she fell to my chest exhausted, crushing those magnificent breasts against me. Her hair cascaded over my body; it felt like a million fingers caressing me at once. I hugged and stroked her back and butt, rubbing her hair against her body, and very soon we were both excited and back in the saddle again.

TONY G.

El Cerrito, California

I am bisexual. When I was 13 and heavily into masturbation, I saw a man with hair all over his body. I fantasized about that hunk for months.

I was 22 when I first had sex with a woman. It was great—I came four times. She had very little hair on her pussy, and it was so easy to eat. Nothing to get caught in the teeth.

Although I've shaved my cock and balls on two occasions, it's not really worth the effort. It feels great the first three or four days, but the nubs will drive you crazy for a week after that.

To sum up, I guess you could say I like hairy men and smooth women—sexually, that is.

J.E.

Birmingham, Alabama

Although my mother is English, I seem to have taken after my Italian father. I never got the mustache so many Mediterranean women display, but I grew quite a bush during puberty. My eyebrows also came in thick, and when they threatened to meet I began plucking them. Shortly thereafter, I started shaving my armpits, and one summer I snipped a few strands of pubic hair so I could wear a bikini.

I continued grooming myself like that until my junior year in college, when something happened that changed my thinking. One spring weekend a classmate and I drove up to Boston, and after seeing the sights our first afternoon, we returned to our hotel in Cambridge and rested before dinner. While we were changing into dresses, I noticed my friend's hairy armpits and made a joke. She explained that shaving irritated her skin, so she had stopped. I asked her if she ever wore sleeveless blouses, and she replied that of course she did, and that she didn't consider underarm hair unsightly. I didn't agree in principle, but I could see that her underarms didn't detract from her looks in the least.

Later that night, as we were undressing for bed, I got a glimpse of her pubic hair and was surprised at how thick it was for a blonde woman. Almost as dark as mine, it seemed more spread out, extending from her navel out to her groin, whereas mine



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SEX TAPES LETTERS

grows more compactly. I didn't say anything, but the next morning when she put on a pair of cut-off jeans, I noticed my friend wore no underpants and I could see tufts of pubic hair poking out on both sides. I laughed, pointing at her crotch, but she simply shrugged and said that men found it a turn-on. I thought that hard to believe, because my mother had led me to believe that all men preferred hairless women; yet as we walked around town I observed the way men glanced at my friend's crotch with obvious interest.

That night, as we were getting ready to turn in, I asked her how she happened to discover that some men were attracted to hairy women. "By being hairy," she replied. "I'm pretty hairy, too," I assured her. "So how come I never considered it an asset?" My friend shrugged and said maybe I got rid of the excess before anyone noticed. Raising her nightgown, she indicated how she stopped shaving the hair on her groin, and it wasn't long before she became aware of how men stared at her with aroused desire and approached her more aggressively. Taking advantage of nature's bounty, she stopped wearing panties with short shorts so that her added appeal needn't be restricted to the beach. Later she realized that unshaved armpits were equally arousing, and she advised me to stop plucking my eyebrows because a thick pair were an indication of a hairy beaver; and men who like lots of pubic hair always check a woman's eyebrows to see if she qualifies.

Well, needless to say, I decided that her advice was worth a try, so I stopped shaving, snipping and plucking. And before that summer ended, I had to admit that my friend was right—a lot of men really do get turned on by hair, and my husband is now so fascinated by my luxurious sporan that he lavishes lots of kisses on my nether lips.

V.C.

Poughkeepsie, New York

Last Christmas I was sitting in a cocktail lounge when my eyes caught those of a woman who was drinking a White Russian. She looked to be in her late 40s. I noticed immediately that she possessed those physical attributes that my father had taught me are the hallmarks of a sensual woman: a very full lower lip and glistening eyes.

I bought her a drink, and an hour later we left the bar to go to my apartment. Sarah told me she was a widow and the mother of four grown children. We began kissing and fondling, and about 20 minutes later I removed her bra and began to softly bite her nipples, which I've learned over the years ignites passion. I left the night-light on, because I get tremendous satisfaction from watching a woman become aroused. I noticed hair

curling between her breasts, and this further excited me.

After sliding my tongue down her stomach, I suddenly found myself confronted with a V-shaped patch of thick black hair at least two inches deep. I wiggled my tongue around until I found her clitoris. She began writhing and heaving, and finally grabbed my head and pressed it hard against her vagina. I came all over the sheets, but minutes later we were at it again. We stayed together for three days, and then she had to go back to Queens. I'll never forget that luxuriant bush of black hair, and the incredible sexual stimulus it was to me.

MILLER D.

Panama City, Florida

It seems to me that every guy I meet these days wants me to shave my pubic hair. "It gets in the way," they tell me. Or, "I'll go down on you for hours if..." Meanwhile, there aren't any offers forthcoming to shave their *own* pubic hair. And some guys have hair halfway up the shaft! To tell the truth, it doesn't really bother me much—I even like to play with it much of the time. I just think it's unfair the way most men are always asking women to do things they would never consider doing themselves. It starts off with doing dishes and it ends up with being tied to the bedpost. Hey, guys! It's *your* turn to wear sexy lingerie, be tied up, have a dildo in the ass and, yes, clean the bathroom.

YVETTE N.

Phoenix, Arizona

My girlfriend has the longest pubic hair of any girl I've ever seen. One night we were playing around, and I tied it into little braids—I even put a little ribbon on each one. She kept it that way for six months and she tells me it's been the best six months of her life. Reading out has really caused an increase in my interest in pubic hair. Now I think I want to see what it looks like all shaved off.

D.L.

Brandon, Florida

I am 25 years old and I have not answered any of your *Sex Tapes Questionnaires* for the last three months; so I thought I'd catch up all at once.

The survey in February was on anal sex. I've tried it once or twice, but I'm not really an expert on the subject. I think you should have interviewed some politicians, as they are more than adept at screwing people in the ass.

As for the March questionnaire on gadgets—well, I think the mind is the best gadget of all; it is infinitely more arousing than any battery-powered piece of plastic.

It may, however, interest you to know

there is a town in Newfoundland that bears the name Dildo. It's a quiet fishing and farming community—not much buzzing going on there.

Which brings us to the April questions on sex and hair. Quite simply, I like lots of it on the head, and not so much of it on the pubes. The thick and bushy stuff is *yecch*. A shaved pussy is a delicious idea, however.

I once had a thing for girls who wore their hair in braids. Very appealing. I grew out of that obsession, though, after I graduated from sixth grade.

BERT K.

Cookstown, Ontario

STONED SEX

I don't like making love to girls who are stoned. For me, the only aphrodisiac is good technique and a healthy body. Girls who get high are usually sloppy as hell. They're slobbering all over you, or falling asleep as they suck you off. Sometimes, they just lie there, thinking they're great lovers, when they really aren't doing anything at all. When I was a college student, I took dope, just like everybody else at the time. But I gave it up. To me, taking dope is childish, and I don't like molesting children.

ALEC W.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

I am interested in reading what other OUI readers have to say about Quaaludes. I think they must be the first true aphrodisiac; they give me a kind of mellow, melting feeling all over, that puts me on the verge of orgasm. I'd always had a lot of trouble reaching climax before, and I was largely indifferent to sex. I guess the only reason I fucked was to get close to someone I cared for. But with 'ludes I not only climaxed, but was soon having multiple orgasms. I've even become something of a sexual adventurer.

About a month ago, I visited some friends in Denver. There were five of us, two couples and myself, and we were all taking 'ludes. When we were good and high, we went to a Japanese restaurant for dinner, getting our own private dining area. It was a completely sensuous experience—the good food, soft music, and the way we were sprawled about on the floor. One couple, Sally and Don, started hinting that we should have an orgy. No one took them very seriously. But when we went back to their house, Sally disappeared into the bedroom, coming out naked a few minutes later. The other couple departed at that point, but I was feeling so great and so high, you couldn't have dragged me away.

Sally came over and sat beside me on the couch, putting her arms around me, then kissing me on the mouth. I'd never been into any lesbian sex before, but I didn't have strong feelings against it, ei-

ther. So I didn't move; I just sat there, getting off on the feeling of her lips against mine, her tongue in my mouth. Don came over and joined us then. I felt hands under my skirt, stroking my thighs—whose hands I don't know.

It was like a dream. I was pretty passive, letting Don and Sally do whatever they wanted. Don went down on me first, then Sally joined him. They were kissing each other as they licked me. I was getting so excited I could hardly stand it. At that point, Sally got up and left for the kitchen, saying something about carrots and cucumbers. But while she was gone, Don started fucking me violently. I felt myself coming, but it wasn't a total release.

When Sally returned, she practically

pulled Don away. Then the two of them had me rise on all fours. Sally lay on her back beneath me, using pillows to elevate her face. While she ate me, Don entered me from the rear. I came again. Then it was Sally's turn. I buried my face in her pussy and started sucking, just the way I like having it done to myself. It was neat. Don fucked her only when she was dripping wet and crying out for his cock. We fell asleep all tangled up in each others' arms.

BETTY R.

Arvada, Colorado

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.



"It's my husband . . . quick, get dressed!"

A photograph of a person's legs from the knees down, submerged in water. The legs are wet and glistening, with water droplets visible. The background is a blurred blue-green color, suggesting an outdoor pool or beach setting. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

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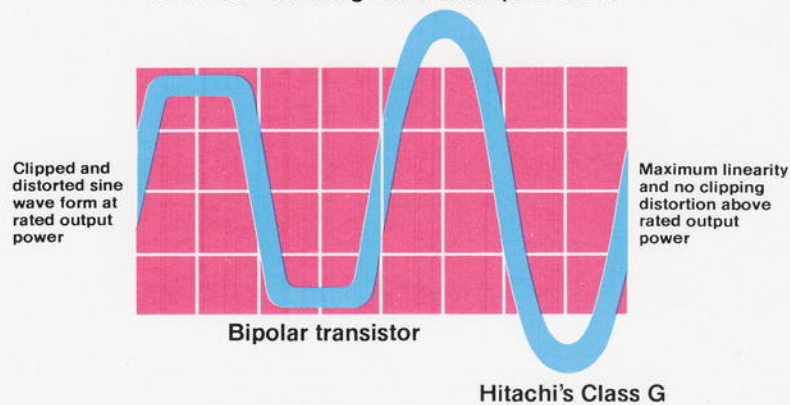
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